MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

JULY '02 #230 $3

BITCHIN'

A GLOBAL THREAT

THE GROOVIE GHOULIES

HOLY MOLAR

REPROACH

THE PHANTOM LIMBS

THE MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES

SHARP KNIFE

ANNIE ANXIETY

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
•Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #148, 150-154, 156-159, 161-163, 166-181, 184-227, 229 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

NEWSSTAND circulation through Big Top Newsstand Services, a division of the IPA. For more information call (415) 643-0161 or fax (415) 643-2983 or E-mail: Info@BigTopPubs.com. Also available from: Ebullition, No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- V/A-Shut Up And Skate-EP
- KONTROVERS-Loneslaveri-CD
- CHEERLEADERS OF THE APOCALYPSE-EP
- S'BITCH-Satisfy The Instict-LP & live
- NO PARADE-Ceaseless Fire-LP
- ATROCIOUS MADNESS-Total Control-LP
- SHARP KNIFE-LP & live
- Y/MY OWN LIES-split LP
- DISCARGA-Happy Night-CD
- Havoc/Chicago Fests-All Bands That Played

ARWEN CURRY

- AGAINST ME!-Is Reinventing Axl Rose-LP
- DILLINGER FOUR-Situationist Comedy-LP
- SHARP KNIFE-LP
- Scenery #15 Zine
- THIS IS MY FIST/BORN DEAD ICONS-live
- S'BITCH/THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB-live
- DYSTROPHY-Nice Kids-EP
- V/A-Destroy the Borders-EP
- THE AWAKENING-Mental Health-EP
- TISCHLEREI LSICHITZKI-Chameleon-EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- DILLINGER FOUR-Situationist Comedy-LP & live
- AGAINST ME!-Is Reinventing Axl Rose-LP
- SHARP KNIFE-LP
- SELBY TIGERS-Snoball-45
- DICTATORS-live
- KILL-A-WATTS-Electrorock-LP
- SHEMPS-On 45-EP
- OF HUMAN VIBRATION-I Don't Care-EP
- PIRANHAS-CD
- OTOPHOBIA-Malignant-CD

JEFF HEERMANN

- BLACK LIPS-Ain't Coming Back-EP
- MONKS-Let's Start A Beat-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Electrorock-LP
- REGRETTES-Four Lovely Lasses-EP
- DIRTSHAKES/BATTLEDYKES-split EP
- FEMME FATALE-As You Sow-EP
- LILI Z.-10"
- FLAKES-live
- NEGATIVE STEP-Conquering Punk-10"
- FAKES-Everything's Fake,Nothing's Real-CDEP

TIM BROOKS

- NO PARADE-Ceaseless Fire-LP
- DILLINGER FOUR-Situationist Comedy-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Electrorock-LP
- SONICS-Maintaining My Cool-LP
- Y/MY OWN LIES-split LP
- VÄKIVALTAA-EP
- THE ATTACK-Mental Health-EP
- SNOBS-Control-EP
- V/A-Power Of Ten-EP
- BORN DEAD ICONS-live

CAROLYN KEDDY

- KILL-A-WATTS-Electrorock-LP
- LILI Z.-10"/LEATHER UPPERS-LP
- KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-CD
- GET LOST!-Never Come Back-CD
- REGRETTES-EP/MAY-film
- MIGHTY MOGULS-Rompin' Stompin'-EP
- DUKES OF HAMBURG-Some Folks-LP
- SONICS-Maintaining My Cool-LP
- SCIENTISTS-This Is My Happy Hour-EP
- GEZA X & THE MOMMYMEN-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- DICTATORS-live
- SNOBS-Control-EP
- DIRTSHAKES/BATTLEDYKES-split EP
- BLACK LIPS-Ain't Coming Back-EP
- MONDO TOPLESS-No More-45
- THE ROTTERS-Sink The Whales-45
- LEATHER UPPERS-Ok, Don't Say Hi-LP
- THE CADAVERS-Never Mind the Bodies-EP
- REGRETTES-Four Lovely Lasses-EP
- MIGHTY MOGULS-Rompin' Stompin'-EP

RAY LUJAN

- DILLINGER FOUR-Situationist Comedy-LP
- STEPMOTHERS-You Were Never My Age-LP
- SLURPEES/GIGI's-split CD
- THE UNKNOWN-Real Thing-CDEP
- V/A-History In Three Chords-2xCD
- SELBY TIGERS-Snoball-45
- AUTOMATICS-Wild One-45
- DIRTSHAKES/BATTLEDYKES-split EP
- DISHES-Kitschenette-CD
- ERGS-3 Guys, 12 Eyes-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

SHARP KNIFE-LP/POWERTRIP-LP	DILLINGER FOUR-Situationist Comedy-LP
AGAINST ME!-LP/ KILL-A-WATTS-LP	V/A-Shut Up And Skate-EP/THE ATTACK-EP
MENFOLK/THE UNIT-split EP	V/A-Kakuhaki-EP/REAGAN SS-live
ERGS-EP/BOTTLES&SKULLS-EP	SOMETHING IN THE WATER-EP
SNOBS-Control-EP/DYSTROPHY-EP	BORN DEAD ICONS-live

WILLIE NELSON

IN BRAZIL...ON TOUR...

DONNA POOLE

IN GUATEMALA...BUT NOT ON TOUR...

BRUCE ROEHRS

RUNNIN' RIOT/TOWER BLOCKS-split EP	V/A-Worldwide Tribute To The Real Oi!-2xLP
V/A-Beer And Bile-CD	RED FLAG-A Short Cut To A Better World-CD
V/A-We're The Blood-CD	SNOBS-EP/THE A-TEAM-LP/SLANG-LP
BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS/RIOT GUN-split CD	J'AURAIS VOULU-CD/A GLOBAL THREAT-LP
TOMMY AND THE TERRORS-Outbound-EP	SOCIAL COMBAT-CD/FURY 1-6-1-EP

MIKE THORN

V/A-Destroy All Borders-EP/VITAMIN X-live	TISCHLEREI LSICHITZKI-EP/DYSTROPHY-EP
NO PARADE-LP/ATROCIOUS MADNESS-LP	REPROACH-EP/M:PATI-10"
KILL-A-WATTS-LP/AMBITION MISSION-CD	VÄKIVALTAA-EP/RAJOITUS-EP
THE AWAKENING-EP/DILLINGER FOUR-LP	THIS IS MY FIST/S'BITCH/REAGAN SS-live
S'BITCH-LP/SNOBS-EP/SHARP KNIFE-LP	BEFORE THE FALL/BORN DEAD ICONS-live

RYAN WELLS

MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS-EP	CHRONICS-It's Too Late-LP
SNOBS-Control-EP	GEZA X & THE MOMMYMEN-LP
BLACK LIPS-Ain't Coming Back-EP	DUKES OF HAMBURG-Some Folks-LP
LEATHER UPPERS-Ok, Don't Say Hi-LP	M-80's-Big Bang-EP
PRIMEMOVERS-Sins Of Fourfathers-LP	LILI Z.-10"

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

HYMANS-I Don't Need Anybody Lie-EP	FURY 1-6-1-All Star Wrestling Matches-EP
SELBY TIGERS-Snoball-45	SEX SEX SEX-Like Crows-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Electrorock-LP	COLUMBIAN NECKTIES-Tommy-45
DIRTSHAKES/BATTLEDYKES-split EP	THE CADAVERS-Never Mind The Bodies-EP
AUTOMATICS-Wild One-45	SPEEDBALL BABY-The Al Green Shuffle-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Riveter #1	Fish Piss #2
Finger On The Trigger #3	Diminutive Rage #6
How 2 Zine #2	New Wave #1
Voices Wake Us #1	Scenery #15
Breakout #1	Seven-Eleven #9

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Peter Avery	Aragorn
Michelle Barnhardt	Jerry Booth
Tim Brooks	Amy Browne
Kat Case	Karoline Collins
Robert Collins	Rob Coons
Carl Cordova	Paul Curran
Andy Darling	Mikel Delgado
Aaron Detroit	Adrienne Droogas
Jonathan Floyd	Gardner Fusuhara
Jeff Glave	Doug Grime
Jax Grime	Katja Gussmann
Lance Hahn	Chris Hall
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Missy Hennings	Tom Hopkins
Vince Horner	George Impulse
Chloe Jensen	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Melissa Klein
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Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Jesse Luscious	Hal MacLean
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ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry — Mike Thorn

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil,

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid,

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#228/May '02. SOLD OUT!!!

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

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¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

	one magazine (u.s. dollars)	two zines	three zines	four zines	five zines	subscription rates (six months)
Location	Air (3-5 days)/Surface (4-6 wks)	Air	Air	Air	Air	Air (3-5 days)/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
Japan Australia N. Zealand	9.00/4.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	54.00/27.00
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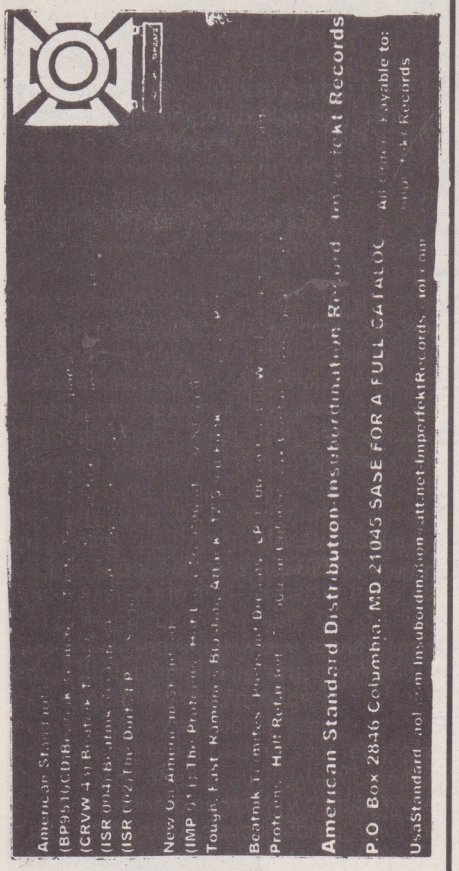

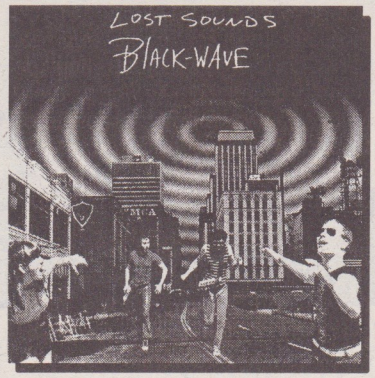

Lost Sounds

Black Wave CD/Double LP

Here it is, Black Wave, the follow up to 2000's album of the year "Memphis Is Dead" on Big Neck. This record is going to, and has, annihilated every formerly-emo-now-we're-into-New-Order-instruction-manual bullshit to come down the pike using their emaciated frames to try and flaccidly dry-hump their Casios into your heart. Band contains Alicja (CLEARS, FITTS), Jay & Rich (REATARDS).

The BlowUp *True Noise CD*

Seattle distortionists, The Blow Up, again teaming up with movement leader Tim Kerr, has graced us with a twelve song mindbender that states its point with urgent accuracy. Toiling away at machines of their own construction, the group has manufactured a compact tool for aural disintegration and a strident wake up call to the nostalgic flock of baying sheep steadfastly refusing to acknowledge their existence in the moment that is RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

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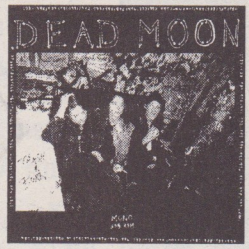
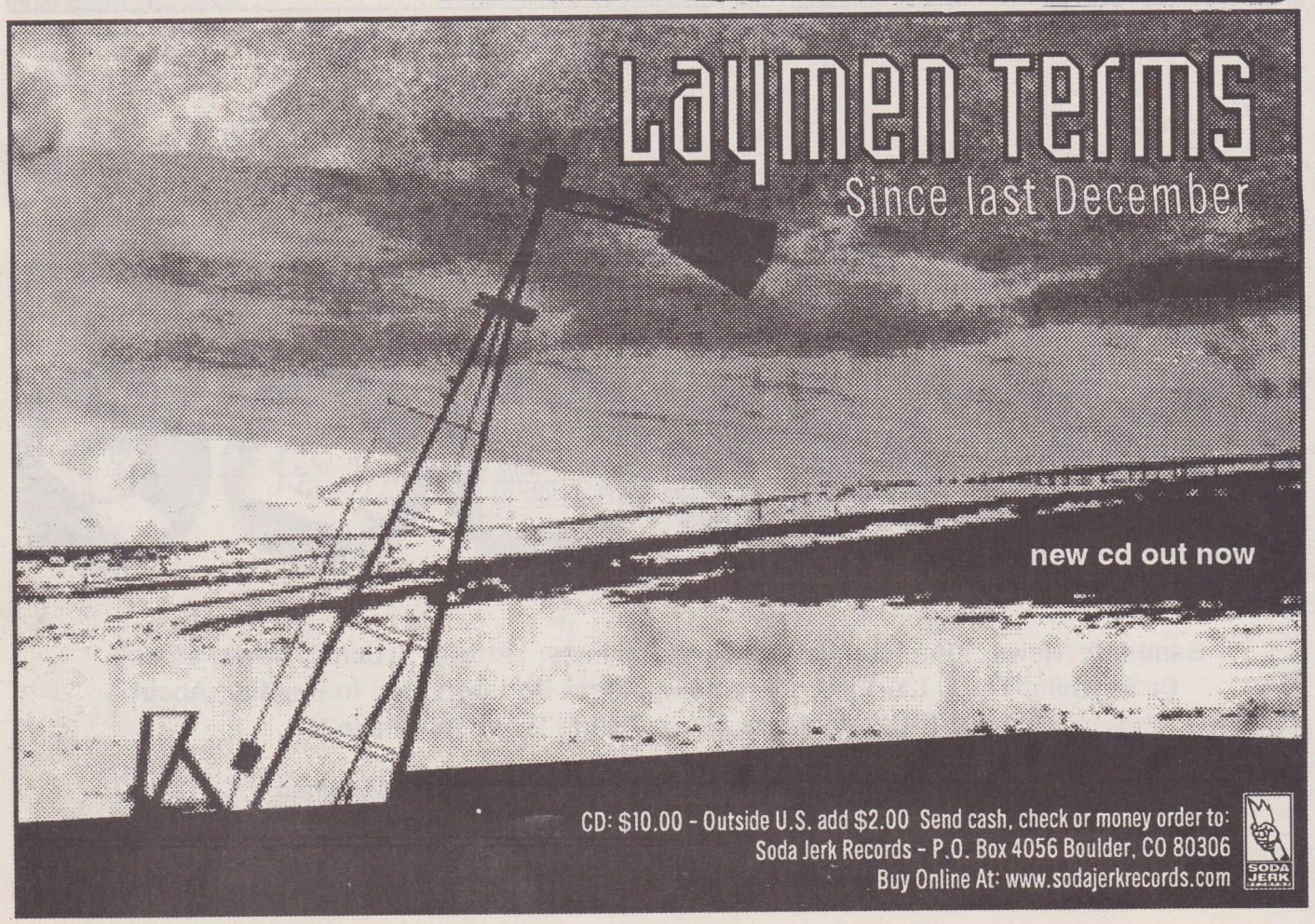


Yes, finally a new Dead Moon CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, Dead Moon went home and turned out this gem. Dead Moon is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out The Lollipop Shoppe)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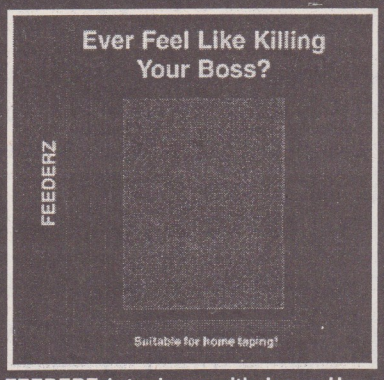

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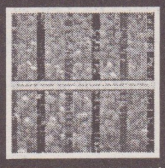
FEEDERZ 2nd release with 13 songs and the infamous live at Gilman St. video. This is CD only NO LP.

FEEDERZ PLAY LIVE IN S.F. JUNE 13 AND L.A. JUNE 14



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WOLFBRIGADE Progression/Regression Havoc brings you more savage Swedish Hardcore. Wolfbrigade (formerly known as Wolfpack) shred your ears with a total Scandinavian d-beat crustcore assault. Vinyl version is a Picture Disc! Split release w/ Farewell records of Germany. **LP HC 1206 [PICTURE DISK] ☠ HC 5006**

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RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema One of the great Finnish hardcore bands of the 80s returns. No weak rehash here, full on hard driving Finnish style hardcore that put Tampere on the map! Licensed from Fight Records, remixed with a bonus track! **HC 7027**

IDENTITY PARADE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN, 1995–2000
150 Pages, Black & White, Hardcover Havoc records is proud to present our first effort at publishing. Kristofer Pasanen has compiled an amazing book of his live photographs of bands taken over the last five years. Hundreds of bands are photographed from Crust to SE to Emo; see the website for a complete list. **HC-IDP [BOOK]**

SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen Second LP from the masters of dark Swedish hardcore. Heavy and brutal b-beat mixed with crusty HC and thrash styles. A pulverizing steamroller of Swedish hardcore. Split release with No Tolerance Records of Sweden. **LP HC1205 ☠ CD HC5005**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass The "lost" LP re-issued. This is a totally remastered and remixed second release of the hard to get first LP which came out on Devour Records of Japan in 1999. An over the top wall of thrash. Brutal no-holds-barred sonic assault. This is the most powerful material by the most intense band in hardcore today. **LP HC1204**

MISERY The Early Years Incl. the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s, the Misery side of the split LP with SDS, and the Production Through Destruction LP. 71 Minutes of Amebix style apocalyptic crust. Split release with Crimes Against Humanity Records. **CD HC5004**

HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP / CD Crucial hardcore from Minnesota's Holding On! Mixes the crunch of Judge and Chain of Strength with the anger and raw power of Negative Approach. Totally pissed off, raw, powerful Hardcore! Split release with THD, Havoc and 1% records. **LP HC1203 ☠ CD HC5003**

DS•13 Killed by the Kids One of the best bands in hardcore today. Amazing second LP of early 80s-style thrash/ HC/ punk. Excellent production, Pushead cover art. **LP HC1202 ☠ CD HC5002**

VARIOUS ARTISTS When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, & Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/ HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands. **HC1201**

CODE 13 Complete Discography 1994–2000 All the 7"s and comp tracks with one unreleased song. **HC 5001**

ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission Obedience Denial New band with members of Brother Inferior, Burnpile, and Subsanity. Fast punk/HC a lot like the later Brother Inferior material. **HC7026**

VITAMIN X People that Bleed Third 7" by this Dutch SEHC band. Fast HC sound similar to DS-13 or Life's Halt. Great political SE lyrics and high energy HC. **HC7025**

TEAR IT UP S/T Ex Dead Nation, killer fast hardcore with lots of drive and energy. **HC7024**

DS•13 / CODE 13 13 song split 7" Sweden and Minnesota united in fast, raw hardcore pride. **HC7023**

REAL ENEMY / HOLDING ON Twin Cities Hardcore split 7" Political straight edge and youth crew hardcore. **HC7022.5**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror Unit 7" EP Awesome raw fast thrash from Cleveland. **HC7022**

KAAOS Nukke Re-issue 1985 Finnish HC, classic stuff. **HC7021**

CLUSTERBOMBUNIT...and the Dirty Little Weapons 7" EP Brutal dis-core from Stuttgart, Germany. **HC7020**

UNITED SUPERVILLAINS (USV) Escapist 7" EP crucial fast HC similar to old Boston bands like DYS, Siege and SSD full speed ahead! **HC7019**

SPAZM 151 S/T 7" EP Second 7" by this Texas HC powerhouse. Hardcore like Black Flag, Poison Idea or Battalion of Saints. **HC7018**

DEMON SYSTEM 13 Aborted Teen Generation 7" EP U.S. press of this amazing Swedish hardcore band, fast aggressive powerful old-school hardcore. **HC7017**

CODE-13 A Part Of America Died Today 7" EP Third and best EP from Minnesota thrash punk defenders of the faith–twelve songs. **HC7016**

TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu 7" EP Demo and comp tracks from this crucial Finnish hardcore band of the early 80s. **HC7015**

TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa 7" EP More incredible Finnish thrash hardcore first released in '83. **HC7014**

NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR split 7" Tulsa, Oklahoma's best hardcore old and new. **HC7013**

PROTESTI S/T 8 track EP Originally released as a demo in 1983, this is Finnish HC in the classic Propaganda Records style. **HC7012**

HEIST Pain Is Causing Life 7" EP Wicked fast and brutal HC in the Infest tradition. Second EP by this Australian thrash outfit. **HC7011**

DISTRAUGHT S/T 7" EP Brutal heavy hard-core from Brooklyn, NYC. New remixed second press with bonus track. **HC7010**

MURDERERS S/T 7" EP Legendary chaos punk/ HC. Manic HC-punk like Disorder, much more thrash than their recent stuff. **HC7009**

CODE-13 They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace Furious hardcore punk from beneath the streets of Minneapolis. **HC 7008**

H-100'S Texas Death Match 7" Snotty, harsh, early 80s hardcore with a seriously bad attitude. 3/4 of Nine Shocks Terror. **HC 7007**

MASSKONTROLL Warpath 7" EP Brutal Swedish-style hardcore similar to No Security, Doom, etc. ex-Resist, pre-Detestation. **HC7006**

CODE-13 Doomed Society 7" EP Blistering hardcore punk. Ex-Destroy but more of a punk/HC sound than full-on grind. **HC7005**

BRISTLE System 7" EP Rip roaring old school punk/HC from Seattle, powerful and catchy. **HC7004**

AUSROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy 7" EP All-out punk attack similar to Varukers, Discharge, Conflict. **HC7003**

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours of Madness 7" EP Diverse political punk, similar to Conflict at their peak. **HC7002**

DESTROY Burn this Racist System Down 7" EP Raging political hard-core in the vein of Doom, ENT, Disrupt. Our first release, from 1992. **HC 7001**

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2742...TEAR IT UP-I Feel Better Already 7" EP.....$3.50
2464...AFI-A Fire Inside 7" EP.....$4.00
6688...OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN-When Everythings Been Said Double CD.....$9.50
2365CD...REDS-It's About Time CD.....$11.00/ LP....$9.50(cat#2280LP)
2916...BREAD AND WATER/REASON OF INSANITY-Split 7" EP.....$4.50
6892...ANTISCHISM-Still Life CD.....$10.50
2286...DEFIANCE-No Time 7"EP.....$5.00
6644...AUS ROTTEN-...And Now Back To Our Programming CD.....$12.50
6463...OI POLLOI-Fight Back CD.....$16.00
5798...LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY-Viviendo Asperamente/Roughly Living split LP.....$7.50
3140...SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD-Dino 7" EP.....$3.50
7610...ANGEL HAIR-Pregnant with the Senior Class CD.....$10.50
2356CD...RIP OFFS-Got A Record CD.....$12.00
2398CD...LOS CRUDOS-Discography CD.....$12.50
4348...LOCUST/MAN IS THE BASTARD-Split 10".....$8.50
2965...WHITE STRIPES-Hello Operator b/w Jolene 7".....$4.00
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1384LP...SCROTUM GRINDER-The Greatest Sonic Abomination Ever LP.....$9.00
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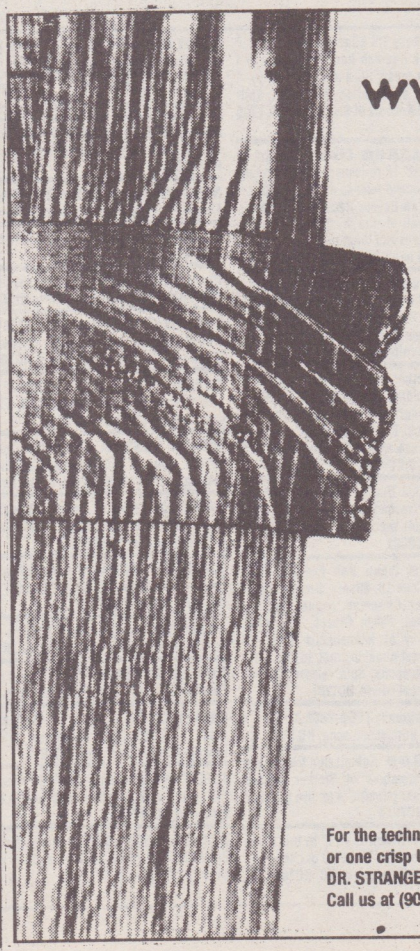

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LETTERS

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Live up to your fuckin patches!

A call to arms! An outraged cry! A plea for action... Whatever you wanna call this is fine with me as long as the message is heard. The message being this, I believe punk has become a hollow term placed upon anything and everything hypocritical (and rightfully so). We've been divided by drugs, alcohol, elitist cliques and trends. The scene has become a virtual high school, newcomers cast out, everyone conforming to fit in, band members (the highest up in the punk rock hierarchy) use their popularity for sexual favors, and a pretty decent portion of it is wasting away with drugs. How much of a difference can you make when you're not even aware of your surroundings? stumbling in the pit? vomiting in alleyways? bumming change for weed? is that real anarchy?

It's as if the assholes we disliked, for whatever reason, became aware of our scene and took it over. What happened? Punk used to be a viable alternative to the consumer ways of capitalism... But now we support scene trashers like Hot Topic and Monkeys To Go, we have d.i.y. invite only shows and there's arguments on whether or not to charge 3 or 5 dollars at the door. The individuality and enthusiasm once held so dear to the punk and anarcho movements is being stifled. The people involved are succumbing to apathy and just like in high school, they're dropping out. Some of the most well known bands of our movement have disbanded because of this disillusionment.

I think the whole hardcore scene is so fuckin' off. It's so off in a lot of senses... "And when you talk to some of these bands or meet some of these people, they have nothing to do with what is on their lyric sheets. They don't apply it."- Los Crudos. Even more bands currently involved have voiced out opposition to the scene. "Every time we play they're loud, fuckin' obnoxious, fucking dickheads. Just like the jocks in high school." - Hellnation talking about crusties. "These people have sold out everything they believed in." - DS13 on punks that think of the scene as a transition in their life and drop out. Maybe it's just the U.S. scene that's this way, but I refuse to be involved in something as superficial and materialistic and *ignorant* as religion. Yes, religion! I'm comparing our holy scene to the dreaded institutional parasite that is Christianity. Have you ever been to a show where a band member talks and right after everyone automatically claps as if there is an applause sign? It's the same as church! It's almost pitiful to ask these people what was just said and see their bewildered faces.

People don't use their brains anymore!!! I see no application of our morals to our family, community, or even the world... so how can we say we make a difference? How is it that we make the world a better place to live in? All we've done is given ourselves the illusion that were doing something, but for whom? the starving millions of the world? the thousands of species and cultures being exterminated everyday? or only for ourselves? We refuse to participate in capitalist America... yet we've created our very own version of it. We have our starving masses, prejudice, exploitation, crime, hierarchies and bullshit. That's why I'm asking for all those that claim to be a part of the punk underground and wish to see an end to the theft of our scene, for all those that wish to unify punk and turn it into a sustainable alternative lifestyle, and for all those that have become disillusioned because nothing is being done to protect or nurture our most powerful weapon against this society... our music, to defend it. I'm asking you to do it yourself, because no one else will.
Sergio

PS If you nodded along during this entire thing... *fuck you!!!* Either do something to change the situation or argue against me. My email is ilovepunkrock666@yahoo.com.

Hello *Maximum*,

In Soviet times, mental hospitals were one of the main institutions used to crack down on dissidence. Now anarchist sympathizer and human rights activist Evgeni Novozhilov has been sent to a mental hospital in Krasnodar, on the false charge of practicing a "hoax about an act of terror."

What he actually did was to say during a telephone conversation to an acquaintance that "I feel so bad that I would hijack a plane and crash it to a skyscraper." This was when he was suffering a serious phrase of the chronic skin disease piodermia, which had made it impossible to him to leave home for more than two years since March 1999.

In 20th March 1999 Evgeni managed to get some facts about the reality of the Chechen war published in the regional press. This was both the first and last time this occurred as Krasnodar region is amongst the most repressive and chauvinist areas of Russia. Since then he was a marked man, with the FSB (formerly the KGB) tapping all of his telephone conversations.

He has been imprisoned since 16th of November, under charges which would have been treated like a joke until the global anti-terrorist hysteria generated after September 11th. When being diagnosed as requiring forced treatment in a mental hospital, it is not the charges which count but what kind of "care" doctors see as necessary so there is no idea when he could be released.

Upper-class careerists on Soros's payroll, in other words the regional human rights organizations, have refused to give any support to Evgeni. Thus the task to organize defense and support has been left solely to relatives and local anarchists from Autonomous Action.

Read more about the case on the website of the support campaign: http://www.anarchia.by.ru. You may send letters to Evgeni through his mother, by writing to: Evgeni Novozhilov ul/ Ignatova 51, kv/ 105 350061/ Krasnodar/ Russia. Evgeni speaks English, German and Swedish.
Alexei

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll*,

Just got the June issue. Fuckin' great! You can't know how good it is to get a new issue in here. It's like having a window on the outside world that's really kept me going. I notice that in your letters section there are quite a few of us in prison, so there's probably a lot of us waiting every month with *bated breath*.

In regards to the heroin problem, and people trying to kick off dope, before I came to prison there was this girl that I knew that had a serious problem. Anyway, through a harm-reduction website I hooked her up with a person who got her an ibogaine treatment. Ibogaine is a root-bark from Africa that the natives there have used for thousands of years ceremonially. Well, one of the effects of

ibogaine is that it stops withdrawals from heroin. My friend did it and it worked. She's been clean now for over 18 months. It may not be for everybody, but if you've been through everything else, and it didn't work, give it a try. Wish that I would have, I probably wouldn't be rotting in prison. In solidarity,
Creature (Bill Sermon #0743381)/ PO Box 18089/ Asheville, NC 28814

Dear MRR, and Wells (Traffic Violation Recs.),

In Wells' column in April's MRR he invites readers to contribute thoughts on *exclusive distribution*. Well here's my opinion... It fucking *stinks*.

How can you call this an independent punk scene when megalomaniacs like Mordam snap up any label seen to be profitable, and impose rules on both the labels *and* its customers? MRR won't accept ads from Epitaph or Fat Wreck *[?—there's Fat ads every month - ed.]* as they are like majors. But these labels don't put out interesting stuff so you can avoid 'em easily anyway. But when a set-up like Mordam controls nearly all the *streetpunk* (spot the irony) labels, then we have problems.

I used to deal with Mordam. At first they were helpful. To make it work, I needed CDs removed from cases and sent in a $9 flat rate envelope. This way I could get about 15 in an envelope = less than $1 apiece for *fast* post. (They did this, but covers arrived bent [and even torn] after being just thrown into the envelope any old way.) Anyway, it was not to last. Soon I was told that they couldn't take the CDs out of cases anymore. Fifteen CDs in one envelope became six or seven. I persevered. I had credit. Then I was told flat rate envelopes were no longer available. News to me, as other people were still sending me stuff in them. So I had the choice of using ordinary air-mail and losing two or three CDs to pay for the extra. Two months later, no CDs. Turns out they went surface by mistake. So I'm still owed two or three CDs plus money for the five Generator 7"s that were laid loose at the bottom of the box—not surprisingly, as bent as George Bush.

In the end I got my CDs—two full price and a 65 cent sampler to be exact—in a heavy 10" square box (I guess the postage resembled the last of my credit?)—and believe it or not it took about ten emails (at one point I was asked "are you sure you don't owe *us* money?"!!)

Now that isn't the end of my story with exclusive distributors. There are other niggling little things like *not exportable to Europe*. I appreciate records get licensed, but what happens when the label doing the licensing is too greedy to deal with? They want £6+ plus VAT wholesale? And what does *no UPS* on certain items mean? Can anyone explain that one?

It saddens me to have one distributor controlling the bulk of the US punk scene. Mordam? More like Microsoft. Don't get me wrong. I don't want punk to be so far underground that no one can reach it. Mordam would be a great idea—if it ran with *punk* values. But forbidding labels to deal with anyone else reminds me of drug dealers who put people in the hospital for getting their supplies from another source, and pretty soon *real punk* (ei DIY) labels/ distributors like myself are going to have no one left to deal with.

The only thing we can do about it is set up a trading network for *real* independents, and MRR could help us by mentioning in reviews if a particular label is open to *trades*. So many times I've written to labels asking if they'll trade for the Barse 77 CD I put out (I also have oi 7"s, garage, Richard Hell, McRackins, etc.) only to realize I never had a chance of trading, because through my door pops the latest Mordam catalog which proudly boasts "*new label*"... And it's the ones I recently wrote to and heard bugger all from.

Any genuine independent labels please contact me. I can also review your stuff in my zine *Savage Amusement*.
Cheers,
Trev/ Rosehill/ 20 New Front St./ Tanfield Lea/ Stanley/ Co. Durham/ DH9 9LY/ England/ trevhagl@hotmail.com

Dear MRR,

Hi! This is just a letter to support you in your decision over disassociating MRR from Mordam. Unfortunately it seems the way of the world, or especially so within the punk world, that money is taking over the original principles as to how projects like Mordam were originally set up for. There seems to be an upsurge of debate as to how punks (and I use this term loosely) are moving away from their roots and becoming part of the capitalist machine (see Martin's critique in his interview with MRR about Lengua Armada for more argument). As far as I know, Mordam were about setting up an alternative to the distribution network of the day, and not as now, becoming part of the mainstream order of the day.

This is where the whole ethos of Doing-It-Yourself comes into play. Taking control of your own products and distributing it amongst other like minded people across the country you live in and other parts of the world. It's *your* responsibility. And responsibility to me is the key word in this argument. Time is obviously a factor in most peoples lives with regard to operating a functioning label but perhaps some of these labels who are the main "players" in the punk market have grown just too big. The little guys are being squeezed out as the bigger players become more efficient and attract all the popular bands by order of their pulling power as a "name" label and of their distribution network. If bands or people have a problem with that then they should try doing it themselves and having control over their own product, understanding how the network operates,and playing a direct part in something that means something to them (and if your record, zine, product doesn't, then what are you doing it for?). When distributors have become as large as Mordam have become, then people lose their responsibilities and don't care anymore. The band's product has become someone else's responsibility. I think its time bands, zines and labels woke up a bit and perhaps even people who support these organizations. Punk to me was never about becoming rich. It was about fighting against all the shit we see everyday and trying to build another world where learning to co-operate and communicate without barriers, without borders, without hierarchies helped us to achieve a world without exploitation. It's an alternative to the system and we achieve that by doing-it-ourselves. By contributing too much of our efforts into one company (ie Mordam) or any mass distribution of any product (especially record labels!) then we are following the capitalist dogma of corporatism. Wake up to how you live your life, do it your fucking self and support independent culture free of corporate control!!
Take care,
Steve/ *Attitude Problem* zine/ PO Box 326/ Leeds/ LS7 3YR/ UK

Dear MRR,

I have been reading your magazine for almost seven years now, and plan to continue to do so. However, the interview in #228 with Three One G was at best pretentious and tiresome, and at worst elitist, offensive and counterproductive. People's opinions, especially about punk rock, are shaped by your zine, and as such I think it is your duty not to give people like Justin, Allysia and interviewer Adam Gnade a voice in the pages of MRR. For one, they keep making reference to getting the Locust more exposure, as if how somehow a crowd of teenage Slipknot fans happening upon some especially collectible and yet accessible one sided etched Locust 9 2/3" release will help them "see the light." Whatever light and enlightenment it is that these messiah-conflict afflicted rich pomo kids think they can shed on people who are too mentally feeble to have several Locust releases already is beyond

me.

However, if it is the dissemination of such ideas as "the general population is fucking idiotic," or that a lot of "weird hessian trailer park Slipknot... people seem subhuman... and injecting some ethics and morals and intelligence into it [the general populace] would do them good," (Adam) perhaps they should keep their enlightenment to themselves. Or take this especially generalizing and asinine exchange between all three:

Allysia: And if we could have our fucking records at Hot Topic, then maybe a few of those fucking morons could be inspired to learn...

MRR: Rise above the muck.

Justin: Allysia, I don't think we should say "fucking morons." They're just misled. They haven't had access to the things that we've had access to. Therefore, they'll settle for MTV and television and just veg out and not read a book or learn or something intellectually stimulating, and just go "Yeah, I'm gonna get my Nissan and fucking go to work and be a fucking carnivore..."

MRR: Beat their wife.

Justin: ...The whole nine yards.

The muck to which they refer is presumably what your life is if you live in a trailer park. Fear not, working class, Three One G is here to smash the chains of oppression. Justin at least accepts the fact that they are only "subhuman" because they haven't had access to the same things that he has. So presumably it is money that can buy you your humanity. And somehow, making a living and driving a Nissan and eating meat is a serious problem, something which only record collecting and low-quality hardcore played over unimaginative and repetitive electronic samples can solve.

What is especially disgusting about this whole column of the interview is the connection made between wifebeating and poverty. This kind of idea that only the poor hit their wives, only the poor are clueless, that the poor are fucking subhuman(??!!) is intolerable. This is not a message you want some kid in suburbia to take to heart; that the idea that poor=ignorant is an acceptable idea. Nor do you want poor punks (God forbid anyone without a two story house, two incomes and a record label listen to anything but Slipknot) to read such interviews as this one and think that this is a prevalent attitude. Perhaps among the people whose opinions were voiced in this interview, but not fucking mine, nor dare I say anyone but the most judgmental and self-righteous of people. I have met many more socially conscious, unpretentious, good people from the working class than I have from the obnoxious white art elite.

These shits are entitled to their own opinion. However, I think it is wrong to put these opinions in MRR which, as I understand it, has always stood against this kind of unabashed classism. Let these people try to get their half page ad in Rolling Stone, or interview in Spin. Perhaps these publications are big enough to contain their egos. On an unrelated note, I could swear that MRR got to my local vendor here earlier this last month than it ever did with Mordam.

Alex/ Cleveland, OH/ masterofallweapons@hotmail.com

Alex,

It seems to me that some of your criticisms are valid and some are the result of you putting words in people's mouths. Only the interviewer (MRR, sadly) calls anyone "subhuman" and Justin specifically disagrees with Allysia's calling "the general populace" "fucking morons." Only Adam (MRR) uses the phrase "trailer park," and this is the only mention of poverty in the interview. The Three.One.G team may dream of the day they buy ads in Spin, but they never say poor people are stupid or more disposed to domestic violence.

Jeff M.

Hey—

Garage rock! Garage rock! Vrooom, vrooom, vrooom! Garage rockers! Hey! George from *Garage Jacker* zine here. We've got to save the scene! Last week at the Drano Suckers/ Broke Cobras show, I had to wait too long to get a beer, because the bar was full of trendy posers! They drank all the cans of Shaeffer and I didn't know what else to order, because the Flophouse doesn't have PBR anymore, and Huber gives me a stomach ache. By the time I settled on a Budweiser, I had missed half the Cobras' set! I'm like their biggest fan in town. I was into them way before anyone else! If it wasn't for me, Trashy Tony Webster would've never put 'em on the "Webster's Dictionary of Rawk 'N' Roll" (Webster's Place Records cat. #4783) compilation! And because I had to spend extra for all my beers, I could only afford two t-shirts and a ten-inch, and I really needed the new CD compilation of all their old singles. Of course, I've already got all the vinyl but the CD's got a different mix of "Drinkin' at the Drive-In" that kicks way more ass. I'd also like to complain about how they raised the beer prices and how those posers probably don't have any of those Los Detroit Chumps import seven inches from Japan that I got in '99—*two months before they were released domestically!* Not to mention the split double seven inch with the Curly Cunthairs that you could only get through mail-order from Half Tanked Records if you knew the secret password. I mean, come on, I was drinking cheap beer way before any of those posers. Have you seen how long they wear their wallet chains??!! And what's up with those shoes??!!?? Obviously, they don't know anything about real garage rock.

Well, enough complaining, I'm here to fix shit. I just want to put the word out to all the true garage rockers out there that our scene is being infiltrated by posers, and I don't want to see them take over and ruin it for the true believers in real raw rock and roll and all it stands for, like us. It was posers that forced me out of the rockabilly scene. I had to get out of the alternative country scene after it got taken over by posers. Same with the lounge-exotica scene, the swing scene, and the neo-beatnik scene. Even the punk scene is full of posers now! So, here's my plan for getting rid of the posers: next week, at the Deadly Girdles show, we're gonna tell all the posers that the AfroPicks and the Fatal Fartbombs are playing Saturday night at the old abandoned warehouse & since they're posers, they won't know that the Picks broke up last week, and that the Bombs aren't playing in town until their record release show next month at the Tidy Bowl (Toady from Greasy Whiskey Records played me a couple of tracks— just rough mixes, but it *rips*). Then we'll blow up the warehouse with all the posers inside! And we'll have the scene back! I think I can get some nitroglycerine from my cousin's boss's buddy, who races dragsters, and is totally down with the garage rock scene. He sold a bass amp to Dave from the Ice Cold Sox, back when they were just the Cold Sox. If anybody needs to get ahold of me before that, I'll be out in front of the Gravy Lovers show at the Lo-Dive selling copies of my zine. Oh yeah, I almost forgot! *Garage Jacker* #7 is out now! It's only $4.00, it's thirty-nine pages long, and it's got interviews with Dale from Skid Mark Records, Larry Joe from Party Till You Puke Records, Marco from Twist-o, Caca Records, Skutch from Zapped by Beer Records, Jay from Toilet Paper Records, Jay from Grrrr Age Records, and Steve from Skunkhole Record Distribution. Also, tons of record reviews, and a bunch of kick ass ads from totally cool record labels. Kick out the jams, brothers and sisters,

George Jacker/ *Garage Jacker* zine

PS I've got some advice for all of you out there lookin' to get some fresh ink. My new naked lady and dice tattoo got infected because I took the bandages off early because I didn't want to look like a fuckin' pussy at the Screamin, Shakin, Burndown Weekend, where Randy Wrongwrong and the Allrights blew everyone away (as usual), and Thee Lazy Kotters got back together but it sucked because there was too much bass in the mix and Ronnie's

sideburns weren't long enough. Don't let this happen to you! Keep your jacket on so no one can see the bandages.

PPS Don't tell too many people about our plan to blow up the posers.

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll*,

By now, most of us are aware of the fact that Osama bin Laden is a "former" employee of the Central "Intelligence" Agency. Howdy... Yeehaw! You may say... Well now, here's how I see it: Osama bin Laden is a *current* employee of the CIA. And you know what they say about organized crime syndicates: "if you join the Mafia, you join for life."

The Baby Bush administration's foreign policy fiasco blowback on Sept. 11 emanating from the rapidly decaying ruins of of the "pax" American Oil and blood-soaked piano-wire-for-hire Empire has brought this stark truth home to millions of adversely affected Americans: "our" government's actions have consequences. Or conversely, "our" government's lack thereof: depending upon the particularly peculiar circumstances.

Such as: the Enron-sponsored/ Bush-approved plundering of the Californian economy (with accompanying artificial power shortages), for instance, were/ are an egregious example of insupportable activity on the part of the Crackhead Cowboy's illegal and illegitimate administration. Isn't it interesting that longtime Enron chairman Ken Lay (aka "Kenny Boy" according to the drunk-and-belligerent fundamentally-challenged Thief-in-Chief: aka "Elmer Pudd" to anyone with a brain) is still carefreely roaming from megamansion-to-megamansion, spending all of his ill-gotten billions? Let's see now... Kenny Boy Lay's inexplicable avoidance of imprisonment wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that Kenny Boy Lay and Enron were the Bush Bastard's biggest "legal" financial backers, would it? The main illegal campaign contributors were of course the Bush family's fascist Gulf state oil baron business buddies (Saudi Arabia, Texas—what's the difference?) And of course, you know the communist Chinese also gave millions under the table illegally to Daddy Bush, who was Richard Nixon's Chinese Ambassador after all, not to mention Gerald Ford's gimpy CIA director.

Speaking of the CIA (aka "see-I-slay"), isn't it interesting how the "free" corporate press in the United States miraculously manages to take guffawingly great pains to sidestep that elephant-in-the-room! Attention "free" corporate press stooges: don't you honestly think the fact that Osama bin Laden and his al-Qa'ida organization *are* a creation of the CIA is of some interest to the American public? People: if there ever were a "vital national interest," this would be it. But why does the "free" corporate press in America ashamedly avoid approaching the awful horrifying truth: September 11th, 2001 was brought to you by the CIA and the Bush Mafia! Isn't it fascinating that the "free" corporate press hardly talks about the CIA at all (Venezuela, anyone?), unless of course it involves some super-expensive CIA spy drone shooting missiles at down-on-their-luck scrap metal collectors in UnoCal's occupied territory of Afghanistan.

Let's be blunt, shall we? The United States of America is a democracy no more, if indeed it ever was. Anyone who still foolishly believes that childish high school class myth after watching Bush and his banana Republican brownshirts rig and then (out of desperation) steal the 2000 presidential election is most likely hopelessly lost in a state of denial anyways, so what I am about to say is for the rest of us far less sheep-like types:

It is time to take America back from the CIA pigs.

It is time to send the poisonous profiteering oil companies and the greedy genocidal Bush Bastards back where they belong: Texas.

The military-industrial complex that Dwight D. Eisenhower warned this nation against in his farewell address as president has been the permanent power behind the throne of American governence ever since World War II, and most especially since the coup d'etat of 1963.

Name one American president since 1963 who has taken on the CIA. Answer: none. John Kennedy's brains splattered all over Dealy Plaza in Dallas had a way of "sending a message" to all potential future occupants of "the people's" White House, if you know what I mean. And I believe you do. Just ask: Bobby Kennedy, and Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X, and Fred Hampton, and the American Indian Movement, and three million murdered Vietnamese, Cambodians, & Laotians, and over one million starved and diseased, dead Iraqi children, etc., etc., etc.

Truth is not necessarily easy nor comforting; it is what it is. And the truth is: we Americans have been living in an imperialistic proto-fascist police state for quite some time now (with Daddy Bush's CIA death squads and all). It is a quite obvious (however harrowing) fact that "it can happen here." In fact, it already has.

The question is: what are you going to do about it?

Jacob David/ PO Box 3050/ Eureka, CA 95502

Hi,

First I wanted to thank you guys for reviewing my zine, *The New Dark Ages*. I also wanted to make a quick correction about your June zine reviews. My name's actually Henry (not Harry, as it said. Not that I really have a problem with the name Harry... well anyways). That's not really that important, but just thought it would be a really good way to pitch my zine. I will hopefully be having a second issue out in summer.

Now, I have one valuable(?) thing to say. It would really be great if bands played some shows in Bellingham, Washington. Sure, its a shitty place, and it smells bad, but we never (well hardly ever) get good shows up here. So, if anyone is playing in Vancouver BC or Seattle, maybe an additional show in B'ham would be worthwhile. If you need any help or anything you can send me an email and ill get you hooked up with someone in town who can put up a show...

Oh, yeah, and *how the fuck can we let Bush get away with what he did in Venezuela?* Thanks,

Henry/ *The New Dark Ages*/ thenewdarkages@yahoo.com

Dept. of Corrections

In issue #226, a contact address was not listed for Jym's contribution to the "queer punks perspectives" section. He can be reached at spunkyjym@hotmail.com.

In #227, Rich Mackin's name and website were misspelled in the zine reviews. The website is www.richmackin.org.

In #228, Matt from Australia's letter was printed without an address. His email is kaosracket77@aol.com, and his postal address is 31 Tortice Dve./ Nth. Ringwood/ Victoria, 3134/ Australia.

In #229, the zine Fixing Her Hair was reviewed. The address has changed to Liberte/ c/o Azone/ 1573 N. Milwaukee/ PMB 420/ Chicago, IL 60622

R.I.P. "MAD" MARK RUDE

MRR AND READERS,

THE PUNK ROCK COMMUNITY LOST ONE OF ITS FINEST ARTISTS ON THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 2002 WHEN "MAD" MARC RUDE DIED OF DIABETIC COMPLICATIONS IN LAS VEGAS. HE IS BEST KNOWN FOR DRAWING THE IMPRESSIVE COVER OF THE MISFITS *EARTH A.D.* LP. MISFITS BASSIST JERRY ONLY ONCE CALLED THE COVER "A THOUSAND HOUR LABOR OF LOVE."

RUDE ALSO MANAGED SAN DIEGO'S FIRST HARDCORE BAND, BATTALION OF SAINTS, FROM THEIR 1980 INCEPTION THROUGHOUT MOST OF THE DECADE. HIS ARTWORK GRACED THE COVERS OF THEIR *FIGHTING BOYS* 12" AND THE *SECOND COMING* LP. OTHER RUDE ART CAN BE FOUND ON THE ORIGINAL PRESSING OF THE OFFSPRING'S FIRST RECORD AND ON THE TEX AND THE HORSEHEADS LP. ADDITIONALLY, RUDE MANAGED MANY LIVE MUSIC VENUES, INCLUDING THE MAZE IN SAN DIEGO, WHERE HE BOOKED ACTS SUCH AS THE CIRCLE JERKS, FEAR, THE CRAMPS, THE MISFITS, THE NECROS AND MINOR THREAT. RUDE AND HIS FRIEND, FEAR SINGER LEE VING, LANDED BIT PARTS IN THE JOHN CRYER MOVIE *DUDES*. RUDE HAD ONE SPEAKING LINE.

BY THE END OF THE 1980S, RUDE WAS DOING LITTLE RECORD ART, BUT HAD BEGUN A CAREER IN TATTOOING. HE WORKED AS A TATTOO ARTIST IN LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE, AND LAS VEGAS. IN 1992, HE CONTRIBUTED THREE PIECES TO "THE WORLD'S MOST HATED PEOPLE" COLLECTOR CARD SERIES. RUDE'S SUBJECTS FOR THE SERIES WERE TIPPER GORE, LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AND DAVID DUKE. BY 1998, HE RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF PUNK ROCK RECORD COVERS WITH TWO STUNNING PIECES FOR THE BAND MURDER-SUICIDE PACT. HIS COMEBACK BROUGHT A RESURGE IN RECOGNITION AND OFFERS TO DO MORE RECORD COVERS.

RUDE LEAVES BEHIND A WIFE, LYNN, AND A 27 YEAR-OLD SON. LYNN RUDE WISHES TO COMPILE AND PUBLISH A BOOK OF MARC'S ART. SOME OF HIS WORK CAN BEEN SEEN IN THE BOOK *FUCKED UP AND PHOTOCOPIED: INSTANT ART OF THE PUNK ROCK MOVEMENT* COMPILED BY BRYAN RAY TURCOTTE AND CHRISTOPHER T. MILLER.

MARC RUDE WAS 47.

BOB SUREN

PS MARC'S WIFE IS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS THE ABILITY AND FINANCES TO RELEASE A BOOK OF MARC'S ART. INTERESTED PARTIES CAN CONTACT ME AT SOUND IDEA.

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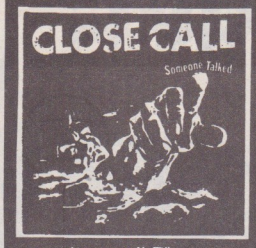

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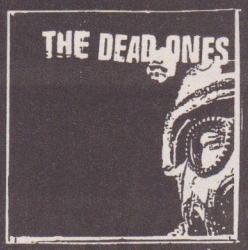

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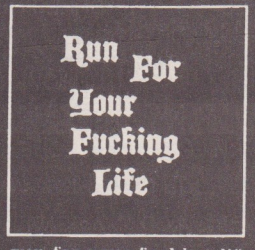

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Rash

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- Maximum RockNRoll

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- The House of Pain

The ending to Rash is completely shocking. Romalotti has it all down, and I can't wait to read his next book.

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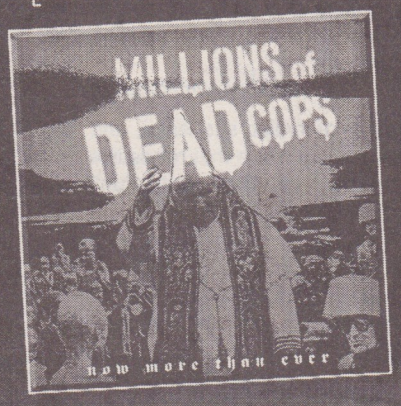

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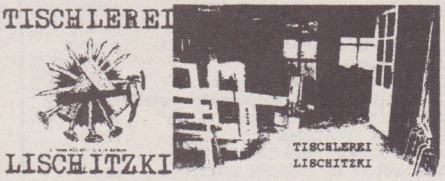

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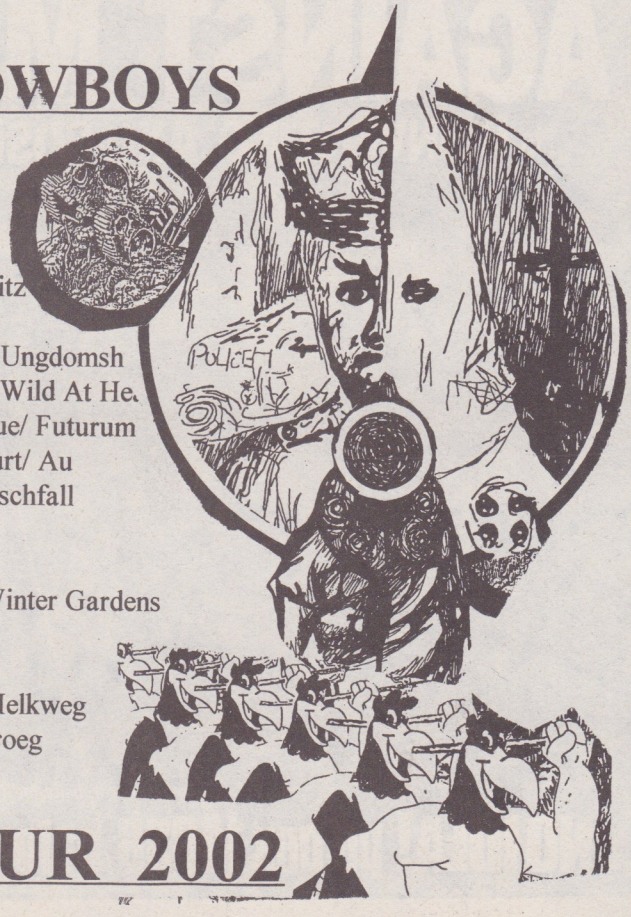


EURO-SUMMER TOUR 2002

COLUMNS

I spent an entire month after returning home from San Francisco sitting at the computer, working on *Slug & Lettuce*... reviews, email, editing, layout, more editing... It's been an all-consuming project. I've been doing the zine for a long time, in fact this spring marks the 16th year anniversary. But with each issue I go through a lot of the same turmoil and upheaval of my life. Every time around, I cram to get it all done—slave-driving myself and forcing myself to adhere to the deadlines I set. Each time around, I tell myself I will do this or that differently next time around, but each time it seems to be about the same. This time I was tormented with the writing of my column. I edited, rewrote, edited some more, and rewrote until it was time to send it out. And then I felt very self-conscious about what I wrote, probably just 'cause it was so much mushy gushy "I love my friends in California so much." But I was saying to a friend how I didn't think it was very good, and she commented that I say that every time... I didn't realize that, which got me thinking.

I remember years ago—celebrating finishing an issue and getting it off to the printer—it was a big deal and a big relief. A friend of mine commented something to the effect of, "what is the big deal? You do it all the time." And I guess that is kind of the point—yeah, I do it on a regular basis—but each issue is a big challenge and a big deal and relief to finish. Especially when it seems it's a neverending task. Fortunately it's been a lot of fun of late. But I think that I am starting to get some kind of repetitive motion disorder—some kind of tendinitis, or carpal tunnel syndrome, or computer mouse paralysis, 'cause the joints in my right hand have been killing me. It's kind of been a long-in-coming thing. I have a terrible time handwriting for very long without getting incredible handcramps, which sometimes even leads to a numbing sensation in my hand and wrist. I type much faster and with less pain—so I tend to type more than I handwrite. But that is frustrating, 'cause I used to write a lot. I used to write 20 page letters and think nothing of it. I used to write in a journal every day. Now, after writing for a page or two, I just can't write anymore, and that is frustrating and hard and painful in a different way. So today as I was getting the mailing list together for the new issue, and I had my finger on the mouse—I felt the exact joint that has been causing me so much trouble and I fear that I found at least part of the connection to my joint problem. And short of some kind of better ergonomic designed mouse—I'm not sure what I can do about it. Not to mention all of the other repetitive motion things that I do on a daily basis with my hands. It's kind of a scary thought. The very same finger that I use to hit the trigger on my camera. The same finger that I use...well, for just about everything.

I'm also really freaked out about antibiotics, 'cause I'm convinced that once you take them, whatever you are trying to ward off will plague you and demand more antibiotics. I have always had sinus problems... last year I got a chronic sinus infection that just wouldn't go away. So I gave in—went to the doctor, which I never do, and took antibiotics, which I never do. Yeah, it helped... but the slightest change in temperature or the slightest sniff of mold and that chronic sinus infection returns. A few months ago I came down with walking pneumonia... I was kinda freaked out cause I never get chest congestion or sickness. So I went to the doctor and took the antibiotics and ever since—I keep getting these reoccurrence of coughs and chest congestion. And I never, ever, used to get sick. It is scary. Does the weakened immune system become more susceptible to illness or do the drugs just want more drugs? Do the pharmaceutical companies over-prescribe antibiotics to make us dependent on them? Well yes, of course. I never had any of these problems before I got on the antibiotics the first time...

The other thing that has been eating me up is the post office and the new rates. I know that they are going up at the end of June. They will tell you that the first class stamp is going from 34¢ to 37¢—a pretty decent increase—but not really a surprise. What they won't tell us is what else is being affected. I have tried calling the 1-800 post office info line. All they could say was, "Check the website... the information will be there when it is made available." Well, that didn't work for me. So I went to the main post office here in town. The customer service office said "Oh we don't have any charts—we probably won't until about a month after the rates go into effect. And no, we don't know anything about the rates... try the business office." And what did they tell me? "Check the website." I had to hold myself together in a very collected manner and say "I know that you can't give me information that you don't have and I'm not trying to take it out on you, but don't you think it's a bit ridiculous that this information is not available to people?" She was hardline with me, stern as could be, and wouldn't budge a millimeter. She shrugged and just said she couldn't help me, she didn't have the info. I tried to play the legitimate angle. I was like, "I have a mailbox here, I have a bulk permit, I sent out an enormous amount of mail... the new rates will affect me and I need to be able to plan for them." "Check the website," was all she could say.

Well the fact is that my computer will not go to the post office website because it's so massive, it crashes my computer. When the rates went up before—I found another computer that would access it—but do you think it's easy to find the charts? No, it certainly is not. You have to wonder why they don't make this information available and yet they complain that they are suffering from a lack of business. They certainly don't try to cooperate with people or give the info that is needed. I guess that I'm a rare case here. Most people just go to the window clerk to mail their package and they are usually willing to send it priority and pay the hefty price. So people like me who want to use book rates and periodical rates and media rates and essentially the discount rates—well, not only are we the minority—but they don't really care cause we're not making them money. But when you look at how much I spent at the post office compared to how much the

average person spends—well I kinda feel like they should be sending a sales rep to my house. Not that I want them to... but it's a funny thought. The whole thing with the websites really gets to me. It's such an indicator of the way things are going. Addresses and phone numbers are not readily available—"just check out the websites." Sure they can be useful. But quite honestly, I have not found most of the websites or searches to be all that useful on the rare occasion that I attempt them.

It frustrates me that it is getting harder and harder to not only get straight answers, but to talk to real people to get the answers. Even when you do talk to real people—they try to send you to the websites to get information—whether it be directions (I'm not talking only about the post office here—but the growing trend of lacking details being provided and the dependence on the web). It reminds me of high school when I took trig, which was all based on formulas and using a calculator, and how I then forgot how to add and multiply. I also forgot everything I ever knew about math and quit trig cause it didn't make a bit of sense or seem worthwhile in the least. But I remember how when that tool (the calculator) was introduced, I forgot how to do basic math. Just like the spell check on word processing programs always corrects the words that I sloppily spell wrong—so do I actually remember how to spell "definitely"? Probably not. After all—why do I need to? And it kinda scares me—'cause this is the new generation, this is the wave of the future—hell this is the present state of the world. I just don't like it one bit. But back to the post office. What can you do about it? Not a damn thing. I mean, it's not like you can complain to someone—they don't care. It's not like you can really use another service. I mean yeah, you can use other shipping companies, but they are even more expensive for the most part and not always very practical. So I guess in some ways, the 37 pennies we pay to mail a letter is actually a pretty good deal. Well in some ways, yeah, it kinda is. But fuck... Most people don't even mail letters anymore, they just send emails. Which is probably why no one really cares about postal charts.

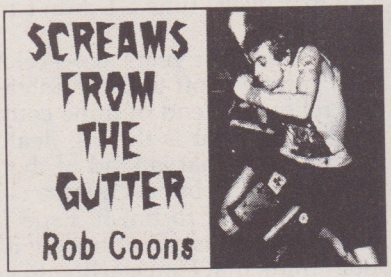
An I really an archaic relic? I think not. I would love to see the punk pony express put into action. but I'm not so sure that would work out either considering how many people just flake out and disappear without so much as a care or feeling of obligation to what they said they,d do. The thing that I am really worried about are the zines. I mean zines are struggling anyway. I hear from a few sources that the periodical rate is going up 14%. Well I don't use the periodical rate—you have to be a "magazine" meeting certain stringent criteria to quality (and pay a huge fee)... but nonetheless, it gives me an idea that we're in for a huge increase. And considering that I can barely afford to send out all the copies and packages that I do now, I can't even imagine how many of us will eat up more costs, with supposedly another increase coming before the year is over. What's a poor punk to do?

Well I really don't even have ideas, let alone answers, just a lot of pent-up frustration that I'm venting. The good news is that I got my garden planted... tomatoes, peppers, squash, zucchini, beans, gourds, some flowers, and even an artichoke. And I've got a couple stacks of new books for the *Slug & Lettuce* book distro (send a stamp within the US if you want a list) and a few stacks of new books for me to read. Right now I'm just starting *Outlaw Woman: A Memoir of the War Years 1960-1975* by Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz. She also wrote *Red Dirt: Growing Up Okie,* which was her story of growing up in Oklahoma with a colorful history of family politics—a great book which I highly recommend. This new one proves to be another gem, with more of her life story focusing on her involvement in radical politics in California during the 60s—how she got involved in the anti-war movement, race and class issues, and gender inequality and the rise of feminism. She is an amazing writer, and as a historian, she weaves together so much information while also putting it in perspective and connecting one issue and cause to another. And of course it's also about her own experiences on the path of resistance. It's absolutely amazing and I'm really only just getting started.

Another book I picked up worth mentioning is *Dan Eldon: The Art of Life,* by Jennifer New. Dan Eldon was a photojournalist who was killed several years ago in Somalia, Africa, and this is the story of his life. His journals (full of collages, photos, and writing), have reminded me so much of many of my punk friends who have kept their own travel and life journals full of collages, photos, and the stories of their lives. The journals were published a few years ago in a book called *The Journey is the Destination.* I just finished a new Ursula Le Guin book called *The Telling,* which is sci-fi futuristic story about preserving a way of life based on stories and culture clashing in a futuristic world built around propaganda of one way of thinking ruled by technology. It reminded me a lot of *Woman on the Edge of Time,* by Marge Piercy, for many of the lessons for living and what we consider to be better or richer.

Well that is all for now. If you've read something good lately, write and tell me about it.... and yes, I guess you'll have to use a 37¢ stamp to do so, so make it worth it.

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632



Punk fucking rock! I just got back two days ago from the Midwest after flying out to see the Havoc and Chicago fests. The lineup for the Havoc Fest in Minneapolis was NINE SHOCKS TERROR, TOTAL FURY, AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME, VITAMIN X, TEAR IT UP, CAUSTIC CHRIST and HOLDING ON. The next night in Chicago gave the kids a repeat dose of many of the bands. TOTAL FURY, AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME, VITAMIN X, CAUSTIC CHRIST, DEF CHOICE, and REACCION. Regrettably, I missed the first two bands on both nights. Not only that, but the reason I missed the first two bands in Minneapolis is because I went to the Extreme Noise Record store. After waiting for years to finally get a chance to go there, I was denied because they closed early due to the Havoc Fest. So I missed the first two bands that night and I did not get to go inside the record store. Fuck!

While both nights rocked my ass, the first night in Minneapolis was probably one of the best shows I have ever seen. All the bands were on top of their game that night and the energy level of the crowd was out of control. Tons of sing-alongs, dogpiles, and stage/speaker dives. The energy and feel of shows like these are always hard to explain with words. Let's just say that if you weren't there then you should give yourself a royal kick in the ass right now for screwing up.

My favorite band of both nights by far was TOTAL FURY. Their mix of classic old school punk and thrash is

top notch. They have an amazing amount of charisma and energy on stage. I just stood there listening and watching them play thinking, "these guys really take it to another level." After TOTAL FURY, it becomes a toss up because all the bands were so good. AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME exceeded everyone's expectations with a whirlwind of eardrum-wrecking punk rock. These youngsters buzzed through their tunes while the singer took command of the stage with screaming fits of rage. They even did a FLIPPER cover, leaving the crowd with mouths agape, not sure what they were hearing. Speaking of covers, I heard quite a few during that weekend. From NAKED RAYGUN to SSD the cover craziness was on. I even heard two BLACK FLAG covers on the same night. You gotta love it.

After TOTAL FURY played on the first night, there were a few stressful moments due to NINE SHOCKS TERROR not being at the club yet. But word quickly spread that they were in transit and would arrive shortly. The kids hung out and finally they arrived, quickly set up and proceeded to musically kick our asses all over the place. They tore through a bunch of songs as the crowd went berzerk. And just when I thought things were starting to slow down, some kids pulled out the smoke bombs and Roman candles. Mayhem ensued and most of the crowd left the room. But a few hearty souls including myself stuck it out and saw NINE SHOCKS finish off their set. At the end of their set Tony Erba busted his forehead open and proceeded to attack and wrestle a couple of bystanders. At this point there was barely anybody even left in the room, but that didn't stop the insanity from spilling out onto the stage.

And speaking of NINE SHOCKS TERROR, they recently came out to the West Coast for the first time ever and played a ton of shows while they were here. Call me a big music nerd or a glutton for punishment, but I saw them six times while they were out on the West Coast (not including the seventh time in Minneapolis). They wreaked musical havoc every time I saw them. One of the biggest bonuses of seeing them so many times was that four of the six shows were house parties. Now any punk rocker worth a shit knows that many of the best shows are house parties. NINE SHOCKS totally ruled each and every time that they played. One night I saw them at a house show and they blew the power out in the entire house. Somebody had to go buy some fuses and then tried not to get electrocuted in the dark trying to get the electricity back on. They succeeded in getting the power back on and NINE SHOCKS got through their set unscathed.

I can't move on to anything else without thanking everybody involved with these fests. From the people who arranged the shows and the bands that played, to the kids that traveled from all over the world to see these shows, none of this could happen without your undying love for the music that drives us all. Thanks! Now let's get the rock on....

GISM – *Sonicrime Therapy* CD – Yes you are reading that correctly, there is a new GISM full-length out! Not sure if many people are aware, but Randy Uchida, who was the guitar player for GISM, passed away last year. They actually played one final show without him just a few months ago. The lineup of that show was GISM, GAUZE, LAUGHIN' NOSE, AUTO-MOD, TRASH, HELLCHILD and I think a few others. Needless to say I wish I could have been there. The CD consists of 12 songs. The first song on the record is a long and slow low-key track. The music reminds me of all those quite moments in ROLLINS BAND songs that sound sort of bluesy. After that things kick into that twisted mash of metal and punk that GISM is so famous for. The music is pounding and dark with Sakevi's haunting vocals taking command of the music. There are no lyrics listed, but the CD cover folds out into an eight-panel collage of demented images. Not only that, but when you are looking at the collage and you tilt it into the light it says "Fuck Em All" across the entire collage. The CD comes with an awesome GISM sticker and it is all stored in a cool looking box. Good luck on finding this gem and hats off to one of the most notorious bands ever in the history of punk rock. (Beast Arts, c/o I.D.N., 5-15-9-301 Minami-Aoyama, Minato-Ku, Tokyo 107 JAPAN)

LUDICRA – *Hollow Psalms* CD – Damn, LUDICRA who are comprised of members from HAMMERS OF MISFORTUNE, IMPALED, plus a few others, have been dominating the local metal scene as of late with an onslaught of brutal black metal. This is their debut release and it is absolutely devastating. The first song starts straight off with a blast of pummeling drums, ripping guitars, and Laurie Sue's amazing vocals. They slow things down here and there throughout the songs, but they never lose sight of the darkness and heaviness that drives this release. I got an advance copy of this so I don't have any of the artwork or lyrics, but I read that this is going to come in a digipack. I think the band says it best on their MP3 website. "This is black metal, but expect no Norway worship here, songs about snowy mountain peaks, or panda bear make-up. It is black metal by default only, and depressing and harsh by circumstance." They are by far my favorite Bay Area band right now. They destroy on this CD and are even better live, so be sure to check them out!

(Life Is Abuse, PO Box 20524, Oakland, CA 94620; lifeisabuse.com)

WORMWOOD – *Requiescat* LP – Interesting style of music here. Dark music that is slow and moody and full of super bass heavy crunch (obviously since there is no guitar player in the band). They also have a keyboard player in the band, which gives it that semi-spooky black metal feel. You can hear elements of DYSTOPIA and DAMAD in the music, though they don't really sound like either of those bands. At one point during the track "Endless Search For Food," I thought to myself, "Wow, that really sounds like COALESCE on the wrong speed." Turns out the vocalist from COALESCE pitched in his talents on the vocals for that song. The LP came with a full-size full color lyrics booklet and apparently is limited to around 500 copies. Check it out if doomy sludge is your thing. (Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, Germany; power-it-up.de)

KYLESA – *Point Of Stillness* EP – Damn, the luck of the draw has me reviewing two DAMAD offshoots this month (The other one being KARST) This KYLESA EP contains one song off their upcoming full-length and a cover of the FARTZ song "Judgment Day." Chris Bickel from GUYANA PUNCH LINE pitches in on vocals for that FARTZ cover. KYLESA's music is pretty much what I expected, which is gloomy unrelenting songs that surge and grind throughout. Everybody pitches in on vocals here, though I should point out that Victoria (the vocalist from DAMAD) is not in KYLESA. It has killer Pushead artwork and is limited to 1000 copies so good luck on finding it! (Prank Records, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

SHOGUN – *What Sin Has Twisted* CD – This SHOGUN CD contains four songs of mediocre metal hardcore that is trying so hard to be the next sweetheart metalcore band. You know I was checking out this bands website while I was doing this review and when I took a

look at their biography I noticed something that really caught me off guard. It said that "Jesse Johnson (guitar), Charles Levingston (drums), and Dave Heinrich (guitar) formed SHOGUN in March of 1998 in the basement of the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity house in Boulder, Colorado." Now I don't know these guys, nor have I ever heard of them prior to reviewing this release, but a band formed in a fucking fraternity house! What the fuck is going on with that? This is just one of many things that pushes new school hard/metal core very far away from the origins and basis of punk rock. I don't really need a bunch of frat boys playing hardcore music for me, while their frat brothers are secretly calling me a fag behind my back because I act or look different than them. We have all seen and heard this type of crap from the "popular" kids in school, even at the youngest elementary levels. And I definitely don't need see any more of it in punk and hardcore. Thanks but no thanks. (Goodfellow, 762 Upper James Street, Suite 75, Hamilton, Ontario, L9C-3A2 CANADA; goodfellowrecords.com)

CHANGE #12 zine – I haven't seen too many issues of this zine, but whenever I do I have really enjoyed it. This issue is no different than the others. There is a heavy concentration on East Coast hardcore and punk, plus a bunch of stuff on the NBA (That is the National Basketball Association, for those of you who are sports illiterate). There are interesting interviews with Lars Weiss (who was in SIDE BY SIDE and ALONE IN A CROWD, among others), Steve Albini, Johnny Temple (From SOULSIDE), the singer from IN MY EYES, CHAKA from BURN, AT THE DRIVE IN, Max Ward and Sammy (From (CIV, YOT, etc.). There are also a ton of record reviews and the token columns. Some of the material in here is slightly dated, but I found it to be a good read anyway. I liked the fact that the zine had some humorous and critical bite to it and I would recommend seeking it out. ($2 ppd: Change, c/o Patrick West, PO Box 416, Mamamroneck, NY 10543; patrickw@youthstream.com)

KARST – *Receive the Void* EP – KARST are from Savannah, Georgia and are the other offshoot of DAMAD that I am reviewing this month. The influence of DAMAD is unmistakable, as KARST crunches and throbs its way through two songs of dark and gloomy grind. Victoria's brutal vocals screech and growl their way into your brain and leave a heavy imprint with eerie lyrics as well. The cover art on this record is pretty awesome especially since it glows in the dark. All in all a quality release and I hope I see more from this band in the future. Apparently this is limited to 500 copies so be on the lookout (Hater Of God Records, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181)

DRAGBODY/CRUCIBLE – split LP – Looks like No Idea thought it would be a good idea to combine two of Florida's fiercest metal/hardcore bands together onto one LP. CRUCIBLE (who are ex-ASSUSK, CULTURE, and MORNING AGAIN) hold their ground with four songs of fist-pounding hardcore that is heavy on the metal riffs and vicious vocals. While the tunes here are nothing original, the sheer power of the songs is enough to really draw me in. On the other side, DRAGBODY come out swinging with three songs of turbulent mid-tempo hardcore that totally floored me. Musically they fall in line with a band like CRUCIBLE, but DRAGBODY had a slightly more raw and ragged edge that I didn't really see on the CRUCIBLE side. I have heard a few DRAGBODY songs before, but they never caught my attention. I think I will have to reevaluate that thought and check out more of their stuff. All in all both bands should cause some serious kickboxing mayhem. It should be noted that this is limited to 1100 copies so buy up. (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636; noidearecords.com)

Please send all things for review in this column to Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or you can reach me at xgoatcorex@hotmail.com

"Growing up is so sad. Shit to deal with no one mentioned that. Social Security is what you'll get. Government cuts all that we had. Getting older—I'm a kid. Still don't know shit—I'm a kid. I wanna act crazy—I'm a kid. I wanna have free time—'cos I'm a kid. I'm a kid—kid."

VITAMIN X—"I'm A Kid"

First, let's get this straight: no nation enjoys a "right to exist." Countries are created by people killing other people who used to live in a place; countries continue to exist as long as their citizens are willing to kill other people to keep them the hell out. Thus, the US exists.

And so does Israel.

Arab countries' newfound willingness to acknowledge the fact of Israel's existence in exchange for steps towards a Palestinian state is nice but ultimately inconsequential. Israel *is*, period. Who gives a fuck whether or not it has the right to exist? Rand McNally doesn't determine nationhood. Beating the shit out of other people does.

As long as the United States continues to pour in $3 billion a year in aid—more than the total for all other nations combined—Israel will continue to thrive. (By comparison, war-torn Afghanistan is only slated to get $300 million next year.) As for the willingness to kill other guys to keep them out...well, that's the trouble.

Right-wing extremist Ariel Sharon has unleashed a horrific onslaught upon Gaza and the West Bank that has left all but the most hardened pro-Israel hawks disgusted. An April 17th Pew Research Center poll shows public support for Israel down to 42 percent in the wake of Sharon's latest incursion.

Sharon's shock troops are using the same tactics—reprisal assassinations, torture, demolitions and mass arrests.

Strategy and Geopolitics

"Israel, like any country in the world, has the right to defend itself against the cruel terror perpetrated against it from centers of terror located only several kilometers from its population centers," Sharon said on April 7. But with five Palestinians dying for every murdered Israeli, the self-defense argument is falling on increasingly deaf American ears. It's not working, either—the more Sharon retaliates, the more dead Israelis he has to retaliate for.

Sharon's excessive use of force is causing an increasing number of Americans to wonder whether it's time to cut off aid and let both sides slog it out.

It is hard to tell, from a realpolitik standpoint, why we spend so much money on such a sandy waste. "Israel...is a good friend of the United States—one of the best friends we will ever have," House majority leader Dick Armey reiterated April 15th. Yet Israel neither possesses natural resources nor geographically separates us from those of another country. Because of its status as a Jewish state, it almost never contributes troops to American-led military operations, many of which take place in Muslim nations

these days. Love it or hate it, US support for Israel is pretty much a one-way deal.

Israel's 5.7 million people live on a plot of sun-bleached rocks the size of New Jersey. Our unconditional support for this tiny country pisses off hundreds of millions of Muslims spanning the globe from Saudi Arabia to the Philippines, whose countries possess the vast majority of the globe's energy resources. The US-Israeli alliance also provides endless fodder to radical Islamists currently planning the next 9-11. In short, Israel is arguably the greatest single geopolitical liability to the security and economy of the United States.

Our Moral Obligation

Doing good, however, doesn't always mean doing well. The Truman Administration was primarily responsible for the 1948 UN mandate that created a fledgling Israel surrounded by hostile enemies. Both the legacy of the Holocaust and the continuing poison of anti-Semitism requires a state where the world's Jews can go to feel safe. To hell with all that Arab oil—don't we have a moral obligation to support the only working democracy in the Middle East in the face of incessant terrorist attacks?

We do owe Israel our support, but not $3 billion a year. US backing began with Israel's creation, lasted through several wars and continued through more than a half-century of generous gifts of cash and state-of-the-art military hardware. As a result, Israel is—unlike its neighbors—a modern, technologically-advanced First World country with European-class infrastructure. If US financial assistance were to end the second you read this, the Israeli army and air force would nevertheless remain the region's best-armed and best-trained for many years to come.

Let the Bird Leave the Nest

That outsized military and economic advantage ensures that the current war-that-won't-speak-its-name between Israel and the Palestinian Authority would continue for the foreseeable future. American-made fighter jets and helicopter gunships would continue to rain death on the West Bank; born-to-lose Arab teens would still blow themselves up in Israeli markets. Nothing much would change, but at least the US would no longer be intimately implicated in the carnage—and we'd save a huge amount of money in the bargain.

Anyone who has visited the Middle East can't help but be impressed by the energy, intelligence, and resolve of the Israeli people. An end to American subsidies would force them to deal with such long-standing structural problems as high unemployment, systemic constitutional tensions and demographic trends that threaten to turn their country into a Jewish state with a Jewish minority.

Independence from Washington doesn't have to lead to Arafat's fantasy of pushing Israel into the sea. A cut in US subsidies could be phased out gradually, perhaps over the next ten years. More importantly, the US should sign a mutual defense treaty committing to come to Israel's aid in the event of an invasion. Independence shouldn't equal abandonment, and support shouldn't equal international welfare.

BOOK PROPAGANDA: My new book, *To Afghanistan and Back*, is now out. I was one of 45 journalists to enter Afghanistan in a convoy in November 2001. 42 of us made it back. This book is about surviving that ordeal, and it's 112 pages of which 50 pages is a graphic novel and the rest is articles I filed from Afghanistan. There are also tons of photos and cartoons. If you want a copy of *To Afghanistan and Back* signed by me, please send $19 (includes shipping to anywhere in the US) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10108.

Making Punk Houses a Threat Again! A Look at DIY Housing

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Preface: This may sound like the words of someone who thinks they know it all—"What the fck does this kid know about my house?" one might say. Probably not much, but I have made some observations about the punk houses I have lived in or visited. Take this all as simply suggestions, and, hey, maybe a few things here might make your life easier, more fun, interesting, etc.

I've noticed in various communities across the country, certain punk houses that used to be full of crazy, amazing activity are now shadows of what they once were. Maybe someone who contributed a lot left town, maybe people just got depressed, maybe something horrible happened—in many cases I don't even know. What I do know, what I've seen, is people using punk houses as merely places to party, fck, get high, etc. As nice as those things can be, they in abundance usually spell out the death of a punk house. More importantly, it also spells out a severe hamper towards meaningful and fun activity. Here are some ideas to prevent that death, and a few other methods I've toyed with or seen work in the past:

Set up areas of your house for specific purposes or goals: photography darkroom, stencil-making area, book exchange/library, silkscreening area, mad laboratory—whatever activity you (collectively) deem worthwhile. Make it accessible for housemates and friends and maybe even the outside community. I really think people fall into the trap of easy drug-like solutions because the more exciting things seem too far off or inaccessible. Whatever happens in this space could be a springboard into other things you never even thought of.

The whole drinking and getting high thing (really gets to me). This is coming from the perspective of someone who abstains from both, but nonetheless...more toxic than the actual substances being used/abused are the situations they create:

—People, especially women, tend to be abused and attacked, and generally treated more poorly by men who are drunk

—People tend to lose respect for collective space and get destructive and/or careless. This can mean anything from stumbling around and knocking over the bookshelf, to puking on the walls, to getting hungry and eating the next few days' food, or just someone else's food, or property being lost, abused, or broken.

There aren't any easy solutions to this, except if things like this work:

—Find some forest, abandoned train yard, or industrial epicenter that was at some point forgotten and take the raucous activities there.

—Flat out don't allow drugs or alcohol in your house (of course that won't work for many houses, as no one in them would agree to it. But it's almost a guarantee that if your house dies, it won't be the degeneration into a "drunk-punk house."

—Make sure that people engaged in destructive activity (ie: drinking) partake in creative activity (ie: extensive cleanup for a start, maybe with a goal of leaving things much better than they were the night before).

Do collective projects! Once you (collectively) decide you want a garden, darkroom, house catapult, etc., you have to (well, should...) Do It Yourselves! At one place I lived, we had a new project each month and everyone living or staying there was involved. We collected an extra $10 with everyone's rent, and put it towards new projects.

Between the $80 we got every month from this, and all the material we'd dumpster or steal, we usually had money left over for emergencies or next month's project! And in the end, you not only have a new, say, greenhouse or doomsday device, you've also done something collectively with your whole fckn community! Word.

Property is theft, but so is taking people's shit without permission! Often people can get carried away with that classic anarchist saying and and use it as an excuse to not give a fck about about who uses what and who deserves what. In a house I lived in, a friend of mine was afraid to bring her piles of stolen vegan goodies home because people (often non-vegans) would devour her food while she slept, was out, or used the computer. It's not that she didn't want to share—she did. It's that by the time she shared there was absolutely nothing left for her! Marking everything in your house with a label gun might sound silly... because it is! Just ask people before you borrow things, or keep collective property in one area and personal in another. Dividing a fridge in half with a magic marker might work well for this. Another thing to try is labeling personal food, and having the rest as collective property.

Fight fckn patriarchy! You probably live in a house with both men and women—and even if not, this should definitely still pertain. Fighting patriarchy and sexism is not only dealing with abusive situations when they arise, but also (mostly) addressing it in our daily lives. No matter your gender (or lack of, wink-wink trannies) make sure the women staying at your house don't do all the dishes/cleaning/other assorted shitwork (nothing against "shitwork"; I actually frequently find joy in doing it) that has to be done to keep the house in working order.

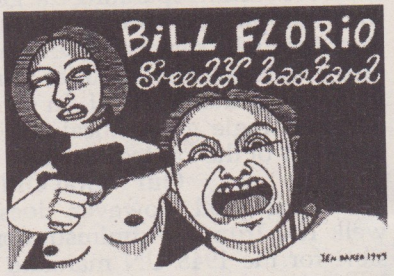
Try hard to address and combat the internalized patriarchy inside of all of us and make it a priority. One community I know of has gone as far as creating entire areas to be used as a women's safe space, all the time. Probably in many houses space is not as easy to come by as it is in the house of this example—so that might not be an option. But something similar in nature might be good. Oh—and all this about patriarchy and sexism should go for all the other nasty isms (racism, heterosexism, and for you animal liberation types; speciesism), as well!

Talk to your fckn neighbors! Often people frown upon the lack of community in today's society while passively contributing to it themselves. Do you know your neighbor's name? What about two or three houses down? You probably should. Sometimes they might be interested in what projects you are working on, and sometimes you might be able to help them while they help you. You know, that whole mutual aid thing. Cleaning up trash on your streets or community meals/food distribution would probably be a good start.

Figure out how to deal with temporaries. People often have stayed in the places I've lived at for fairly short amounts of times. I've done a good bit of traveling myself, and staying at punk houses usually happens fairly often for me. At house my friend lives in, guests have to be sponsored by someone in the house in order to stay. This way, if the guest does anything questionable, fcked up, or stays too long, the other housemates have someone they trust and know better than the actual guest to bring this up with. They also have a system there of having the guests do chores like weeding the garden or washing the non-personal dishes. I think that's a fair exchange for free housing, and the ability to partake in the microcosmic community of each individual punk house.

This really is just a claw at the surface of positive things that can be done to improve punk houses, for both the punks inside them and everything outside of them. I hope this inspires you better the house you live in or are a guest at.

CrimethInc. Temporary Tenant's Union Local #68



OK, back up a bunch of years—I'm at a club in NYC called Brownies. It was one of those weird days where the club was trying to make double the money by having an early show and then kicking everyone out and having another show. The show that started at 5 pm was some weird goth show. I guess it was earlier so the 14 year-olds getting picked up by 25 yea-olds wouldn't get grounded or something. I don't remember why I was at the earlier show. I think they let you in free if you wanted to stay for the hardcore show or something like that. I seem to remember a hippie band with a digaweedoo. Anyhow I was walking around the folks all dressed in black and trying to sell Bugout Society CDs. I don't know why I was bothering, but I tend to get bored when stuck inside a show and I probably didn't have zines to sell. It's a lot easier selling zines for a quarter than CDs for five bucks, but ya never know how drunk people are going to be.

So there's this tall lanky guy and I look way up to him, and say "Hey wanna buy my bands CD? It's funny." He replies, "I don't like funny." For years I've been making fun of this guy. *I don't like funny.* What kind of crock of shit is that? Maybe in Boston I could understand not liking funny (people from Boston only like things that are totally boring) but why would anyone want to mess with or deny what is funny?

OK, there are lots of things that people are led to believe are funny and aren't like Adam Sandler or Jim Carey but for all of those there's a fat woman slipping in her own dog's shit that counters it.

So why would anyone deny funny? Why would anyone try and stop funny? Let's try and delve into the mind of a party pooper and see what kinda of fucked up vision of the world they aren't part of.

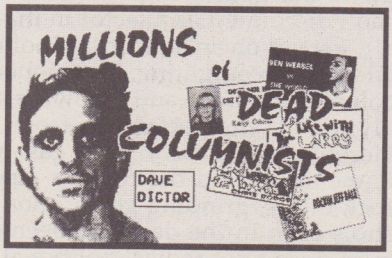
OK, I've been through times where I was quite a miserable person. I've never delved so low as to avoid laughter. Usually the content that makes me laugh when I feel like complete shit is a little darker, say watching that little video of the sheep running headfirst into a wall while being pushed through the slaughterhouse. Actually this video can probably make me laugh any time, but I've never watched it and found it unamusing. Actually when I'm feeling really shitty I tend to say things that are a lot funnier then if I'm pretty content. I don't think depression is a direct cause for being a party pooper—sure, it doesn't help, but I tend to think it involves more of a self image thing. Perhaps you think people are laughing at you, and something funny only gives them an excuse to let it out.

A big one is people that are offended too easily. Now, I rarely ever get offended, well, unless I read *The New York Post*, but even then I usually can laugh at dimwits than get upset by their actions. Why are so many people offended so easily? That ass bug thing always perplexes me. *What is so damn offensive?* I mean sure setting the cat on fire would be funny, I would probably stop that, but just about anything lower than that, when it is meant to be funny, *is not a big deal.*

Anyhow the real factor here is not misery or insecurity...sure it is that, but really it's just intelligence. These people are pretty fucking stupid and they try to stay away from humor because *they don't get the joke.* So really it's all about fear. They walk around pretending to be smart, pretending to intellectualize everything, but the fact is, they're dumb as a brick. Well you're not fooling me with your stern looks. I know you're a dimwit. You can wear your non-prescription eyeglasses all you want, but you don't get the joke my friend. The joke is always on you.

My band the Shemps' 45 is out. You can get it from Weekend Records email them at weekendrec@yahoo.fr Thanks Emmanuel and Laurent! Also besides Artie Philie and Sue Werner we just recruited Jim Hass to play drums. Come see us on tour very soon. My email is bill@candids.com feel free to complain about how stupid you are and how I'm not funny!

School's Out For Summer

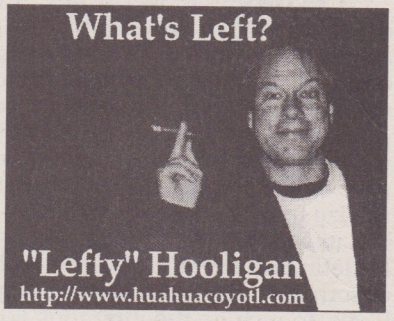


Well I just finished up my second full year of teaching here in New York City. In the middle of the year they switched me from my favorite batch of kids who I taught for 18 months to a very low functioning crew of kids .I mean bless these poor kids but after five months straight most don't even recognize me. Half of them are in diapers I'm so fucking ready to get away from it. I'm heading on tour to Europe with MDC and Molotov Cocktail and I am so ready to be outta here. Lately I've found myself lost in my work and I feel almost too lost.

Yeah as a teacher you feel good about your work. Teaching young people, offering them an alternative way of viewing things. But lately I feel like I've compromised myself. Being a teacher is not too different from working for the CIA. It is another government agency. Like in all government agencies, the atmosphere in the schools is very uptight. The mantra of everyone I work with is "cover your ass." Do not stick your neck out. Do not take risks. You end up being not who you really are too much of the time. I find myself shying away from talking about my politics, my social life, my music, my experience with life, with addiction, and so on. We had to teach our classes the Pledge of Allegiance. My version went "I pledge allegiance to the frogs of the United States of America ...One nation, invisible, with liberty and justice for all." The kids always laughed but after a while I started wondering if I was gonna get ratted out by a weird coworker and get reprimanded. I find it too much pressure month-in month-out to always be on guard like this. Not feeling free to let myself say what I want to about Bush, the state of the world, or about my punk band and its infamous title (being a dead cop can be so misunderstood). It was easier in ways when I was on drugs. I had to fake a lot of things and I got used to it. I was always in the mode of being a spy behind enemy lines. Now I don't have to be a spy behind enemy lines to be a successful drug addict. And now I don't want to fake anything. I like detecting bullshit, speaking my mind and living free. Well as free as you can.

What's more, in this profession, I find it hard changing modes and getting into my musical, artistic, and my poetic self. Years back, when I was pumping gas or working as a mover, I didn't feel like I was part of the machine. I'd get off work and go to band practice smelling of gasoline and kick out the jams. I could turn off my job reality like a switch. And I never dreamed about work, its complexities and such. Being a teacher I have found it hard to turn it off. Bless those kids, but our day to day reality never gets out of my head.

Well not to worry about that. I'm on the road this summer and going for it. Back to living my dreams. "Right vocation, permanent vacation." We're practicing a lot and writing new songs before we go and I'm beginning to feel quite liberated. Well, I wish you all the best and hope you find some time to chase your dreams, find some bliss and such. You only get so much time, don't forget. Well that's all for now, except to say, "punk fucking rock," and hope to see you in the pit. Yours truly...mdcops@hotmail.com



"Cops!" Tom hisses at us from out of the night. Our little band of three high school guerrilla wannabe's dives for the brush in the middle of a moon swept field. I peer over the thick coastal chaparral and see three police cars roaring south along Los Carneros Road, lights flashing but sirens silent. Going the same way we are. Toward Isla Vista, burning against the dark Pacific Ocean.

"They didn't see us," Mike says, and little wonder. We're dressed as west coast Viet Cong; black sneakers, black pants, black long sleeved shirts. We've even smeared our faces with black grease paint.

It's Saturday night, April 18th, 1970. Our tiny cadre from Ventura is trying to sneak into the second Isla Vista riot. IV II. This is before Storke Campus, so it's a straight shot from where we parked the car on Hollister Avenue through southern Californian underbrush to The Revolution in progress. We succeed, without much trouble, finally dashing across El Colegio bristling with cops and blending into the general mayhem.

IV I is the one everyone remembers. February 25th, 1970, Isla Vistans burned down the Bank of America. It was basically an anti-war riot by UCSB students and hippie locals, but there were other issues. The overpowering relationship of the university to the lazy beach enclave slash student ghetto. The greed of local landlords and the lack of local self-government. The denial of tenure to Bill Allen, a radical UCSB anthropology professor. The arrest in Isla Vista of Rashidi Ali, United Front and Black Student Union leader. Six PM curfews and police brutality. I know people at UCSB involved in the first riot, Eric and Carole, and they give me a call a little before six that evening.

"People are out on the street." Eric is excited and Carole is laughing in the background. "The mood is incendiary. There's talk of torching the temporary bank. It's Revolution Time."

I get Tom and Mike together and on the freeway in Tom's '64 VW bug by fifteen after. Tom's actually out of high school, living above his parents' garage, attending an occasional class at Ventura Junior College; more a bum than a hippie though he's smoked dope and I haven't yet. Mike's one of the comrades putting out our high school underground newspaper—a mimeographed rag covering

the gamut of New Left politics and hippie counterculture—and he's also gotten high. Once we're in IV, we make our way to Eric and Carole's house.

IV II begins with people taking to the streets after yet another demonstration, overturning trash cans and piling up barricades, trashing local shops and stores, burning everything and heading for the temporary Bank of America. UCSB's Associated Student Body President Bill James, assured by Sheriff Webster that the police won't enter Isla Vista, uses the campus radio station, KCSB, to call for students to put out the fires started by "extremists." Many liberal and pacifist types take up this effort, but this is also the signal for UCSB's large frat population to mobilize and counter attack. They fight running battles with radicals around the temporary bank structure, while roaming bands of frat boys douse fires and assault hippies.

Of course the Sheriff lies. A convoy of dump trucks outfitted with bulldozer blades and filled with heavily armed riot cops rolls into Isla Vista. The trucks are equipped with tear gas foggers, and the cops shoot at rioters. Kevin Moran, one of the "good students" who had put out a fire at a Taco Bell and just doused another fire inside the bank's broken glass doors with some friends, is shot dead by a Santa Barbara City cop. When the police realize their mistake, the Sheriff's Department announces Kevin was shot by a "radical sniper," issuing an all points bulletin on a fictitious suspect, complete with getaway car description in a bald attempt to enrage public sentiment. Cops, to include the infamous Force 10 Tactical Squad on loan from the LAPD, rampage through the community, breaking down apartment doors and dragging students from their beds, beating and arresting them. Rioters booby-trap the streets with nearly invisible piano wire strung between telephone poles at just-above-dumptruck-height.

This is war. The running battle between rioters and police continues deep into the night. In turn, the Isla Vista riots radicalize two UCSB students at the time, Kathleen Soliah and James Kilgore.

I can't be certain about the timing of all this now, but I think we enter IV around the time the cops do, only the cops are directly hitting the Embarcadero commercial loop whereas we're approaching that battle zone from the west. The atmosphere is generally festive, with folks out on the street openly drinking, smoking dope and partying. Eric and Carole have one of the master bedrooms in a student rented, bluff-side duplex, but only Eric is home. He's playing Jimi Hendrix full volume on the stereo and dancing around the living room when we walk through the wide-open front door.

"Welcome to the Isla Vista Commune," he laughs and embraces each of us. "Carole and I've been taking turns at the front. Now that you're here, we can go kick some pig ass."

Eric hustles us out of the house but doesn't bother to lock the door. IV's main commercial district is the loop where Embarcadero Del Mar becomes Embarcadero Del Norte, and it's a short walk through one huge block party. Young people dance around burning barricades. The windows and doors of numerous stores are broken, the stores looted and smoldering. The air is heavy with marijuana smoke. I catch a glimpse of a couple having sex behind a flaming dumpster. I realize I'm also hearing loud music. The Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man." A record store has set up huge speakers on its roof and is blaring rock-'n'roll into the riot.

Three police dump trucks inch around a corner, spewing tear gas and buckshot. As if on cue, the crowd scatters. Eric herds us quickly into a welcoming apartment complex, where we stand at the windows among sympathetic residents, watching the cops clear the streets, push away the barricades with the trucks' bulldozer blades and take on the few brave individuals who stay in the streets throwing rocks, bottles and the occasional molotov. People hand me joints and I take hits out of adrenaline-fueled nervous energy. When the cops move on to another part of the riot, we empty back into the streets to rebuild the barricades and continue the party slash riot. This happens, back and forth, cat and mouse, all night.

This is also the first time I smoke dope, lots of dope, but I don't get stoned. At least, I don't think I'm stoned as I throw bricks at cops and dash down alleys to escape cops and haul flaming furniture out into intersections to block cops. It's actually quite common for first time pot smokers *not* to get stoned, and so I assume there's nothing to this getting high business. In retrospect however, I can't discount it as a factor in that evening's epiphany.

I stand on an apartment rooftop, thoroughly exhausted from streetfighting. The gibbous moon clears twisting columns of smoke and billowing clouds to reveal an apocalyptic scene straight from the imagination of Heronymous Bosch. Tear gas mixes with smoke and flame all around the rooftop. Laughter, shouts, screams, rock music, grinding gears, anonymous crashes and gun shots echo in the dark. I'd been extremely disappointed ever since I got radical politics at 16 in 1968 that I hadn't been a couple of years older so that I could be in the thick of things in the '60's. Now, in the thick of things, my mind soars into sudden illumination. I see Isla Vista as a totally circumscribed ghetto, playing out the yin and yang of streetfighters and cops, each needing the other in an almost Keystone comic game.

As something to be transcended.

This is a slight revision on my far briefer comments in *MRR* #201, in which I called this a non-drug mystical experience. I admit to having inhaled, but stoned? I distinctly remember the first time I got stoned, on Nepalese Templeball hashish three months later, in an equally intense though entirely different experience the summer after graduating. Drugs, especially a drug like marijuana, is not conducive to clarity. My experience on that Isla Vista rooftop was one of absolute clarity, so sharp it hurt, at the same time it made me laugh.

I continued to think for a couple more years that the core of '60's radical New Left politics and hippie counterculture was essentially liberatory, and that I was living in revolutionary times. I did value the fact that coming to the whole far left/hippie thing late as it were gave me a slightly different perspective on the history I lived through, identified with, but didn't actually make. I wasn't at most of the crucial events of the era. I wasn't tied to the rollercoaster ride of the '60's from personal experience, so I wasn't as invested or disappointed when things went belly up in the 1970's.

When the New Left essentially recapitulated the same old bullshit of every Left since 1905 by degenerating into Leninist vanguardism, armed adventurism and social democratic reformism. When hippie slid down the path of past Bohemian cultures by decomposing into various cults and cults of personality, acid fascism and heavy metal Satanism, self-centered withdrawal and drug-addled dementia. That each contributed to the liberalization of American society (liberal welfare state, liberalized social mores as epitomized by a permanent, profitable youth subculture of sex-drugs-and-rock-n-roll, liberal pop psychology and new age spirituality) is a measure of

their co-optation, not of their success. I appreciate that life in these United States has become slightly more tolerable as a result of the meteoric rise and fall of the New Left/hippie counterculture, but each was so far from realizing its goals from my perspective that success or the threat of losing substantial gains never motivated me.

I neither retreated into my personal life, lost myself in some political or spiritual cult nor denounced my youthful involvements in a reactionary about face. My drug problems were with old fashioned alcohol, not pot or LSD. I kept up an interest and involvement in anti-statist leftist politics, not to mention sex, drugs and rock'n'roll, which meant disassociating them from the youth movement that had given them form for me and locating them in their respective historical contexts. It's never a good idea to tie hopes of revolution to the fickleness of youth, or to see a youth movement as inherently one thing or another.

When I got the happy news that the disco/prog rock '70's were dead, thanks to the Gang of Four and the Ramones in 1978, it was the early years of punk in San Diego. The days of the Skeleton and Zebra Clubs, before violence grabbed the San Diego scene by its throat. The lines weren't drawn back then. Folks who were punk, new wave, post-punk, new romantic, whatever, went to the same parties and shows. The commie rock of *Entertainment!* and the pinhead rock of *Rocket to Russia* blared from my stereo, along with Blondie, Sex Pistols, Talking Heads, Dead Kennedy's, Residents, Dils and of course Patty Smith. It was all punk in the broadest sense. Saying "fuck you" to the world and having a good time doing it.

Thanks to the '60's, I never considered punk inherently anarchistic or revolutionary. Anarchic clearly, but not anarchistic by nature. Yes, there are anarchistic elements to punk rock, and I certainly exploited them in publishing two anarcho-punk 'zines—*Point-Blank* and *San Diego's Daily Impulse*—but I never pushed the line that punk is basically anarchistic, or leftist, or revolutionary. Punk rock is about rebellion and having a good time and raw, creative rock music; anybody who adds anything to this list has an agenda or an ax to grind.

I'm still "Lefty" Hooligan, talking about socialism and revolution in a punk magazine. I just don't pretend that my anti-statist communism is the essence of punk rock. One thing learned by being a late hippie, and an early punk. So let's actually talk about something related to this column's über-purpose. As in, what's left?

You'd think I'd be happy.

Thirty-five to forty thousand people demonstrating against war in San Francisco on April 20. Twice that easily in Washington DC, with tens of thousands more demonstrating against the IMF and World Bank. Mass demonstrations, just like in the '60's. There would appear to be a healthy anti-war movement on top of a thriving anti-globalization movement.

Well, I drove by Dolores Park but didn't bother to attend the anti-war event in SF, and not because I'm for Junior Bush's world war against international terrorism or because I support Israel's slaughter of the Palestinians. I didn't go because, first and foremost, the west coast demonstration was a creature of the ANSWER coalition and therefore a tool of the Workers World Party. On the east coast, there was an alternative to ANSWER in the April 20 Coalition (A20C), made up of the National Coalition for Peace and Justice, National Youth and Student Peace Coalition, 9-11 Emergency National Network, NYC Labor Against War and a slew of other, more traditionally pacifist and social democratic organizations. Whereas ANSWER focused on the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, the A20C had a more general anti-war emphasis. Both coalitions sponsored marches and rallies, which were about equally attended. In addition, the Committee in Solidarity with the People of Palestine and the Mobilization for Global Justice held marches and events. The west coast had no such diversity in sponsorship or activities, and I just wasn't interested in being a foot soldier for the paleo-Leninoid WWP or its ANSWER and International Action Center fronts in order to express my opposition to the "war on terrorism" and Israel's war on the Palestinians.

Secondly, the SF event was little more than a pep rally for Palestinian nationalism, as was evidenced by the sea of Palestinian flags at the event. I'm an anti-statist *international* communist goddamnit, not a cheerleader for anti-imperialist Palestinian nationalism. I didn't wave a Vietnamese NLF flag in the '60's, and I'm not about to wave a Palestinian flag now. Finally, the event itself was fucking boring according to the friends who attended, a classic case of protest-politics-as-usual. ANSWER/IAC/WWP is notorious for maintaining an iron-fisted control over their events, often turning more militant demonstrators into the police, and so the April 20 march and rally was choreographed and scripted down to the minutest details. The march was routed through the city so as NOT to snarl traffic too much or allow proximity to things like freeway access or volatile urban targets. The rally droned the WWP line in between token local politicos willing to share the stage with one of the more whacked ML sects on the American Left. The event was a sure cure for insomnia, but it didn't threaten the powers-that-be or their militaristic policies.

Thuggish liars who take credit for other people's political work, the WWP likes to portray itself as the only game in town. I'd love to know where they get their money. And I'd love to see the ANSWER/IAC/WWP try to control things when Bush makes a really stupid move, like invade Iraq. The last Gulf War, folks shut down the Bay Bridge, organized civil disobedience and generally defied these vanguardist control freaks. Maybe it's wishful thinking and unbridled patriotism has completely crushed popular opposition to Junior Bush's military adventurism, but I think all hell will break loose if the US tries to affect a "regime change" in Iraq through military intervention. People will once again take the streets away from the WWP.

Remember, you heard it here first.

How people can keep the streets away from the WWP and other Leninist asswipes with pretensions to lead any popular unrest is the subject, you guessed it, for a future column. Next issue, this fearsome "streetfighting man" reveals how I'm actually pretty damned cautious.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

We've been handed a grim timetable, and a rare opportunity. According to a recent *New York Times* article by Thom Shanker and David E. Sanger, dated 4-28-02: "The Bush administration, in developing a potential approach for toppling President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, is concentrating its attention on a major air campaign and ground invasion, with initial estimates contemplating the use of 70,000 to 250,000 troups [...] early next year." The Bush administration officially denied this scenario the very next day, of course. But whether it's a nixed "confrontation with Hussein this fall," or a more probable one next spring, or even war next fall in order to avoid "summer combat in bulky chemical suits," a US military attempt to overthrow Saddam is about as inevitable as Bush mangling the English language.

You better believe that, even as you read these words, US "policymakers and operational commanders are trying to sketch out the broad outlines of the confrontation they expect." I bet they're doing a lot more than sketching outlines. It only makes sense for strategic-minded folks in the overlapping anti-war, anti-globalization and anti-capitalist movements to build mass opposition to Bush's war preparations against Iraq strong enough to stop any war before it happens. Barring that, we need to meet a US war on Iraq with mass anti-war protest in the streets powerful enough to make serious trouble for the powers-that-be. The Pentagon is already doing strategic planning and preparation for a war on Iraq. Those of us against such a war should be doing the same.

We have no control over "progress toward ending the Israeli-Palestinian conflict" or "uprisings among Arab populations" or the response from regional Arab states; any of which in the negative could throw a monkey-wrench into the Bush administration's imperial plans. What we can influence is the home front. "[S]enior officials" are already "preparing for a global oil price shock" as a consequence of any war against Iraq. Let's give them something else to worry about by organizing broadbased domestic resistance to the administration's war plans.

If you read this column at all, you know I don't put much faith in the protest-politics-as-usual of marches and rallies. For me, protest needs to be civilly disobedient at the very least, and I really don't see anything changing without massive, sustained direct action in the streets of this country. I don't have a whole lot good to say about either the Leninoid Workers World Party dominated ANSWER coalition or the liberal/reformist National Coalition for Peace and Justice, though the latter is at least enthusiastic about civil disobedience. I'm willing to concede that, at the moment, strategic diversity will be needed to create effective grassroots opposition to a war on Iraq, although I think we should avoid expending time and energy on building national organizations and events, instead focusing on creating an anti-war presence at the local community level. National organizing will come out of community organizing.

Liberal reformists can do what they're good at; letter writing campaigns, teach-ins, petitition drives, pressure on elected representatives, holding candidates' feet to the fire in the upcoming November elections, etc. This is the time for candlelight vigils at post offices or Federal buildings, and campaigns to send toys to Congress to dramatize the death of Iraqi children. CD-oriented pacifists should concentrate on local targets—offices of military recruiters and warmongering politicians, ROTC buildings and military bases, defense contractors and pro-war media—with sit-ins, blockades and peaceful occupations intended to illuminate a growing anti-war opposition to the public. It would be nice to foster a movement among American military reservists to refuse to fight in Iraq, much like the movement among Israeli reservests to refuse service in the West Bank. Those dedicated to direct action have plenty of locks to glue shut, computers to hack, secret plans to expose, supplies to damage, operations to sabotage and troops to subvert. For obvious reasons, further suggestions along these lines should not be committed to paper.

The idea here is to build popular opposition to US war plans against Iraq in the next eight months through escalating protest events, actions and demonstrations in thousands of communities across the country, with the goal of heading off an actual shooting war. If US military aggression can't be averted, then the mass student strikes, mass union actions, mass rallies and demonstrations, and mass attempts to shut down Washington DC following the war's start can stand on and draw from this broad oppositional base.

If the *New York Times* story is accurate, we have until spring of 2003. Let's roll…

…ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS…

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE WWP… …But were afraid to ask. "The International Action Center: 'Peace Activists' with a Secret Agenda?" by Kevin Coogan (http://slash.autonomedia.org/article.pl?sid=01/12/03/1946241&mode= nested); "The IAC and the Campaign Against Sanctions: Helping the Iraqi People or Saddam Husayn?," "'ANSWER' and 'The Pod People,'" and "The WWP: From Kim Il Sung's Birthday Party to the Russian 'Red-Brown Alliance'" by Kevin Coogan (http://slash.autonomedia.org/article.pl?sid=01/12/03/229254); "The Mysterious Ramsey Clark: Stalinist Dupe or Deep-Cover Spook?" by Manny Goldstein (http://slash. autonomedia.org/article.pl?sid=01/09/18/205623&mode=nocomment&threshold=); "Breaking the 'Consensus'" by Liza Featherstone (http://www.thenation.com/doc. mhtml?i=special&s=featherstone20020421).

SNAKE BITE… Tommy Strange has issue #2 of *The Rattlesnake* out. More rather unimaginative anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist politics, opinions, rants and reprints, along with Tommy's ongoing, voluminous expose on Larry Livermore and his right wing political turn. This is obsession at its finest, and its fun too. Tell you something, Larry was a hell of a lot more interesting when he was a drunk. (*The Rattlesnake* #2; $3 sub per issue; 4 more issues planned; 1811 Folsom St., SF, CA 94110)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan 3@mindspring.com.

A few positives.

Inspiration is usually found in the oddest of places, and I've stumbled across it a few different times this past month.

As I mentioned last issue, I've got a great new job at an organic agriculture school/institute/farm as the chef. Through this position, I've been given an almost unparalleled opportunity to meet different growers, producers, and consumers of food. This position only lasts for one season, so I'm only here for eight months, but in this first month alone I've seen/met a lot of inspiring people that have reminded me that as bleak as the global outlook can appear sometimes, there is a fresh (no pun intended) movement attempting to make things better that's slowly gaining speed.

Last Monday, I worked with a local beekeeper named Rick. Rick appreciates what our institute is trying to do, so he became a cooperative instructor many years back, to help students gain a little bit of knowledge of what it is that he does. All of us scheduled to work with him were

given an unofficial warning. We were told that Rick is a very intense person with lots of "conservative" viewpoints (including a strong homophobic slant). I didn't let this information keep me from my desire to learn more about beekeeping (plus I was born and raised in Wisconsin so I'm pretty used to homophobic conservatives anyway), so I was still pretty excited.

And, truth be told, I found beekeeping to be very fascinating (and painful—I got stung five times). However, what was more interesting to me was Rick's home and family. He has a house in the country with a relatively small plot of land. However, aside from his beekeeping stuff, only a small portion of which is actually on his land anyhow, he has a small front yard garden, two goats (who, just ten days earlier, had two little baby kids), a small chicken coop, four ducks, and three geese. He gets milk from the goats, eggs from the chickens, I have to assume that he slaughters the geese and ducks for meat, and gets a fair share of produce out of his garden. With these small things, and the money he makes beekeeping, he is able to support himself, his wife, and their four children. Now, of course, this doesn't seem like anything terribly radical (and technically speaking, it isn't—that's what living anytime before the past century used to entail for the general population), but in a certain way, it is. Rick has no boss, is running his own one-man food business (and I must add that his honey tastes absolutely amazing compared to any mass-produced variety), can squeeze enough out of his little piece of earth to sustain his 6-person, 20-animal home, and still leave way more free time for him and his wife to spend with their children than the average dual-income family. It was very bizarre for me to go into the situation with a few reservations about the man's personality and come away with a small sense of jealousy for his lifestyle.

Bob is another cooperative instructor with our institute. He runs a relatively large, low-input (read: almost organic) apple orchard with his cousin. Bob's aunt and uncle started the orchard many years ago, and Bob's been working there for the past 30. It was absolutely amazing to stroll through his apple trees and have him point out ones that were older than him or having him point out which ones were planted the year I was born and noticing that they still looked relatively small and young. To think that those fields of apple trees were his life's work and that he'd been working with apples day in and day out for the past thirty years, I couldn't help but ask, "Do you ever get sick of apples?" He just laughed at me and said, "You know, during the peak of harvest, I have to sit around and try hundreds of different apples for ripeness all day long. To tell you the truth, they taste so good that I actually have to consciously remind myself that I'll get sick if I eat too many."

And the director of our institute, John, has surprised me himself. Although I haven't had chance enough to hear his full story, the little bit that I do know simply floors me. John was a rancher in Montana for many long years, overseeing huge herds of beef cattle that were raised and slaughtered in the most agribusiness-friendly (read: inhumane/environmentally-destructive) manner imaginable. By taking a direct part in this style of operation, John slowly began to see the damage inflicted upon the earth and the unbelievably cruel methods of confinement and slaughter that these animals endured. On his own, he began to study other methods of farming and animal-raising which led him to organics and, ultimately, to biodynamics. The exact path that led him from the corporate cowboy lifestyle to the director position at an institute that promotes local food systems and environmentally sustainable agriculture is a bit blurry to me but, nonetheless, his journey has been a long and interesting one indeed.

Then this past weekend, there were a ton of exciting events going on in Madison, mostly food-related. First off, I was able to attend a presentation by Kent Whealy, the founder of Seed Savers Inc., about his Heritage Farm in Decorah, Iowa. About 30 years ago, Kent and his wife Diane began to notice a trend in agriculture that involved hundreds of different varieties of fruits and vegetables slowly disappearing from the supermarket shelves. As huge conglomerates began taking over, they also systematically began sterilizing the entire concept of food, somehow desiring to make every tomato look identical, even if that meant destroying most of its flavor. Kent and Diane decided that they were going to combat this trend in the only way they could think of, they would search the world over for unique varieties of produce and grow them out for seed at their own farm. Thirty years later, every terrible thing that the Whealy's predicted in corporate agriculture has come to pass and then some, with Monsanto's Terminator gene that prevents plants from going to seed perhaps being the most frightening of all. However, they've spent those same years hunting down, planting, and collecting seeds from literally thousands of different species of fruits and vegetables, and putting them right back up for sale for gardeners all over the world. Some of the stories Kent told were simply beautiful. Many of the varieties of seed that they develop were actually first brought to America by the first settlers from Europe, some on the Mayflower itself. Yet others were smuggled into the country by immigrants in the 1800s, who had to hide them in their coat linings to prevent their confiscation by customs officials on Ellis Island. Better yet, Seed Savers has collected, and in some cases saved from extinction, a huge variety of indigenous plants that the white man would've surely let disappear due to its "inefficient nature." At least three different times, he told a story of how they had heard of a certain plants' existence and spent years trying to locate someone who grew it, only to have some backyard gardener call them up and state that they've been growing it in their garden for years and had no idea that it was so rare. And the pictures of the farm, and the produce that they've helped save from extinction, are simply mind-blowing. They have black tomatoes, purple carrots, white watermelon, blue potatoes and everything in-between. At this stage, they now have a seed bank that maintains well over 3,000 different varieties of "basic" vegetables and they're still growing with every new rare seed that turns up. However, as Kent explained, if you go into any Safeway (or any major grocery store), you'll find 12. Most impressively, Kent said the following, "Diane and I are very lucky. Most activists never get to live long enough to see the fruits of their constant toil. But all we have to do to see ours is walk out the back door and there it is, staring right back at us."

Finally, I went to see Frances Moore & Anna Lappé at Rainbow Bookstore (that local cooperative that I'm always pestering you to send me your zines for) on Sunday. Francis wrote *Diet For a Small Planet* (and made a name for herself) nearly 30 years ago, which was/is one of the most important studies of world food "inefficiencies" ever. Three years ago, her daughter Anna convinced her that a new book needed to be written, one that showcased all of the amazing things that were being done worldwide to combat the terrible injustices that she had pointed out in *Diet for a Small Planet*. And so, Frances and Anna went on a trip around the world, from India to Brazil to right here in Madison, WI, to get a closer look at

how innovative communities were creating locally-based, eco-friendly food systems. Just this past winter, they released *Hope's Edge*, the book that documents both the facts and feelings regarding their travels. The things they had to say were all at once hopeful, insightful, intelligent, and positive. However, what struck me most about them was their manner. Francis, now in her 50s, looked like she could easily be one of my mother's good friends and constantly talked in a soft-spoken voice. Her daughter Anna looked like some beautiful college-aged girl that I might drool over at a bar. Neither of them appeared radical in any physical sense. Yet here they were, destroying every myth about world-hunger, genetic engineering, and high-efficiency farming that the agricultural corporates have been feeding us for years. And they take it one step further by seeking out all positive methods being used to physically combat these myths and compiling them into one of the more inspiring books to come out in a while. While discussing this book, they had smiles on their faces the whole time.

All of these people—Rick the beekeeper, Bob the apple orchardist, John the ex-rancher, Kent & Diane the seed savers, and Frances & Anna the writers—have something in common. Actually, they have quite a bit in common. They are all working in some realm of food and agricultural and, whether consciously or not, they are all fighting the multinationals who seek to take humanity's most precious bounty and turn it into a pile of money. But more than all of that, what I found amazing about all of the above people is that they absolutely love what they're doing. Most of them have been struggling along for decades and they won't be stopping until a gravesite calls their name because they're having a blast. If anyone needs a better reason to rethink their diet and who/what it supports, here are your best examples. Who would you rather support—these folks or the guys with suits and ties in the boardroom?

The end stuff.

You know the drill...write me things and send me samples of your zine at Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703.

Well I'm in a fucking bad mood now. I just spent an hour or so writing this column, then hit control-C to save it, but for some reason it erased everything and I couldn't figure out how to get it back because I'm typing on my friends' Japanese computer where nothing is in English. I'm sure the other column was a lot better than this one mainly because it started off with a funny anecdote, not me whining about accidentally erasing my column. Aaaaanyways, I've realized that working a steady day job is turning me into a fucking walking *Cathy* cartoon. I hate Mondays and look forward to Fridays. That's pretty much all I talk to people at work about. All I need to do now is start yelling "Ack!", get sweat beads to fly off my forehead, and spend my weekend trying on bathing suits.

Last weekend I went to the Coachella Music Festival. I wasn't planning on going because I sent in my press pass request a month or so earlier and never got a response. So my friend calls me up Sunday and we decide to drive out to Indio and see if we could get in. Luckily the lady working the press booth was really fucking cool and gave me two tickets and two press passes. Thank god for that. It prevented me from having to sit on the grass and drink beer with the common people and let me go straight to the VIP section where I could drink booze and hang out with good looking people. I really don't like daytime concerts because everyone wears tiny little outfits and by the end of the day after seeing so many grotesque and distorted versions of the human body you wish you were some other kind of animal. I got there late and missed most of the bands I wanted to see but I was there for one reason only...Oasis. We walked in and Tenacious D was onstage with the Foo Fighters. I used to think Jack Black was pretty funny, but he's been in too many movies and I can only take him in small doses. I think the high point of his career was in the *Neverending Story III* or that rollerblading movie that I think is called called *Airborne* that's always on the Disney channel. We missed the Strokes who everybody said were terrible. I'm so sick of how they're the hip band to hate now. The same kids who were eating their shit up when they first came out are now the ones who slag them any chance they get. Yeah they're a bunch of rich kids, yeah they sound like Television. So what? I'd rather hear them on the radio than Puddle Of Mudd or Creed. Actually I don't hear them on the radio, because they don't play them on Radio Disney which is my favorite station because they play the Muppets song "Munah Munah."

So it took us about five seconds to realize that the best thing to do at this point was to just go get drunk. We headed straight to the VIP section and I spent the next few hours relaxing in the shade drinking gin & tonics and eating burgers. I didn't see any of the dumb famous people like Cameron Diaz who were back there. We were on the look out for Robbie Williams so my friend Sylvia could punch him in his big rubbery head. I didn't get to meet Oasis like I hoped, but they put on a good show. Liam was good and drunk and they played all the songs I wanted to hear. They did three songs off the new album which sounds like the best stuff they've done since *Be Here Now.* They even did "She's Electric" off Morning Glory which I have never heard them play live and Noel changed the words to "She's a Septic" because apparently Brits call Americans "seps," as in "septic tanks." WHAT-EVER! Brits always have to make up weird slang words to make up for the fact that they come from a dreary country. I still think Oasis isn't as good since Bonehead and Guigsy left the band. The new guitarist mainly plays lead guitar stuff so there isn't the good solid backing rhythm guitar to keep the songs solid.

Overall the crowd was well behaved but dressed very poorly. It was a mix of sweater rockers and hippies who had drum circles and thought they were at Burning Man. Oasis were worth the drive and I owe that lady from the press tent a bottle of booze for getting me in free. I may not get paid for this column but I do get the occasional free show. You know what would have made the festival better? Kylie Minogue. I love her. She's such a dirty little slut. Since the Spice Girls aren't around anymore I needed a new pop singer girl to be in love with. I went out and bought her album which actually isn't very good but the pictures of her on the inside sleeve were worth the price alone. Oh! I found another really good pop singer to be in love with! She's a French girl named Alizee and she looks kind of like Natalie Portman. She does that whole naughty bad young girl thing but pulls it off really well. Her big single is about how she's a Lolita. Go to her web page and look at her: www.moi-alizee.com. I really miss the Spice Girls. Speaking of Natalie Portman, I hope the new *Star Wars* movie is good. They better not get rid of Jar Jar Binks. He was hilarious! I love how much everyone hated him. Hearing people whine about how he ruined

the movie makes me love him even more. Around Halloween I found a big rubber Jar Jar Binks mask for $2 which I occasionally stick in my roommates bed to scare him. So I'm planning on getting a pet duck. I wonder if I need to get a cage for it so it can't fly away.

Oh one more thing, have you been watching the *Osbornes*? Greatest fucking show ever made. Last episode I saw was the Christmas episode and someone gave Ozzy the same dancing James Brown doll I got for Christmas. He even annoyed his family by hitting the button over and over then danced next to it just like I did. His kids are little trolls. The End. jringhoff@email.msn.com

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

(*Preliminary Aside: Any American who doesn't speak Spanish is an imbecile. Even George W. Fuckin' Bush speaks Spanish. People speak that language over more of the earth than any other.*

Considering the readership here, I'll assume imbecility. I'll translate words originally spoken in Spanish. You can tell by the ***bold italic.***

It's not that I'm good in Spanish. I scrape by, fuck up. Instead of tengo hambre *"I'm hungry," I said* tengo hombre." *I have a man." (You never know where* ***that*** *can lead.) But at least I give it the ole punkrock try! That's more than you do.*]

It's the consistency of toothpaste. Squirting out. Splatt! Splatt! Into the toilet. The pain! I'm gonna die. But I get ahead of myself.

The end of March: Time to leave SF where I've been celebrating Passover and the 20th anniversary of MRR. I'm visiting Ruth and Rene, strangely left off the anniversary invitation list. They're easing the pain of their rejection on a ranch miles from San Francisco, miles from anywhere. An hour off the road. On a dirt trail.

The host and hostess suggest relaxing from the trip in the hot tub. I remind them I'm a New Yorker. They insist. I beg off.

"We'll let you off the hook," says Rene, "only if you tell people I've got a huge one."

"Anything," I say. "Anything so I don't have to stand naked in boiling water up to my neck. I am not a crustacean."

So, I'm telling you. He's got a huge one: a hot tub from here to Kansas. His dick? How should I know?

Having avoided that tragedy, I'm unprepared for the next.

It's night. Past 11. No electricity there in rural-land. I parked my rent-a-car on a lip of turf, just off the dirt trail. I've got a plane to catch. I'm off to Peru. To Lima. Machu Pichu. Mysterious Nazca lines. Leuzemia. Yeah!

The Anglo-Dutch couple don't think I can find my way back to the main road. Between the ranch and the highway lies that twisty dirt trail, carved like Nazca lines out of the California desert.

Flashlight in hand, Rene leads me to his parked truck and my parked rental car. I paid for a NEVERLOST system, I tell them. $10 a day for satellite tracking. An e-map. It talks to me. *Right turn ahead.* or *Stay on the current road 5 miles.* I'm safe. What do I have to be afraid of? Still, they insist on guiding me.

It's as black as a healthy turd outside. We're at the car and truck, parked at the edge of a steep drop-off to a country creek. Just follow the truck taillights. No problem. I won't even need the satellite. An hour and I'm on the highway. Easy.

I get in the car. Start the engine. Turn the car around. The ground drops from under the front wheels. I'm in the air. Driving on nothing. Wiley Coyote running beyond the cliff edge. Suspended. Heading toward oblivion... and the creek. I'm gonna die.

I slam on the break, hoping for mid-air traction. BLAM! The front wheels catch on something. I pull the handbreak. SCREE! Jerk to a stop before hitting the creek. I sit, facing downward. An astronaut in a space capsule. The car barely hangs on the cliffside.

With one foot on the break and one on the gas, I shift into reverse, release the handbreak. Then, I simultaneously press the gas pedal and let go of the footbreak. A great VROOM! The car fills with smoke. Smells like 9-11. I slide a few inches closer to the creek.

Try again. The RPM meter needle bangs against the red side. Choking smoke fills the car. I can't see. Can't breathe. I shut the ignition off, force the door open against gravity. Getting out is like trying to free myself after a bungie jump. I'm just hanging. The nose of the car pointed downward.

By this time, Rene notices I haven't been following him. He backs up and takes a look at the car. He whistles.

[Aside: One of the many things you learn after a long life is that it takes a crisis to bring out the dumbest questions.]

"How did you do that?" he asks.

After a hike back to the house for a tow rope, and some more near-death experiences, I'm back on the road. On the plane to Peru.

****

I "met" Gustavo through the internet. Punk rock may be a dinosaur, but fortunately pterodactyls still roam the earth. Travel is easy. Just sign on to BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE (www.byofl.org) and search for **Peru**.

On one hand, it's convenient. I'm sure to get a nice middle class punker with a home computer, indoor plumbing, and curtains on the windows. On the other hand, I'm sure to get a nice middle,class punker with a home computer, indoor plumbing, and curtains on the windows.

Computers are rich folks' toys. If I make all my contacts through computers, I'll only contact people with computers. I'll be stuck with the haves. It's usually the have-nots who have all the fun.

It's these thoughts, along with the usual fantasies of exotic buttocks, that occupy my time during the 11-hour plane trip from San Francisco to Lima.

In the Lima airport I'm met with a din of English: NEED A TAXI? NEED A TAXI? YOU LOOKING FOR A TAXI?

"No Gracias," I say, and scan the mob for Gustavo. I don't know what he looks like. I told him I look like Dick Tracy. That should be enough. Just look for somebody who's looking for Dick Tracy. There's no Gustavo.

Outside the terminal: Crowds of people hold signs. Mostly adults, looking like businessmen or other kinds of hustlers. Among them, is a shlubby-looking guy with long hair and a black t-shirt. Along with him, is another guy, skinny, in need of accutane.

Held tightly in the longhair's hands is a hand-written sign: MYKEL BOARD.

"Gustavo?" I ask.

He nods.

"Mykel," I say, shaking his hand.

"I'm Fonzie," says the skinny guy, nodding toward

the other one. "My brother doesn't speak English so well."

From that point on, I switch to Spanish. It's tough at first. My brain divides language into NATIVE and FOREIGN. Because of my teaching, FOREIGN means Japanese. Whenever I try to say anything not English, it comes out Japanese. These guys think I'm speaking English.

"Anatano uchi-wa, toi desuka?" I ask.

"I'm sorry," says Fonzie. "My English isn't so good. Can you speak more simple words?"

Eventually, my brain switches. I settle into awful Spanish, using only the present tense and one verb form. But I can communicate and understand (sort of) what's going on.

Right now we're walking outside the terminal. I figure these guys have their car parked in a distant lot. It saves money. We walk past the airport parking lot. All the parking lots. We're on a street. Another street. Another. A quarter mile outside the airport.

"Taxis are cheaper here," says Fonzie.

After a bit of negotiation, we get in a taxi to Gustavo's. Five soles. [Aside: pronounced so-lay, that's the currency of Peru. There are a little more than three soles in a dollar.]

We head through downtown Lima. There are wide dusty streets. People crossing chaotically. Painted busses. Dodge 'em cars. Slums and ritz. It reminds me of Bangkok.

Now we're going through a neighborhood that is not ritz. Gustavo gives the driver instructions. Off the main road. The first right. Down a side street. The second right, by that parked bus. Halfway up a large steep hill with a giant heap of construction rubble on top. The road ends. There are more houses a bit higher, where there is no road. Not exactly houses, but houses-being-built. Half-finished buildings. Bags of cement, loose bricks, the dust of construction.

Gustavo lives on the roof of a house-being-built. He's got a kind of plywood shack. A room plus a bathroom, without water. A bed, a table, an ancient stereo, some cassettes, a CD or two, and the LEUZEMIA LP. (The lucky dog! Even though it skips on two tracks.) I bring with me more than this guy owns.

Computer? Hah! Gustavo is as close to having a computer as I am to having Holy Communion. No one in Lima has a computer. In Peru, every third store is an Internet Cafe. The internet costs 75¢ an hour.

[Aside: And I thought the internet was just another way of separating the haves from the have-nots. Just another rich people's toy. Rather than bringing the world closer, it divides it. That's wrong.

Anyone can get an email address. Anyone can borrow or share 75 cents worth of time to write or answer a message. In Lima, even the poorest people have email addresses. The same in ever-increasing other parts of the world.

Maybe the internet divides urban from rural. It does not divide rich from poor. It brings 'em together.]

Along one wall of the shack is Gustavo's bed. In another corner is a large stained mattress. Sitting on the mattress are two attractive people. From the way GIRL rests her head in the lap of BOY. I assume they're boyfriend and girlfriend.

[Aside: Peruvian girls are beautiful. Usually much better looking than the boys. The problem with most of them, however, is that they have three hands. One attached to their right arm. One to their left arm. The third to the arm of some ugly boyfriend.]

A third guy sits cross-legged on the mattress, stringing beads together.

Gustavo introduces me to the folks. I can't remember their names. I shake hands around. Then go downstairs to meet mom and dad.

On the way down, I notice that scaffolding takes up a lot of roofspace not taken up by Gustavo's shack. On the scaffolding are bricks, mortar, and people attaching them to the house. Also on the roof is a large doghouse, housing a large dog. The dog takes an instant liking to me. It is not, however, as attractive as GIRL.

Downstairs: Mom is smaller than me. I will later notice that MOST Peruvians are my size or shorter. Another reason to love the place. Right now, I'm loving it because here's Dad, shirtless, bubble-bellied, welcoming me into his house. More than that, he brings out a guestbook for me to sign. He's proud of the international scum his son brings home. He tells me he's had people from around the world. A German. An Ecuadorian. A Canadian. I don't know who else.

This is not a punk house. Gustavo lives here with four of his six siblings. A student, a silk-screener, a father with a new kid, and Fonzie. Dad's a furniture-maker who loves to talk politics. He thinks Fujimori was the best thing to ever happen to Peru. Mom's a...well, a mom.

The phone only receives calls. It's too expensive to dial out. Drink? Well, there's boiled water. A few bags of cocoa tea. But whatever they've got, I've got. Nuestro casa es tu casa.

The house is built right into the hill. Two walls are solid rock, carved from the mountainside. As they live there, they build. Finishing the outside, adding and adding as need be. It looks about half-done.

"How long have you lived here?" I ask Dad.

"About twenty years," he tells me.

I decide not to ask when they'll finish it.

Just in from San Francisco, after a 13-hour plane ride, I need to wash the USA out of my pores. It's hot. Sticky. Like the tropics. These people are smooth, hairless, satin-skinned. Me, I sweat like a Jew.

"Could I take a shower?" I ask.

Gustavo shows me to the downstairs bathroom. There is a concrete floor. No toilet paper. No towels. No mirror. This time, there is hot water. That's not always the case.

After my shower, I dry myself using the flannel shirt I wore in San Francisco. I certainly won't need it here. I shave by touch, running my fingertips along my cheeks, after the razor, feeling for missed spots.

After I dress and go back upstairs, I open my suitcase and get out some of the trinkets I brought for the natives. GG ALLIN CDs, back issues of *MRR*, and a carton of Marlboros.

[Aside: No matter how lefty-political, no matter how anti-corporate, no matter how punk, foreigners go apeshit over US-made Marlboros. It's a fact. Trust me. Bring 'em and be loved!]

Gustavo tells me there's a punk rock show tonight. He's going. GIRL is going. Boyfriend won't be able to make it.

"I'll be there!" I say, ***"I love punk rock shows."***

The show is in a bar. Small stage up front, tables in back. No pit. I sit at a table with GIRL. Next to her is a rock'n'roll looking guy, skinny, all in black, with sideburns that curl up at the ends, like inverted question-marks.

I'm Tio Rico here. What do I care? It's only plastic.

"Beer for the table!" I tell the waiter.

"I'm hungry," says GIRL.

"And a hamburger for la chica." I yell.

The first band plays good but unremarkable melodic punk. The second is New Wave—in the worst sense of the word. Like European synthrock. It gives me time to concentrate on GIRL. Her chair has somehow moved farther from mine and closer to the guy with the curlicue sideburns. I slide over to equalize the distance.

The waiter brings a pitcher and three glasses. I fill everyone's glass, toast a SALUD, drink with the gang, and fill up the glasses again. Gustavo arrives as the synth-guys are finishing. I ask the waiter for another glass. Gustavo shakes his head.

"I don't like beer." he says, *"I only like wine."*

"Waiter," I yell. *"Can you bring a cheap wine for my friend?"*

A big guy with a drooping gut waddles up to the table. He shakes hands with everyone. I don't remember his name. He pulls up a chair and sits next to me. I scoot closer to GIRL. The waiter brings another glass. The big guy empties the pitcher into it.

"Waiter," I yell. *"Another pitcher of beer for my friends.... and one more wine for Gustavo."*

As the night progresses, more and more people come to our table. I discover that local punks do not drink beer. It's expensive, only for special occasions, like when Tio Rico is visiting from America. The booze of choice is wine, or a hardcore Peruvian specialty, *Pisco.*

GIRL now sits directly behind rockstar. Her hand drapes over the back of his chair. I've managed to get my chair up against hers, but nothing touches except our mutual muebles.

We've been drinking through a pair of folk-singers and now the lights dim for the last band of the night: *Heroes Innocentes.*

The singer, black-leather jacket, early thirties, staggers out smiling like he put a tack on teacher's chair. The band starts up. My jaw drops. It's incredible. The combination of energy, primitive punk; NO FX sucking off BLANKS 77. My face hurts from smiling. The guy is all over the stage. Whipping his arms around, dancing, jumping, baiting the audience, bang bang bang the next song. It's the best band I've seen all year. I even forget about GIRL... for a while.

After the set, The singer helps the band carry equipment off stage. I run up to him.

"You were great!" I tell him. *"The best thing I've seen this year?"* I pull out my ever-present notebook. *"Please! Give me your address, email. Some way to get in touch."*

He takes the notebook, looks at it like it's a strange animal, then writes (I cannot translate):

SR. CORLIONE, LE ESCINBO ATENTAMENTE PARA ALARNOS COPIE BACK MY HOMEJOY! OK MEN, - YO RIMAQUE

Then we're off. All of us. Me, GIRL, Rockstar, and the entire crew of HEROES INNOCENTE. Packed like a Marshall stack in the back of a truck. We are *with* the Marshall stack in the back of the truck.

GIRL presses against rockstar. I shift my position. The truck bounces from here to who-knows-where. Miles away. My ass slapping the truck bottom. We're squeezed beyond breathing. This is taking forever.

The others talk over the din of rattling bones. I make out the word CHINA.

"Is that where we're going?" I ask. *"Are you sure you can drive there?"*

It turns out that CHINA is Peruvian slang for half a sole. Whew! Two Chinas. One sole. That's how much they're trying to scrape together. For Pisco, I figure.

"You have one sole for me?" asks the singer. *"I just need one more sole."*

I hand him two coins.

"Take two." I tell him.

After a paddling worse than spankies at The Vault, the truck finally pulls into a garage. Attached to that garage is what looks like a middleclass suburban house. Just like all the other houses on the block. Much different from the in-progress neighborhood on Gustavo's hillside.

We pile out, everyone grabbing a piece of equipment. After stuffing everything into the garage, we head for the livingroom. GIRL sits at one end of the couch. The band's drummer slumps next to her and immediately falls asleep. Next to him is the guitar player. Next to him, the rockstar. I sit with the bass player on the other couch.

The room is well-furnished, with carpeting, bookcases, and a sound system. The singer puts on the Beatles, then he turns to me.

"You have one sole?" he asks.

"I already gave you two soles." I say.

"I just need one more sole." He says.

I give it to him.

He motions to the door. *"Come with me to buy some things."* he says.

We leave and head across the street. There is a liquor store. All liquor stores in Peru have big iron bars in front of them. You look at the stock through the bars, tell the owner what you want, and hand him the money. He examines it carefully, holding bills up to the light, tapping coins against something metal. If your money passes the test, the owner keeps it and gives you what you ask for.

The singer buys a bottle of beer and a couple bottles of pisco. Then he turns to me.

"You have one sole?" he asks.

"I need money to get home." I tell him. *"I don't have so much cash and taxi drivers never have change."*

"Taxi? You don't need a taxi," he says. *"Take a bus. It's only one sole. You only need one sole."*

I give him a sole. He motions for me to follow him. We walk to the corner. It's late. Dark. A few guys are standing on the street, lurking in the shadows. Waiting. It's as if someone called central casting and asked for DRUG DEALERS. This is the audition.

The singer goes up to one, motioning for me to stay a few steps back. Money changes hands. The two separate. The singer waves for me to join him curbside. We sit on the curb as he opens a little packet of white powder.

I make a limp fist. He pours some on the skin-with-no-name that is the webbing between your thumb and forefinger. He takes the rest. In a nasal second, it's gone.

"You have one sole?" he asks.

"I told you, I have to get home." I tell him.

At the edge of my vision I see a hulking shape walking along the sidewalk across the street.

"I already said getting home is no problem..." he says. He looks up as the hulk starts crossing the street, coming toward us.

"This, however," he continues, *"is a problem."*

****

Uh oh! I'm past my kilobyte limit for this column. More about my Peru adventures next week. I'm just up to day one! Please contact my friends there. You need them as much as they need you.

Gustavo is the king of Peru. Anything you want, ask him. You can find his email address below. Treat him nice. He may sell you his Leuzemia LP.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> I met so many punk bands and got so many CDs,

tapes, and zines, I can't mention or review them all. They all need contacts and support from outside. I'll list some of them here.

Most important, of course, is Gustavo and his band ARZ. You can contact him at: azjeroza@hotmail.com.

Next, there's the fun and attractive guys of Am-necia from Ecuador. You can get in touch with them at douglaspunk14@hotmail.com.

As for the others, in order to give everyone a chance, why don't you contact the ones that start with the first letter of your last name? Or close your eyes and drop a syringe on this page. Write to whoever it points. In any case, contact *someone*. You never know where it'll lead.

BANDS: DE LA NADA: daac24@hotmail.com, KAOS Y DESORDEN: kaosydesorden1@yahoo.com, LOS GRILLOS DE DEDIANOCHE: losgrillos@usa.net, SEIS VOLTIOS: glrecords@mixmail.com CONFRONTO: confronto-lucha@mixmail.com OZMOSIS: ozmosis_b@hotmail.com, ASMEREIR: mantra1001@hotmail.com, WRECK: felipep@terra.com.pe, INYECTORES: mundanorec@terra.com.pe, A.C.I.D.O.S.: loasacidos@hotmail.com, MARGINACION SOCIAL: marginacionsocial@latinmail.com,

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—>*Knee-slapper dept:* I usually don't pass on jokes, but I like this one. (Emailed to my by Mike Welbourne) It comes in handy in all kinds of situations:

Miss Jones asked her class, "If there are five birds sitting on a fence and you shoot one of them, how many will be left?

She called on little Johnny.

He replied, "None. They will all fly away after the first shot."

The teacher replied, "The correct answer is four, but I like your thinking, Johnny."

Then little Johnny said "I have a question for YOU, teacher. There are three women sitting on a bench eating ice cream: One is delicately licking the sides of a triple scoop of ice cream. The second is gobbling down the top and sucking the cone. The third is biting off the top of the ice cream. Which one is married?"

The teacher, blushing a great deal, replied, "Well, I suppose the one that's gobbling down the top and sucking the cone."

Little Johnny replied, "The correct answer is 'the one wearing a wedding ring,' but I like your thinking, Miss Jones."

Summer of 2002 will hopefully be remembered as one of the best periods for hardcore since the early 80s. I feel qualified to make such a bold statement after witnessing some truly epic hardcore shows in the past few weeks. As I started to relate last month I've been very busy this spring with tours and setting up Thrash Fest 3. But I am just a small part of a larger operation by a dedicated group of hardcore enthusiasts on a mission to bring international DIY hardcore to the people at any cost. The Hardcore Revival of recent years has created an amazing network of truly dedicated hardcore punk diehards who are working hard behind the scenes to bring bands on tour, put out records and set up shows. Here is my story, provided for your education and entertainment, but remember, you too are a player in this game. Booking shows, setting up tours, putting out records, is not rocket science. With dedication, vision and passion anyone of average intelligence with sheer will power can pull stuff like this off.

After last year's Thrash Fest was pulled off, plans were already in motion for a series of DIY hardcore tours for 2002 based on a series of festivals in Chicago and Minneapolis. After successful DIY tours by Scumbrigade, Total Fury, Vitamin X, and DS 13, it seemed that the time was right for more European and Japanese bands to come over and some of the same bands to come over again. Timmy was in touch with Amdi Petersen's Arme and Manifesto Jukebox, Anton of Underestimated was working with Vitamin X, and Greg was setting up a tour for Total Fury. Meanwhile, I was working on a tour for Nine Shocks Terror and planning Thrash Fest 3. It only took a few emails and phone calls to set it up so that the three international bands tours intersected in Minneapolis May 3 and Chicago May 4 for Thrash Fest 3 and Chicago Fest 2.5. This spring I bought a van for Vitamin X to use on tour—even though I'm not in a band anymore I've managed to acquire a full backline for touring bands to use this van and propel both Vitamin X and Amdi Petersen's Arme. The two bands' tours ended and began in Minneapolis and they handed off the van to each other at these raging shows.

Simultaneously Mike, Timmy and Athena were planning a West Coast tour for Nine Shocks Terror to coincide with the MRR 20th anniversary gig. I dropped two grand on a van, which turned out to be a bomb and not worth fixing. I wound up buying another van at the last minute that was nice, but way more than I was expecting to pay, $6,500 to be exact. While this was happening, the engine in my truck (which I used to haul DS 13 and Nine Shocks) went out and there went another $6000 (Diesel engines are not cheap!). With seconds to spare, I loaded the Vitamin X CDs and gear into the van and drove it to Chicago for the Vitamin X show there. The next day, Vitamin X left for a six week US tour and I rented a truck and drove to Moline to see Nine Shocks Terror. Here I picked up Nine Shocks gear and drove it back to Minneapolis. As soon as Sid from Misery finished putting the engine in my truck, I left for the West Coast with Nine Shocks Terror's gear, shirts, and my distro. Meanwhile, Nine Shocks, being the superstars they are, flew to the West Coast. I picked them up in San Francisco and we did the MRR 20th anniversary show and a total of 17 shows in 16 days up and down the West Coast. They flew back to Clevo and I had to drive back to Minneapolis. A few weeks later Amdi Petersen's Arme flew into Chicago and Minneapolis and converged here awaiting Vitamin X and the van. At this very moment Greg and Total Fury were tearing up the East Coast.

It all came together May 4, 2002, in Minneapolis. What will go down in hardcore history as one of the greatest shows ever: Total Fury, Amdi Petersen's Arme, Vitamin X, Nine Shocks Terror, Tear It Up, Caustic Christ, and Holding On at Babylon on East Lake St. in Minneapolis. OK, I am prejudiced because six of these

bands are on my label, but ask anyone who was at this show! There were 400 people packed into a room with a legal capacity of 132. There was so much energy and enthusiasm from start to finish. All of the bands played in top form, there were more stage dives off the speaker towers than you could count, and a circle pit that didn't stop for almost five hours. There were no fights, no trouble with the cops, all the bands showed up and played on time and in order, and I think everyone had a great time. Hopefully some pictures of this show will run in the magazine for those who might doubt me. We were scrubbing footprints off the ceiling the next day! Babylon is an all ages, DIY show space in Minneapolis modeled on Gilman and ABC No Rio and this has been our most triumphant feat so far. I'd like to take this time in print to thank the staff of Babylon, the bands who played the fest, and all the kids who showed up. In nineteen years of going to hardcore shows, Thrash Fest 3 ranks in the top 5, and certainly was the best since the mid 80s.

Nine Shocks Terror picked up their gear at the fest and took it home and all the bands except them and Tear It Up played the next day with Reaccion and Def Choice at Chicago Fest 2.5. This was cool and it was great to see Total Fury, APA and VX all over again, but the energy level was not as high as the day before nor as at Chicago Fest 2, although this year I didn't land in jail. Vitamin X flew home, Amdi Petersen's Arme left for tour with my van and I drove back to Minneapolis. The saga continues—in June Epileptic Terror Attack and Amdi Petersen's Arme will play together in Minneapolis and exchange the van again and later this year Manifesto Jukebox and photographer Kristoffer Pasanen will tour the same route in the same van. I ended this saga still in debt from buying the van and fixing the truck, but satisfied that I did my part to pull of a major coup in the history of international DIY hardcore.

My point in all this is that DIY hardcore is running very strong right now. We have a good thing going and I hope no one decides to fuck it up. All I did was buy a van and some gear and make a few emails and phone calls. Timmy and Greg spent a lot of time booking but it's like this—a network of friends keeps this scene going. We all put in what we can, be it gear, booking, or just showing up at the gigs. American bands have been touring Europe and Japan for years with very few Japanese and European (non-English at least) bands coming over in return. Some of us who were fans of international hardcore set out to rectify this situation and so far it's working out OK. I think the next step is to integrate South America more into this network. There are some really amazing hardcore bands and a good scene in Brazil for instance. With the right combination of good bands, a little cash and a little work anyone can set up a tour for a foreign band and I hope more people do. I hope more people strive to make DIY better and more meaningful than the mainstream instead of settling for half-assed and too late again and again.

Now let's talk about music. One of my favorite Swedish hardcore bands is Totalitär. I've been a huge fan since the first 7" came out. Totalitär, I think, bridges perfectly the gap between early 80s Swedish HC like Anti Cimex and Crude SS, and today's crust core like Skitsystem and Wolfbrigade. They have consistently cranked out aggressive, gritty, and raw hardcore which retains a punk rock edge in an era where many bands draw on metal influences. Especially on the later releases, Totalitär's lyrics are some of the best/most well thought out political punk lyrics. Short of offering complex utopian solutions, they manage to tackle complex issues with devastating clarity in the constraints of a minute and half long punk song. "Class Inte Rass" is a perfect example. Bruce Roehrs has stated, "if you don't like Totalitär, you don't have a punk bone in your body." Far be it from me to disagree with the king of Oi. I'd have to say that if you don't like Totalitär, you are either dead or a poser. This band has a cult following but I feel that due to the fact they sing mostly in Swedish, rarely play out, and have only a few releases on US labels, they have gone largely overlooked in their long career. Here to shed some light onto this dark corner of Swedish hardcore is professor Havoc.

Multinationella Mordare 7", 1987 self released

Still some of the best stuff I think, a great 7".

Luftslott 7" 1987, Loony Tunes Records

Recorded at the same time as *Multinationella Mordare* but not nearly as good.

Van Dig Inte Om 7" 1989, Finn Records

Good d-beat HC with a strange rock influence on some songs, a wicked Missbrukarna cover.

Snabb Livsgladje 7" (86 demo) 1991, self released

Can't tell you about this record because I don't have it. Anyone with a spare copy, get in touch, it's the '86 demo on vinyl so it must be good.

Sin Egen Mostandarte CD/LP 1994 Finn/Prank Records

Amazing! second only to *Ni Maste Bort*! This is raw, angry d-beat at it's best.

Totalitar/Dismachine split LP 1995 Your Own Jailer Records

Also amazing, scorching raw punk HC attack.

Ni Maste Bort CD/LP 1997 Finn/Prank Records

This is the greatest Totalitär and one of the top five d-beat raw punk records of all time, so raw, sick, and brutal—a total desert island top five record.

Klass Inte Rass 7" 1997 Prank Records

More amazing stuff, up there with the two LPs. Really dead-on lyrics too. Recorded at the same time as the Crust 7" but is way more loud and powerful on wax. Some of these are on red vinyl.

Totalitär/Autoritar split 7", 1999 Yellow Dog Records

Perhaps feeling the pressure from Berlin violent thrashers Autoritar they play really fast on this release.

Vansinnets Historia 7" 1998 Crust Records

Another winner. I think the gravely raspy vocals on this are perfect. Recorded at the same time as *Klasse Inte Rass*, but doesn't sound quite as powerful.

Dom Lurar Oss 7" 2000, 1000 DB Records

Some feel that this 7" is less inspired and pissed off than the earlier stuff. I think this one still rages, and the slower punkier numbers are among the best they've done in that style.

Totalitar/Disclose split LP, 2001 Your Own Jailer/Havoc Records

When I found out this was limited to 500 copies I got in touch with Janne Jutila and had him press up another 500 for me to sell in the US. All told I imported about 600 copies for distribution in the US, two of the best d-beat bands of any era. I wish there had been a way to make this available in the US at a better price, but the people who were most into the bands probably got it by now. I think this is pretty powerful stuff, though maybe not as on fire as the first two LPs, the intro and first track are really raging.

Spela Bort Allt Du Har 7" the most recent on Dod and Uppsvald Records, recorded at the same time as *Allting Ar Pa Latsas* 7" on Really Fast Records. These two newest additions to the Totalitär repertoire are both raging, with more of the raw punk sound going than some of the earlier more Discharge-influenced stuff. These should be

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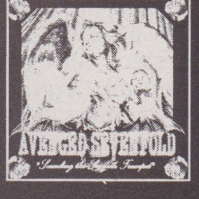

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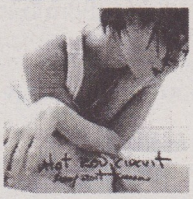

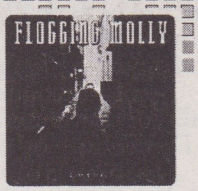

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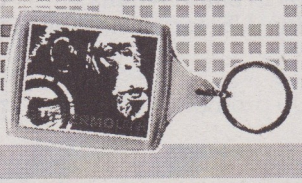

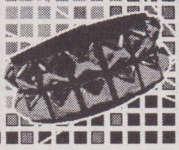

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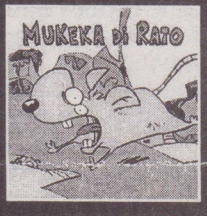

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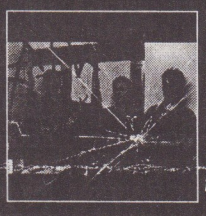
"Acabar Com Voce" CD

Acabar Com Voce means Destroy You - and it will. 14 songs of raging Brazilian HC. Energetic speed, catchy brutality, and great sing alongs.



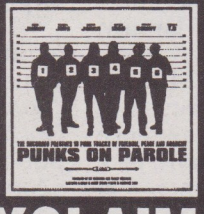
A.T.W.
"The Lipstick Murders" CD

17 new songs from Cleveland's ALLERGIC TO WHORES. Driving energetic HC with a suprising amount of melody. Fast HC fornicating with the Misfits. CD also includes an entire live show!

check the Sound Pollution web page for the most up to date info on the gigs.

KRIGSHOT
"Orebro Mangel" LP/CD

Raw, hammering hardcore with no mercy executed in pure Scandi thrash tradition. 24 new songs!



UNCURBED
"Punks On Parole" LP/CD

16 new anthems of punishing hardcore punk, bombarding sound. Build an altar now.

MCR CO. JAPAN

THE FUTURES "Electric Wave From... CD $11
16 songs of frantic HC punk from Osaka. Awesome!
$13 Can./Mexico, $15 World

THE SOLUTION "I'm Pissed Off" MCD $7
Oi/skin band from Gifu, x-United 97 members.
$9 Canada/Mexico, $11 World

EXCLAIM
"Critical Exploder" LP/CD

Long awaited debut full length from Tokyo's high energy, high speed HC maniacs. Full blown fuzzed out distort thrash. CD includes the much sought after "Out Of Suit" EP.

Sound Pollution Prices	7"	CD	LP
USA	$3.50	$8	$8
Canada & Mexico	$4	$10	$11
Rest of World 1st item	$7	$12	$15
each additional item	$5	$10	$12

All orders outside the U.S. shipped by AIR mail

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P.O.Box 17742
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www.sound-pollution.com

readily available as are all the Prank Releases, and you will not be sorry for seeking them outright.

comp tracks

Hardcore for the Masses comp.

These two tracks are super heavy and brutal, especially for the late 80s.

In Defence of Our Future comp.

Everybody loves Discharge... even the guys in Totalitär

There are probably some other comp tracks I missed as well.

Quiz

Question #1. Why were the Twin Towers destroyed by terrorists?

a) Terrorists hate that Americans have freedom.

b) Osama was angry about the US military presence in "holy" Saudi Arabia.

Question #2. Why are US Troops in Saudi Arabia?

a) The Saudi government asked the US for protection from Iraq.

b) To protect US oil interests.

Question #3. Why doesn't the US promote alternative fuel sources like solar power?

a) Solar power isn't feasible.

b) The President is a Texas oil man.

Question #4. Why is the president a Texas oil man?

a) Because he was fairly elected by the people over the more environmentalist candidate, Al Gore.

b) Because Jeb Bush, Katherine Harris, and the Supreme Court decided to put him in office.

Question #5. What would Al Gore have done in this situation?

a) Destroyed Alaska's natural environment and drilled for more oil there.

b) Followed conservationist suggestions.

Question #6. What should the people of US do now?

a) Encourage the president to expand the war.

b) Take political action to protest the direction this country is heading.

Question #7. What *will* the people of US do now?

a) Watch TV.

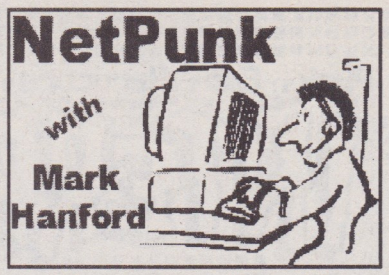
b) Watch TV.

Question #8. When Americans watch TV, what sort of political information will they see?

a) Left wing propaganda from the Liberal Media.

b) Pat Buchanan, George Will, Tucker Carlson, Cokie Roberts, Bob Novak, Alan Keyes, Fred Barnes, Arianna Huffington, Bill Bennett, Ann Coulter, Andrew Sullivan, John McLauglin, Rush Limbaugh, Brit Hume, Don Imus, Jack Cafferty, Mort Kondrake, Bill O'Reilly, Sean Hannity, Alan Colmes, E.D. Donahay, Steve Doocy, Brian Kilmeade, David Brinkley, Pat Robertson, Mary Matalin, Jeff Milchen, Bill Kristol, John Stossel, Newt Gingrich, Peggy Noonan, Judith Regan, Oliver North, Lawrence Kudlow, David Horowitz, Linda Chavez, Tony Snow, Jack Kemp, Dr. Laura, Tony Blankley, William Rusher, Cal Thomas, Mona Charen, Gary Bauer, Michael Reagan, Robert Bork, Ted Kopple, Micheal Barone, Steve Forbes, Mort Zuckerman, Jack Kemp, Ralph Reed, Jerry Falwell.....

Answers: You lose. Score: 0



It's been a pretty slow month in submissions for this column, so I have a feeling that this one is gonna be short. I did find some pretty cool resources for those of you in bands, though, so keep reading and I'll get to them in a while.

Last month I warned you about your rights to fair use of mp3 files being assaulted by Congress and corporate interests. This issue, as well as other copyright issues on the Net, fall under the provisions of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act (DMCA). The DMCA has been abused by some parties (most notably, the Church of Scientology) to get providers and search engines to remove listings that supposedly infringed on their copyrights. Because these cases are becoming more common, a website has been created to document the use and abuse of the DMCA and to tell you your First Amendment rights as they pertain to the Internet. Visit the Chilling Effects Clearinghouse at http://www.chillingeffects.org/

I hesitate to list this because of all the annoying ads on their pages, but the truepunk.com site is pretty big and there are message boards, free mp3 downloads, contests where you can win stuff, and some unknown bands, so what the heck. The message boards are probably your best bet, by the way. Visit it at http://www.truepunk.com/ .

Also with some lame banner ads, but with a focus on current British punk rock, Punktastic looks like a pretty good choice. They have tour and release dates, online message boards, gig and album reviews, interviews, etc. Most of the stuff is about British bands, some that you've heard of and some that you haven't, though they also have a bit of US stuff, especially if the US band is touring the UK. Anyway, you can check it out yourself at http://www.punktastic.com/ .

Someday Never (http://www.somedaynever.com/) is a site for all you emo fans out there, though they also cover a bit of melodic hardcore and the like. They have reviews of a few new releases, message boards, and a handful of editorials. They also have a cool section for the Omaha, Nebraska music scene, including a separate set of message boards, gig dates, and a band list. Well done.

According to some info I found buried at their site, PunkandJunk.com was supposed to be a site full of punk rock guitar and bass tabulature, and, while it does have quite a bit of that, it also has other stuff. There is a large review section, featuring gig, music, movie, book, and website reviews, though some don't contain much stuff at this point. There are also message boards, music downloads, some editorials, and a pretty funny Frequently Asked Questions page, which is more about punk in general than it is their website. Take a look — http://www.punkandjunk.com/ .

I ran across a pretty cool self-publishing site for you would-be authors out there. NoSpine, at http://www.nospine.com/ allows people to download "books" by independent authors in a variety of formats (such as text, Word, etc.) for a fee, and it allows authors to publish their works online and make some money when people pay to download their stuff. Seems like a pretty good deal, and the company only takes 20% of the purchase price. They don't seem to be too selective about what they'll publish, as long as it isn't racist, sexist, or promoting something illegal. Pretty cool, if you ask me.

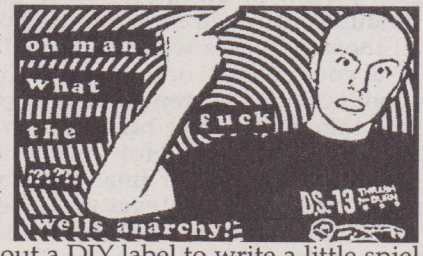
I'm going to finish up with those band resources I

was mentioning. IndieCentre has been around for five or so years, and have amassed a pretty good resource of articles, addresses, and links relating to the whole business of making music. Included here is the Simple Machine's "Mechanics" guide, Steve Albini's excellent expose on major labels, Jen Angel on starting a non-profit, and a whole slew of other articles on touring, recording, getting records pressed, etc. Well worth a look for anyone in a band. It looks like the webmaster is actually working on this sucker more often, too, if the recent updates are any indication. IndieCentre is located at http://www.indiecentre.com/ .

Another cool resource for bands is Short Run Music (http://www.shortrunmusic.com/). As the name implies, Short Run does small quantity CD releases for pretty decent prices. If you send them a CD master, they'll do anywhere from 10 to 300 CDs printed with your artwork, with inserts and CD cases, for anywhere between three and five bucks (depending on how many you order—the price gets cheaper as the quantity increases). That means you can put out 50 of your bands CDs for just 200 bucks. Sell them and order more.

Finally, you should check out lawgirl.com, which contains useful information about copyright and intellectual property law, as written by an entertainment lawyer in Hollywood. Whether you believe in copyrighting your works or not, it is worthwhile to have some info about all of that crap related to the business of music, and this site is a good start. Plus, she has a cool interview at the site with Legs McNeil. Be sure to read it.

That's gonna do it. Remember to send me your cool websites at netpunk@diehippiedie.com, or check out my past, present, and future columns in the Netpunk section at http://www.diehippiedie.com/. Until next time, stay away from the computer and go outside. It's summer, dammit.



Alright, dudes. (OK, fuck you. I mean that in the gender non-exclusive sense.) You know how I do the label profiles from month to month? Well, if you don't, each month I usually pick out a DIY label to write a little spiel on. Aside from stupid old mental illness, this column is supposed to be about DIY punk and hardcore and trading records and shit. Yeah.

So, whatever, usually what I do is lay out some questions for the label, get some answers, and write a few paragraphs from that. What I got back this month from my pals over at Maloka Collective was mammoth. There is way too much information here for me to whittle this down. So what follows is an interview of sorts. So, world, here he is. It's Xavier from the Maloka Anarcho Collective in motherfucking France.

Wells: How long has the label been around?" "What's the story behind how it got started?" "Besides the label, what else is Maloka?"

Xavier: Maloka started in 1989. The collective was actually created to release the 2x7" of a local punk band called Psychosquatt. At the beginning, the collective was only involved in a small distro and organizing gigs. There's always been an infoshop in a place called Le Local Libertaire that we used to share with the Anarchist Federation.Then a few years after, with the help of other people involved, we started to develop new political activities. There were various collectives inside the collective doing antifascist demos, critical masses, street parties, conferences, a newsletter, support to prisoners, etc. A vegan kitchen was created in Le Local Libertaire and all the collectives started to have their meetings there. At the time Maloka was involved in a lot of things because of the many different people involved.

In 98, as we didn't have a place for gigs anymore (it was in a bar before...) we squatted a former slaughterhouse that belonged to the Town Council. A few people from Maloka and several others got to live in this place. Someone set the place on fire in June 2000 and we got almost evicted this same summer. Another building just next to the place was squatted by a new group of people (including some former inhabitants). After a new trial that we won, the place has been safe since and it will be OK for at least a couple of years. In there, there's also a photo lab, a free "shop" for clothes, and it's been used for meetings and conferences to discuss about issues such as WTO/World Bank summit, etc.

1998 was also the beginning of the squat scene here. Since then there's been more and more squatted houses here. That also meant more things to do.

A year ago, all the different collectives (the feminist group, the antifascist group [SCALP], the anarchist trade union [CNT], the political prisoners support group [ABC/CNA], etc.) started to focus and their own activities.

To sum up a bit, Maloka's now only a distro/label and we organize gigs. People from Maloka are still involved in different groups but it's not as big thing as it used to be. There's still a solidarity between various groups and it just may be better that way! Maloka's just a name... It's better to talk about "the political scene in Dijon" than "Maloka Anarcho Collective."

Wells: Can you give me an update on what Maloka has been doing lately?

Xaivier: Recently, a campaign was started against Plan Colombia with Indian Colombian people coming here and talking about the situation there and actions against a Dutch embassy, a European institution, etc.

In addition to that many benefit gigs are organized, for instance, to support radical antifascists from Marseille. These two people had bombed electric facilities to prevent a gig/meeting held by the French extreme right party (Front National) or cause damages to their offices without hurting anyone. One of them is still in jail. There were demos against war in Afghanistan not so long ago as well as a campaign of newspaper-posters on the walls to inform people. A few people also work on a support to Palestinian people and a comp called *No Border* which will be in July. The European Community's supposed to have no borders anymore but as usual that's only applied for goods, not people. There are a lot of illegal immigrants in France who are sent back to their country when they're caught. Most of the time they've been refused to get regular IDs for no reason. A few people here try to get support for them with legal advice and media coverage.

Wells: Who are the principal players in getting the actual records out? What are some upcoming releases?

Xavier: We're actually 2/3 people involved in the distro/label. Some friends help us from time to time. We're planning to release a 20 Minutes De Chaos/Execradores Split 10" which is to be out in June, a new Kochise 10", a new Inner Terrestrials LP, and a tribute comp for Berurier Noir (Benefit for the Anarchist Black Cross).

Wells: How do you make your stuff available to the world? Is it just trades and mailorder? Or do you go

through distributors too?

Xavier: The most DIY way: trades and mailorder. It's better to do it that way even though it's much more work. Since we trade quite a lot with other labels we can have our records distributed in various countries. We sell quite a lot of stuff via mailorder as well (especially in France) because we're non-profit. We try to keep prices low. We always make a bit of "profit" which is invested in activities, the squat, benefits, other releases, etc. We're not planning to live off Maloka.

Wells: Who are some of your favorite labels to trade with?

Xavier: That's a difficult question. I don't know. Anyone who's cool with a nice way of doing things! There are people we always trade with like Skuld Releases in Germany, La Idea in Spain, or Stonehenge in France. Since we rarely meet people behind labels, it's hard to know them well. One can just consider their efforts in keeping the "DIY scene" alive, not just music!

Wells: Why does Maloka do the label? What your goals with releasing records?

Xavier: The idea is to help bands who can't afford to release records. That's most of them actually! Well, we usually think of friends first. It's better when you know them. If you don't, you can be surprised sometimes. Bands with nice lyrics can be real assholes whether they're punks or not. Also bands abroad from South America or Asia. They really can't afford either to release records or to get distributed here, that's a nice way of helping them out. The other thing is to carry ideas within music so that people get inspired to do things and not be only consumers. That's quite a simple way of putting things but that's reality! We're not only political freaks though, we like music as well.

Wells: Is there any other information you think would be good in the profile?

Xavier: Bands can get in touch for gigs here. It's always better to send a tape to the address above than just an email. Gigs are planned well in advance (one month at least) since many bands ask all the time. It's also better on Fridays and Saturdays; we hardly can help you on any other day of the week.

Get in touch with the big M by writing to: Maloka, BP 536, 21014, DIJON CEDEX, France. Email can be emailed by emailing, maloka.distro@free.fr. Dudes can obtained on the web at http://maloka.distro.free.fr.

OK then. Seriously, you should try to get in touch with these people. They are truly a great label and nice folks. When the CONTRA LP/CD was coming out on my label, Traffic Violation, a few years back, I got together to do it as a split release in Europe with these guys. Finally, I was able to repay the favor last year when I helped do the DIVIDE & CONQUER / ROBOTNICKA split LP as a split release over here.

That's it! I'm all done.

***

Past "Oh Man What The Fuck!?!??!" columns are available on the web at www.trafficviolation.com. Just scroll down to my ugly mug and click on it.

No stamp = No reply is a gross outmoded practice that sets the value of band members above that of their listeners: Wells Tipley, P.O Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at wells@trafficviolation.com.

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END NOTES:

1. Alright, now I am looking for all things FUCKBOYZ. KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ, a band that I totally fucking worshipped, worshiped this band. So, I finally got a hold of the track "Rock N' Roll Problem" on one of those Shredder CD compilations. I'm hooked. It's all I've got, but I just play it over and over and over again. If anyone has a list of exactly what these dudes released, I'd be very happy. I'm going to start looking for shit.
2. I asked a girl on a date. She said yes. No shit. Now what?
3. I did big trades this month with One Percent Records from Minneapolis, MN and Per Koro from Germany. Hopefully I'll have some profiles on those dudes in the coming months.
4. Yo, not for nothing, but a lot of the shit from the DIY labels that I talk about each month is for sale here in the states. I don't want to be cheesy or anything, but people who are interested should check out my website at www.trafficviolation.com. There is tons of great international DIY hardcore and punk there. So, if that's your deal, check it out.

Life Over the Edge

TOMMY AND THE TERRORS follow up their top quality split CD with DARKBUSTER with a ripping new EP on Rodent Popsicle Records. TOMMY AND THE TERRORS start off at a furious clip with "Outbound," a song about management's greed in the workplace. Read these poignant lyrics: "30 pieces of silver or 30 pieces of gold / Tell me how much did it cost for them to buy your soul / Did they offer you a pension / Did they offer you a piece / Only 40 years son until early release / Tell me how much did you cost / Tell me how much have you lost / Tell me how much did you gain / How much did it cost to get you on that train / Promised you insurance promised you a deal / Looks like all those promises were never real / You said you'd be loyal you'd be part of the team / The only thing they care about is made of green / Tell me how much did they pay / Tell me that you've been thrown away / Tell me how much did you gain / How much did it cost to get you on that train / Got your final check your final pat on the head / In their greedy eyes you'd be cheaper dead / They never took a pay cut but they still got their raise / Out there in the cold is where you'll spend your days / Tell me that you've been betrayed / Tell me that you've been thrown away / Tell me how much did you gain / How much did it cost to get you on that train." This is a good song!!!

Next TOMMY AND THE TERRORS rail about "Your Evil Ways" and they are pissed off! Flip this disc over and you get another fucking great punk anthem—"What About Me." This fucking loud, obnoxious, punk song decries the commercialization of the music and the lifestyle of punk—something that used to be underground—read the lyrics to "What About Me": "We've all just been classified, socialized / We've all been commercialized, plagiarized / We've all just been sanitized, was it time / What about me / Anti-social / I think that I'm going mental / I saw it on my TV / It sounded like blasphemy / Anti-social / I think that I'm going mental / They just paid for what is free / I ask you, what about me / Now that we've been marketed are we dead / Stock market executives with spiky heads / Are the kids still into it, do they give a shit / What about me / {Chorus} / I guess it's all pointless if nothing less / It shouldn't have

been a test of who's the best / Hey superstars you've gone too far we know who you are / What about me." This song fucking rocks! The fourth and final song on this excellent EP by TOMMY AND THE TERRORS is "The Kids Are Back," about spoiled college kids coming to town with daddy's money to "protest." Write to TOMMY AND THE TERRORS at 247 Farrington St., #3, Quincy, MA 02170; 617/472-6393; email: bostonmaddhole@yahoo.com; www.angelfire.com/ punk/tommyandtheterrors

Many of you skinheads and punk rockers understand the importance of NIBLICK HENBANE from New Jersey and their role as one of the originators of American Oi! NIBLICK HENBANE started back in 1987. Their history is the history of New Jersey Oi! and the roots of American Oi!. Perhaps Andy puts it into words best: "In 1982 Harpo and I started playing music together in NJF (New Jersey's Finest), one of the earlier NJ punk/HC bands. The band title does not refer to the police, but what the band members thought of themselves. Larry and I met at a show at Upsala College in 1987, drank a lot of beer together that night and decided to get together to jam. We also got into a fight with the Upsala college football team—lucky for them the police showed up....Larry and I started jamming in my crappy little apartment, which smelled of chickpeas and ferret. Harpo had been bugging me about playing in his band, which at first I thought sucked—though a few months had done them wonders. I said I'd play bass, but that I was jamming with another guitar player and I wanted him in the band also. I had realized that Larry was very talented and if I worked it right he would do everything in the band. We had a lot of fun. I hate all our former drummers except Keith and Frank."

The three classic NIBLICK HENBANE EPs put out on Headache Records remain as strong today as ever. 1990's *NJ OI!* EP contained the great "We Don't Want to Play" and "Future." 1991's *What's Your Deal* gave us "From You," "Andy Bought a Gun," and the great title cut, "What's Your Deal." 1993 brought the amazing *Land of the Brave* EP to the light of day and this record stands today as one of the best seven inches of American Oi! ever produced! The songs, "Hoodlum" and "Life Over the Edge" found NIBLICK HENBANE at the top of their powers. Read "Life Over the Edge": "On the beach from where I'm standing / It's breaking overhead / My mouth is dry, my head is pounding / My legs feel just like lead / I won't admit but I can't help thinking / I should have stayed in bed / Now I want to know where I'm going / Now I don't want to know where I'm going / Now I want to know where I'm going / Now I don't want to know where / I'd like to stay right here / Life over the edge / As far as I can see / Life over the edge / You know it's the only place for me / I've been wearing these clothes for three days / No one seems to mind / And if they can't understand, well fuck them / They're not our kind / And if I could I would just get lost here / Leave the rest behind / Life over the edge / Where I want to stay / Life over the edge / 'Cause the end gets closer everyday / The tide is right the sun's just shining / But I'm a little down / I watch and wonder about tomorrows / Too few to go around / I used to think we'd all live forever / Until I found out / Life over the edge / Where I'm gonna be / Life over the edge / Why don't you come on along with me." Fucking brilliant!!!

NIBLICK HENBANE has new material out on TKO Records from a year ago and still play great live shows with some frequency. All the proper respect goes to NIBLICK HENBANE—co-founders of American Oi!

RUNNIN' RIOT from Belfast, Ireland have a great split 7" EP on Punkshit Records. This fine split is shared with another excellent streetpunk/skinhead band, TOWER BLOCKS, from Berlin, Germany.

RUNNIN' RIOT kick off the festivities with "Divided Loyalties," about the betrayal of a fellow worker in a union shop. Read these good lyrics: "Together we stood side by side / One for all, and all for one / You were an egomaniac / You gave me the strength that I lacked / In between the times of fun / We fought injustice and took the flak / But then you laughed into my face / And stabbed me in the back / A.E.E.U. Divided Loyalties!!!!! / Your credibility and self-respect / Your integrity all lost and wrecked / You replaced your principles over night / But workers rights ain't black and white / Management puppet white collar thug / You still think that you're so smug / But hypocrites like you survive / Fuck you eat shit and die." This song has a tough guitar lead plowing through the length of the song with the great gruff singing voice of Colin on vocals. It's more of the sound you've come to love through the *Reclaim the Streets* and *Monks Not Dead* LPs on Rejected Records from Dublin.

Next you get a skinhead anthem, "Working Class Killing," that is truly inspirational! Give these words a look: "We're all the same kids on the street / If you're from the west or you're from the east / The hatred fueled from political lies / Party fuckin' politics another youth dies / Privileged few in their ivory towers / Pontificating abusing their powers / Ghetto mentality breeds an animal farm / Through bigotry it's your own you harm / It's a working class killing and a working class dying today / Politicians creating new fears / Choosing their victims manipulating tears / Creating a war between the working class man / While they sit at home with blood on their hands / How many more before people see / These are divisions from the powers that be / Pushed to killing by bullying liars / Thousands of dead on their funeral pyres."

Flip this EP over and you get another batch of good streetpunk delivered in a punk-as-fuck pair of songs. These German skins and punks have a great 80s punk sound! The guys pound you on the head with two good tunes, "General Boredom" and "Drunk in Public." Good guitars back up good lead singing and full choruses from the band. Very memorable! Write to Punkshit Records, 74 Bristmallhall Rd., Old Bury, West Mids, B68 9TU, UK; email: rickmac76@supanet.com.

Ryan and his 'Noma Beach Records have unleashed an EP from 1993 of the CADAVERS—the band that grew into the BODIES. This early incarnation included Abe, Scott, Nate, Colin, and Tannia. These tracks were laid down at grizzly sound almost ten years ago and it's nice that 'Noma Beach dusted these off for their first release. On this EP, called *Never Mind the Bodies, Here's the Cadavers*, Abe and the CADAVERS rip through "Tell Me Lies," "Population Destroyed," and "Fire in the Hole." This is raw punk rock! You BODIES fans must have this! Email Ryan at nomabeach@aol.com.

A GLOBAL THREAT from Boston, Massachusetts have a fine new LP out on Punkcore Records. This fucker cranks through these fourteen killer songs:"Here We Are," "Mindbomb," "Lab Rat," "Out in the Dark," "On the Clock," "Bloody Red Eyes," "Living Dead," "Invite a Coroner," "So Paranoid," "Blow You Away," "Bury Your Parents," "There's Your Threat," "Sirens" and "D.F.." Yeah! All fast—all punk as fuck—and all seething with anger and venom! A GLOBAL THREAT are punk rock with a capital "P!" See these fucks on tour this summer. To buy the record, write to: Punkcore Records, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953; www.punkcore.com;

infor@punkcore.com.

The A TEAM, originally from central Massachusetts and now living in Boston, have a strong LP out on Stab and Kill Records. The records is called *A Is For Asshole*, and this shit is brutal! This is hardcore for the aggressive times we live in, taking some influence from the likes of RINGWORM, POISON IDEA, SLAPSHOT, S.O.D. and GANG GREEN. These fuckers play relentless Northeastern US hardcore with no apologies to anyone. The lyrics run the gamut of emotions from frustration to anger in the song: "Fall On Your Sword." The words include: "Bit by bit I'm losing touch / In a world that I will never trust / I'm gonna show that world just why I hate." In the fourth song, "Watch Me Lose Control," The A TEAM sings: "Too many times I fell to my knees / Impaled by all my thoughts / Every idle moment my head is in so many knots / The last few grasps of my control quickly slip away from me." Good shit! Read the lyrics to "Gatecrusher": "Fuck this place, I have nothing to prove / It's moving too fast, I'm dying too slow / Helped by the hand that you've been cheating / Tell me now whose heart is bleeding / I can't explain what I feel / I can't relate to half this world / All I know is I don't like people / Everything has one neck, I'll fucking squeeze / Tell me why my life still bleeds / With all these fingers clenching at its seams / Something ticks that I can't see / I look like shit but I feel better already / I can't explain what I feel / I can't relate to half this world / All I know is I don't like people / Everything has one neck, I'll fucking squeeze / This world thinks I owe it something / It's not asking for a lot / But that's more than I'm willing to fucking give / This world thinks I owe it something / It's not asking for a lot / And I ain't gonna give it fucking shit."

These rough hardcore punkers got their start in 1998, and gained notoriety from their no-nonsense live shows. The debut 7," *Sewer Rats* got the A TEAM even more acclaim. This 14 song LP is the first release on Boston's Stab and Kill Records, named for the Savin Hill neighborhood. The A TEAM plays hard-assed punk rock. The band plows through "Storm Warning," "Cursed Verses" and "Autumn of Terror." The lyrics on "Chipped Teeth" ring loud and clear, check this out: "Don't fucking talk, I've had enough / I'm sick of your pressure always on my shoulder / I don't need your advice / I hope my spit stings your fucking eyes / Chipped teeth, broken dreams / All in the name of some conformity / Pain and frustration, I can't take it any longer / But I'll fucking face it cause it makes me stronger / I won't put on a happy face cause I'm not here to fucking please / You think you understand everything, but you don't understand / Understand me! / And it never fucking ends!."

For a grand finale, the A TEAM cover a song by the legendary Portland, Oregon hardcore punk band POISON IDEA, and their song "Punish Me." Great! For information on the A TEAM or other Stab and Kill releases, contact Mike Melillo, www.stabandkill.com.

Knock Out Records has a huge two record set for you skins and punks. This is called *The Worldwide Tribute to Real Oi! Volume 2*. This massive collection is compiled by Onno Cromag and Mr. Roger Miret (of AGNOSTIC FRONT fame). This fucker has fifteen bands doing twenty-seven songs from the inception of Oi! music and streetpunk. Some of the standout tracks are ROGER MIRET AND THE DISASTERS doing "England Belongs to Me" by COCK SPARRER and "Voice of a Generation" by BLITZ.; SECOND CHANCE NL doing "Stark Raving Normal" by THE BLOOD; and "I Won't Pay for Liberty" by the ANGELIC UPSTARTS; BRIGHTSIDE from Germany doing "One Law for Them" by the 4 SKINS, and "Hippie Punks" by CROWBAR (Fucking Great!!!) DEATH THREAT from the United States doing "King of the Jungle" by THE LAST RESORT and "Poseur" by COMBAT 84; HARDSELL from Belgium doing "Friday Night" by BURIAL; and "Take the Blame" by VICIOUS RUMOURS; BEANS from Holland doing "Propaganda" by BLITZ, and "What's Wrong Boy" by SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS; POWERHOUSE from Oakland, California, USA doing "Gang Warfare" by THE STRIKE; and "Maniac" by PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES. Sure, there's a couple of weak covers here—BOUNCING SOULS on their best day could never pull off a COCKSPARRER cover—this version does not have even one tenth of the power of the original—but most of this double pack is good. The price of the double LP is kept low, so you punks can buy beer to go along with the record. Write to Knock Out Records, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany; mosh@knock-out.de; www.knock-out.de.

One of the toughest, most feared hardcore bands in all of Japan, SLANG, have a full length LP available on Conquest Wake Records from Finland. The LP is titled *North Coast Area Hardcore S.C.H.C.*, and this shit is plenty dangerous! The other title of this raucous output is *Skilled Rhythm Kills*—this was released as a CD on Straight Up records from Japan a while back. SLANG bludgeons you with "Hardcore in my Blood," "Confidence," "Move Ahead," "The Problem Still Remains," "Keep the Faith," "Still Wishing," "Lost," "Moment," "Killing Field," "Believe," and "Fight or Flight." The shouted vocals and heavy handed metal guitar punishment combine to form an extremely volatile sound. Guitarist Junya is all over the map with his elaborate runs. Vocalist Ko is assisted with back-up choruses that are very effective. This band is great! For booking, contact Straight Up Records, email: reallife@straightup-rec.com. Write to Conquest Wake Records, 150 Pekantie 26, 58500 Punkaharju, Finland. For SLANG contact Kowa bld 2F Minami-2Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, Japan.

EXTERMINATE from Nagoya City have a five song CD prepared for you on a MCR Company CD. The songs from this "violent anarchy hardcore bastard band" are loud and fast! EXTERMINATE contains ex-members from ORDER and REALITY CRISIS. Some of the titles are "Wasted Chain," "Take Back" and "Outside Emotion." Fucking Furious! This is an exciting debut by these crazy hardcore punkers!

UNLAWFUL CHAOTIC ANARCHISM, or UCA, from the Kyushu area of Japan have a new mini-CD out on MCR called *Self Infection*. This CD, the second by this three piece traditional Japanese hardcore band formed in 1991 is a killer! UCA leads off with "Infection" and "Ghost." The pace varies from brute fast hardcore on these two to a slower melodic introduction on the third number, "Attack," after which U.C.A. blasts into a relentless storm of hardcore. Song four *Sickness* has the same deadly combination of slow parts to fast crushing bits. For these two wild releases contact MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, Japan; www.dance.ne.jp/nmcr

The BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS have a good split out now on Haunted Town Records with RIOTGUN. The BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS start things rolling with "Until That Brother Dies," which has a rollicking American streetrock sound. The vocals favor Mr. Al Barr from the BRUISERS/DROPKICK MURPHYS. Next up you get a POGUES cover, "Thousands Are Sailing," with the old BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS lineup from 1999. RIOTGUN,

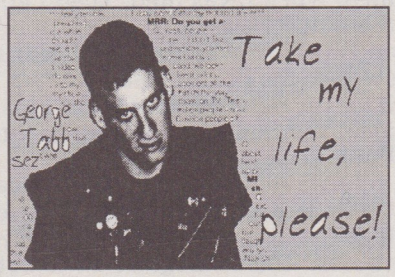
from Brea, California, round out side two for the new Haunted Town release. RIOTGUN start off with "Glory," a song originally released in 1996. This has lyrics which question the shallow patriotism and jump-on-the-band-wagon politics some Americans are exhibiting. RIOTGUN sings: "You can't take my life for granted / You can't take my life away." The guitars wail on this one. "Misunderstood" is the next number and this fucker cooks! The deep vocals and punchy drum sound helps the bass player nail down the foundation for this rocker. This has good guitar playing!

For you sugar-pop sweet-punks Haunted Town releases the new VANILLA MUFFINS two-times-seven-inch deluxe package. Colin and his syrupy MUFFINS have taken Switzerland's pop-punk world by storm. The VANILLA MUFFINS have enlisted Frankie Flame's assistance on this endeavor with Mr. Flame writing the lyrics to "Not the Same Fool" and supplying back-up vocals. These guys are quite polished, but be fore-warned that this is extra smooth and refined sugar Oi! and won't be of interest to you rough and tough COMBAT 84 type of boot boys!

Write to Haunted Town at 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647; www.hauntedtownrecords.com.

See you next month—

See you fucks at the bar!



Only my mom could have done it. Only my mom could have actually made me do something that I rarely, if ever, did. Only my mom could have made me open the *New York Times*. She said it was either that or take some college courses, and there was no way I was gonna do that. It was summer. Fucking summer. I was not gonna sit in some classroom and listen to some putz tell me stuff I either already knew or could care less about. So I had to open that newspaper. I mean, once in a blue moon I did open the Arts and Leisure section, just to see the full page ads for the cool movies that were around. But under no circumstances did I ever look at the cover, or any other section. So when my mom said to look in the "help wanted" section of the Sunday Times, I kinda had to ask for her help in finding it. She found it for me. It was one of the last sections of the paper. It said "Help Wanted" in big letters.

As I searched through the job listings, I thought maybe college that summer wouldn't be a bad idea. All the jobs I saw listed kinda sucked. There were jobs in offices filing stuff. There were jobs in offices answering phones. There were jobs in offices making copies of stuff. There were jobs in offices filing stuff, answering phones, and making copies of stuff. There were jobs dressing up like a clown. There were jobs handing out fliers on the street. There were jobs dressing up like a clown and handing out fliers on the street. There were jobs working fast food. There were jobs delivering fast food. And all of them paid shit. Minimum wage. So, really, the best I could hope for was the job with the least responsibility. Then I found it. Day camp counselor. It looked easy, I would get to be outside all day, and taking care of kids would take little to no effort. What was the big deal? Ya teach them to glue pasta to paper plates, let them ride a horse or something, then send them home. It was a hell of a lot better than having to file, answer phones, and make copies. That took brain effort. This? Pasta, Elmer's glue, and paper plates. So I took the job. Of course the pay equaled out to about one tenth of the minimum wage. Punk Rock.

The name of the camp was Arrowhead. Arrowhead Day Camp. It was in Scarsdale, New York. I had heard of the place before, but had never really been there. Scarsdale, that is. I knew it was famous because of some diet where you get injected with something then lose weight. But I heard you also die. Some diet. Didn't make much sense to me. But, well, it was New York State. Couldn't expect much. Anyway, I was told to be outside of my parents apartment at 5:45 am on the first Monday of camp, and a school bus would pick me up and take me out there.

So at 5:45 am, on one of the first mornings in July, I sat outside my parents' apartment on West Fourth Street and waited for the bus. My mom told me the night before that I should go to sleep early so I would have plenty of energy for my first day of camp. She also made me a bag lunch. It had a roast beef sandwich, a few Oreo cookies, a Coke, and some beef jerkies. I felt like was I was back in grade school. What with waiting for the bus and all. I just hoped I wouldn't have an accident.

The bus arrived at around six. It was a school bus. One of those small ones. And it was driven by this girl named Kim. I could tell off the bat that she was nuts. As she slid that metal thing to the side to open the bus door she said "Good Morning." And she was smiling. It was fucking six in the morning. No one is supposed to be happy at this ungodly hour. But she was. And wide awake. And then she said, "What's the matter, sleepy-head? Rise and shine! Today is the first day of camp!" I just grunted at her and got on the bus. This was gonna be a wonderful summer.

Seated in the back of the bus with like three small kids was a guy who looked like he needed to shave very badly. His black hair was combed into bangs and hung over his eyes. Just like Johnny Ramone. And he was wearing a Clash t-shirt. I looked at him, and then at his shirt. He looked at me, and my Adam And The Ants old school t-shirt. "Clash are cool," I said to him. "Adam And The Ants are faggots," he said back to me. I liked this guy. Turns out his name was Seth, and his mom forced him to get a job too. We were both about the same age, Jewish, and hungover. See, the night before the first day of camp, I didn't take my mom's advice. Instead I went to Max's Kansas City, a punk rock club on 17th Street, drank lots of beer, did some drugs, and wound up getting home in time to take a shower and be outside by a quarter to six. Actually, looking back on it, I was probably still drunk that first day on the bus. Seth probably was too. He said he'd been at CBGB the night before, and had drank a lot as well. So we bonded. We were both punk rock men who were gonna take care of kids. And when Kim told us to "smile and be happy," we both realized we hated her too.

After picking up the rest of the kids who lived in lower Manhattan, we made our way towards Scarsdale. See, our bus got the kids from downtown, and there was a bus who did the uptown run, and another bus who did Queens and Brooklyn. Most of our kids were OK. Most. We had some kids who it turns out were on some sort of low-income program, and got to go to camp for free. They were the most fun, as it turns out. We also had this kid named M'Bike. Pronounced "em-beak-ee." M'Bike Featherstone. I knew his name because I had to check it off the list as we picked him up. He was about seven years old, wore one of those little three or four-color African

caps. But his father was a trip. He wore like the whole tribal chief outfit and stuff. He stood outside with his son as we picked him up. He was very nice, and talked with such a thick accent I couldn't understand a goddamn word he was saying. As soon as we left the father, I asked M'Bike why he had such a funny name, and why his father wore a cape. He answered me, but I couldn't understand a goddamn word the kid said either. But I liked him. He had an honest smile.

When we arrived at camp, and got the kids off the bus, we were told to report to this woman, Mrs. Deal, who would tell us what group of kids we would be taking care of. Mrs. Deal was this extremely overweight woman, and she kinda had a bad attitude. She looked at Seth and I and asked us what our t-shirts meant. I explained that they were bands. She asked if they were "rock and roll bands." I told her yes. She told me that "rock and roll" was not a good influence on us, or the children at the camp. I told her "whatever." She just kind of looked at me.

Anyway, as it turns out, Seth and I were each given our own separate group of little boys to take care of. Seth's kids were ages four and five. Mine were five and six. Mrs. Deal gave us the youngest kids, she said, because they didn't require that much attention, were too young to read our shirts, and would probably grow up and forget us in time. Nice woman. But I didn't care. I liked the little ones. Mine better than Seth's. See, Seth's were so little, that all they did was sit on the ground and pick grass. That and wet their pants. Then cry. They were like little zombies. It was kinda cute, I suppose.

But my kids. Well, they were a different story. They were at that age when they asked all sorts of questions about everything. So they never shut up. I answered lots of their questions honestly, at first, but found it was more fun to give them fake answers. Like what the stuff was in Oreo Cookies. Or why girls had those "bumps" on their chests. Or the big one. How babies were made. Geez, I hope these kids grew up OK.

They also liked to explore, and got into everything. At first I found this annoying, but later found out ways to exploit it. For my own fun and profit.

The first thing each group in camp was supposed to do was to name themselves. Some of the girl groups came up with names like "The Ponies," "The Roses," and "The Barbies." I liked The Barbies. They were the thirteen and fourteen year-old girls. And they were led by this dyke named Sue, and a C.I.T. (counselor in training) named Heather. Heather was fourteen going on twenty-three. She had large "bumps," always wore a tube or halter top, had a feather earring, and really tight bluejean shorts. Heather with the feather was hot. The boys came up with names like "The Tigers," "The Rangers," and shit like that. Mostly sports or animal names. Seth's kids called themselves the "Pussy Cats." They came up with that name themselves because they liked cats. Of course we called them the "Pussies" for short. And my kids? Well, it was one of those years when one of the Star Wars movies came out. And they were all into being Jedi Knights and shit. So, I told them if they obeyed me, and did what they were told this summer, they could be called the "Jedi Knights," and would be crowned as such at the end of the summer. Of course they all "oohed" and "awwed," and each jumped up and down with excitement. I could imagine them going home to their parents and saying, "Mom, I'm gonna be a Jedi!," and their mom nodding their head and putting them in the bathtub.

So the Jedi Knights it was. And my job was to take them around to all the different activities. Now to say that Arrowhead Day camp was cheap is an understatement. When you think of camp, you think of lots of woods, tennis courts, a lake, a pool, Jason, shit like that. When you think of Arrowhead, think of a large parking lot, a field behind a school, and one slightly used tennis court. That was it. I mean, we did take the kids horseback riding. But we had to drive them to a farm some four miles away. And that was once a week. And swimming? Well, there was the Scarsdale Community Pool. And, well, that is where they swam. It was a total rip-off, but the kids didn't seem to mind. So what the fuck. Anyway, most of the activities took place in the large field.

Everyday, the first activity for my group was Arts and Crafts. Seth made the same arrangements, and we put our groups together in one class. This worked out very well, because while the kids were gluing pasta to paper plates, Seth and I would take our morning naps. We would go lay underneath some trees in the shade and try to sleep through what became our daily hangovers. Of course, we couldn't sleep all that well, because every time a kid would finish some project, they'd wake us up and say, "George, George, look what I made." I'd look at the spiral pasta glued to the gold spray-painted paper plate and nod my head and say, "that is good, now George has to go back to sleep or he'll turn into Darth Vader." The kids would look at me with this wounded look, then walk away. Fuck 'em. Little brats.

So this went on for a while, I mean, me being mean to them when I was tired. Then I got an idea. I explained to them that I was "Obi Wan Knobi" and Seth was "Yoda," and that we were both old Jedi Knights who needed to sleep so the Force could build up in us, and we could use it for the right purposes. The kids totally bought into that idea, and Seth and I got up to three and four naps a day. Punk Rock.

Around the second week of camp, Mrs. Deal saw that the Jedi Knights and the Pussies got along very well together, so she decided that we would share most of our classes. This was great since Seth and I became really good friends. And it was great for the camp since they could save money on classes and stuff. So the kids took all sorts of classes together.

There was tennis. And the tennis instructor, Jennifer. She was sixteen, and had great breasts. Big, and round, and wow. I mean, I was a bit older than her, and to tell the truth, any breasts at that time in my life were great. But I really remember hers. She always wore tight white tennis shirts, and those little white skirts. And those white socks and white sneakers. Geez. And she liked me. A lot. She thought I was cool because I was in a punk rock band, and kept asking me to ask her out on a date. Of course I didn't, because I was stupid and thought she was too young. I was a dope. I should have taken her out. She kept telling me she wanted to "do it" with me. I should have. Even though her father was some big judge in Westchester County. Man. She looked great. And at the pool? Punk Rock!

And then there was Music. They had this lame guy named Brad teaching it. He had an acoustic guitar and taught them "Row Row Row Your Boat" and stuff. Like the kids liked those songs. So one day I asked Brad if I could borrow his guitar for one day and teach them songs. He said not only could I borrow it for one day, but every day, and that I could teach them whatever I wanted to. Then he could go hit on Jennifer. So I taught the kids better songs. Like the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop," with lyrics like "Hey ho, let's go, shoot them in the back now," and the Dead Boys' "Sonic Reducer" with words like "I don't need anyone, don't need no mom and dad." And the kids loved them. I'd strum the guitar, and the Jedi

Knights would be singing along, and the Pussies, well, they'd be picking the grass. It was great. And all that time, Brad would be up near the tennis courts trying to make a move on Jennifer. Brad was from Scarsdale too. He had once told Seth and I that he was going to go to law school at Yale, and become a corporate lawyer. We thought that was neat. Even though we didn't know what a corporate lawyer was, and why someone would go somewhere where they made locks and stuff. Anyway, Jennifer would always ignore Brad, and kinda make eyes at me. I know it pissed him off. Wimp.

And of course there was horseback riding. Well, they weren't really horses, they were more like ponies, actually. And they were at this farm, and I had to drive the school bus there. That was a fun part of my week. Driving the school bus. 'Cause I was always hungover, could hardly ever see the road, and had twenty kids in there with me. And they all used to scream, "Faster George, Faster!." So I'd go faster. Those little busses can move. And when we'd get there, I'd get to take a nap, while these girls would lead around the kids in a circle. Then we'd get back on the bus, and the kids would have pony dung fights. Stuff they picked up from outside. It was kinda funny. And I didn't have to clean it up.

But the best part of every day was the pool. The Scarsdale Community Pool. We'd take the kids there on the bus, and then take them swimming. The lifeguard, Beth, who worked at the pool was, well, a lot like Jennifer. Cute, well rounded, and after me and Seth. After we used to get the kids changed, we would take them out to the pool for their swimming lesson, then me and Seth would make eyes at Beth the whole time. Either her, or the other cute girls around the pool. See, there were lots of them. Seems that there were a lot of girls in Scarsdale who didn't have anything better to do than to get a tan. And, who, somehow, were not rich enough to own their own pools. Poor kids. So they had to come to this one, with the noisy kids from the inner city. But it was great for me and Seth. We would always have to jump in the water just to cool down. I remember once I was watching Beth swim around, doing the backstroke, with her breasts floating high above the water. She looked great in the warm afternoon heat, with the sun reflecting off her glossy and full lips. Then this kid, Donald, one of mine, comes up to me and asks me what that thing poking up in my bathing suit was. I fumbled for words for a few seconds, then figured I'd tell him the truth, and told him it was my penis. He started yelling "look at George's penis, look at George's penis!" and everyone at the pool started laughing. Little kids. I was beginning to think they would look good at the bottom of the pool.

Now I gotta tell ya, I had two favorite kids at Arrowhead. Scottie and Tysheem. And, well, maybe M'Bike. But he wasn't in my group, just on my bus. I remember one morning, after Seth and I had been out drinking all night, and been seeing bands like "Super Dude Party" and "The Rattlers" at Max's Kansas City, we got a box of whippets, nitrous oxide, and sat inhaling them until Kim arrived at my parents' stoop with the bus. She said "good morning" with her chipper voice, and me and Seth told her to shut the fuck up. She called us "grumpy heads." Anyway, on the way to camp, I made Kim pull over so I could get out of the bus on the side of the Henry Hudson so I could puke. Seth decided that that wasn't such a bad idea, and did the same. So, we were both outside puking, and somehow M'Bike gets off the bus and walks up to us and asks if we were OK. We told him yes, and to get back on the bus. He did. After we finished getting rid of all the beer, 714, and Sweet and Sour Pork in our systems, we got back on the bus. I sat down next to M'Bike and noticed he had been crying. I asked him what was wrong and he said in his thick accent that he thought I was sick and he was worried about me. I told him I was fine, and was genuinely touched that he cared about me. We sat together on the bus everyday after that.

But Scottie and Tysheem. Well, they were in my group, and as it turns out, were both part of the low income camp program. And were great kids. And fun. And of course, major trouble makers. I respected that. Scottie was this little bouncy black kid who was all of about six. He always used to tell me that "Mommy won't let me eat sugar, she says it makes me hyper." Then he'd open up his lunch bag and pull out a Devil Dog or Ring Ding. And Tysheem. He looked just like a little Mohammed Ali. And even talked like him. He'd say to me, "I'm gonna knock you out, sucka!." Then he'd punch me. Of course, I would have hit him back, but he was only five. I figured I'd wait another year. Anyway, these two kids loved me, and would climb all over me all the time. And it was a nice feeling.

Every day around three o'clock it was snack time at camp. Each kid was given either one popsicle or one Devil Dog. The kids would always complain that they wanted more. And I was with them. It was a rip off. So when Scottie approached me one day with a box of popsicles, a light bulb went off in my head. I asked Scottie where he got them, and he told me he took them from the freezer during lunch. I told him to show me where the freezer was, and he led me to the school, and to the kitchen and to the freezer, which was full of popsicles. I told Scottie that if he wanted to be a higher ranking Jedi Knight, he would have to go on some secret missions. He said he loved secret missions, but what did higher ranking mean. I told him nevermind.

So, everyday, after we would get our first popsicles or Devil Dogs, I would send Scottie on his secret mission. For the Jedi Knights. And the Pussies. The school was surrounded by a large metal fence with an open gate in by the front door. But that was too obvious, and he'd get caught. So we let Scottie climb the fence. All ten feet of it. And he did. Then he'd sneak to the kitchen and steal a box of popsicles for us. I told him that if he was ever caught, that he should say that he was sick and looking for the nurse. On two occasions he used that excuse, and I was yelled at for not taking him there myself. But all the other times Scottie got away with it, and we had extra snacks for the kids, and were loved for it. I remember once, it was really hot, and I wanted the kids to have three popsicles, so I staged a fake fight between Tysheem and Donald in the Cafeteria. While Seth and I pretended to break it up, Scottie snuck into the kitchen and stole like three boxes of popsicles. Donald ended up getting a real black eye, and of course I got yelled at. But we got lots of popsicles.

Of course all of this didn't go unnoticed. At least by the other counselors and campers. Brad, the music guy, told me that if I kept it up, he'd tell Mrs. Deal what Seth and I had been doing. I told him that if he did, I'd tell Jennifer about his crooked cock. See, I'd seen it at the pool locker room. Brad had one of those dicks that took a sharp left. It was weird looking. Like a deformed carrot or something. So he shut up. And some of the other kids at the camp asked why my kids had more snacks then them. I told them that we were Jedi Knights, and needed the extra sugar for our tough training. That answer seemed to work. For a while.

But finally everyone except Mrs. Deal seemed to catch on, so we came up with a solution. We just had Scottie

steal enough for the whole camp. I remember once hearing Mrs. Deal yelling at the food delivery guys, saying that they were shorting her on popsicles. They told her they weren't and she called them liars. Anyway, Scottie became sort of an underground hero that summer at Arrowhead Day Camp.

One day one of the kids did something really bad. I mean really bad. I think it was this kid Brian. Red hair, pale white, and freckles, and slightly overweight. What he did was wake me up during my first nap of the day. During Arts and Crafts. Now, this was the second month of camp, and the kid should have learned by now. But still, he woke me up. I didn't care that he made a mistake in his pants. My sleep time was my sleep time. He was supposed to go to Jennifer, the tennis girl, who promised to cover for me in exchange for a French kiss that I promised her at the end of the summer. Yet he woke me up. When I asked him why, he said he didn't want to tell a girl his problem. So I had to punish him.

One thing little kids need, and I mean it, is discipline. Order. Rules. And seeing that these kids were supposed to be Jedi Knights in training, and that if they were good, I would give them awards at the end of the summer, I had to rule them with an iron fist. Show these five and six year olds who was the boss. So I figured I'd start with Brian.

At the pool that day, I enforced my first of what was to be many punishments upon my Jedi Knights. I rounded up all the kids in the locker room, and took them to the showers. I explained to them that Brian was bad, and woke me up from my nap. They all just looked at me. I told them, that as punishment, and for being a bad Jedi Knight, Brian must be tortured. I turned on the shower and let the water get really cold. Then Seth and I held Brian under the water until he screamed. We then let him go. He ran away screaming, and Seth chased after him and gave him a towel. I then looked at all the little faces looking at me. I said, "Do you understand that this is what will happen if you are bad?" They all nodded their head yes. Then Scottie asked if he too gets a cold shower. Then Donald asked. Then Tysheem. And the next thing you know all the kids are raising their hands and want to get tortured. Even Brian wanted more. So Seth and I turned on all the showers and all the kids went under them and started screaming, and had a great old time. Kids.

So, the only way to punish these kids, I learned, was to not give them snacks. I tried once, but the kid started to cry, so, well, let's just say I never really got to punish any of them. But torture and chores? Hell, they loved it. Cold showers. Cleaning mine and Seth's sneakers. Stealing Kim's lunch. Putting pebbles in Brad's guitar. They loved it. I also taught them to march. During music class. I'd have them sing "Hey ho, let's go!" as they would march double file behind me. I taught them to goose step. Make it look good. I made them salute me with their arms extended forward. To obey Obi Wan Knobi. And they did. They were the best behaved kids in the camp. When I wanted them to be.

One day at the pool, while Seth and I were working on our tans, we got a good look at Heather with the feather untying her top and laying on her towel on her stomach. I called Scottie and Tysheem over to me and asked if they wanted to go on an extra Jedi mission. Of course they did. I told them to go fill up a cup with water, sneak up to Heather with the feather, and spill it on her back. So Scottie and Tysheem do it, and Heather with the feather jumps up and we get a great view of her knockers. They were really big and firm for a fourteen year-old. When she saw us looking at her, she just kinda smiled and I swear she winked. Seth says it was the sun.

The sport of boob-watching became an obsession with Seth and I for the rest of the summer. We trained Scottie, Tysheem, and even Brian to go and untie the tops of the girls' bikinis. And if they could, to run away with those tops. Seth and I were disciplined a lot by Mrs. Deal, and told if we kept up with this behavior, we wouldn't get our bonuses. See, we were being paid one hundred dollars for the whole summer. And if we made it through with like no problems, then we'd get our bonus, the second hundred. We really wanted the money so we could buy more beer and Quaaludes, so we kinda calmed down a bit. But every once in while we'd get Scottie to steal a bikini top. There was no better sight then to see Scottie running around the pool in his little bathing suit, screaming, and holding a bikini top while some topless girl chased him around. Awww, summer.

But of course, like all good things, the days of popsicles and breasts and getting up at five thirty in the morning had to end. The last day of camp was the day all the campers got awards and stuff. The night before I went to some gift store on Greenwich and 10th Street, and got a bunch of silver stars that looked like Jedi Knight badges. So what if they said "Texas Ranger" on them. The kids really couldn't read. Anyway, all the other campers got awards for like "best swimmer" and "best in tennis" and shit like that. But my kids, nothing. But that was okay. I held my own ceremony out in the woods. I had them all line up and pinned the star to each of them. I explained that they all passed the Jedi Knight training camp, and were now all full blown Jedis, and may the force be with them and shit. They were all so happy that some of them started crying. I think I might have as well. Seth told me I was a wimp.

The last day of camp was also the day all the parents came and met the counselors. I remember we had to march the kids across the field for the lame award ceremony. So I had my kids march in double file, arms raised in the air, singing "Hey ho, let's go, shoot them in the back now!." All the parents looked shocked. But some of them clapped. I think Mrs. Deal turned purple.

As all the kids were getting in their parents' cars to go home, a lot of them started to cry. They told me they would miss me and could I come live with them. Their parents told me that although they thought I was very strange, that their children loved me. They also gave me huge tips. It turns out Seth and I made more tips than anyone at Arrowhead. Ever. I hugged the kids good-bye, and at times, tried to hold back my own tears. Although it was just a shitty summer job, somehow I really did become attached to these kids. I wondered how their lives would turn out, and if I would ever see any of them again.

Jennifer, the tennis girl, saw me sort of crying, and walked up to me. She asked what was wrong, and I told her I would miss the little fucks. She told me she wanted to collect on that kiss now, and stuck her tongue down my throat. She also put my hand on her breast. Some of the little kids saw me kissing Jennifer and started clapping. Others joined in. I smiled. So did Jennifer.

Finally almost all the kids had left the camp and it was just the counselors hanging out counting their money, and talking about future plans. Brad said that he would start law school, and maybe next year he'd have a yacht to take Jennifer out on. Jennifer said she might go out with him, and that next year she would be seventeen, so she might go out with me. Seth said that he planned to do lots of drugs, and I said I was with him. Heather with the feather, the C.I.T., said she planned to go on birth control. And Kim said she missed her church back at college.

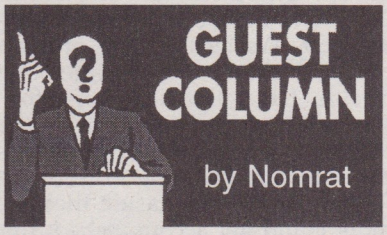
Then I noticed something. Scottie. He was standing all alone at the other end of the parking lot. I told the other counselors I'd be right back to brag about being punk rock and my sex life, but I had to do something. So I walked over to Scottie. He was standing near a bench. I asked him where is parents were and he said he didn't know. I asked him if they knew they were supposed to come and pick him up today, and he told me he told them. So I sat down on the bench and told Scottie to sit next to me.

Scottie sat next to me, and then asked if he could lean on me. I extended out my arm, and Scottie laid on my shoulder. I told Scottie that I thought he was the best Jedi Knight of the summer, and very special. I then reached in my rear pocket and took out the extra tin star I had, and pinned it on Scottie. I told him he earned the status of double Jedi Knight. He hugged me harder. Then a big green car pulled into the lot and honked its horn. Scottie saw the car and yelled, "Mom!" and ran to the car. A woman got out and Scottie jumped into her arms. She kissed him on the cheek and Scottie hugged her and smiled. The woman looked over at me with her little boy in her arms and then said, "Are you George?" I told her I was. She said, "thank you."

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. fuhrergeorge@georgetabb.com
2. Awww…summer, the beach, punk rock, beer, chicks in those thong bikinis. Yes!
3. www.the-kick.com New York's finest punks. And a couple of them are Jews, too!
4. One of the dudes in the Commies has a new band called "The Ends" and they fuckin' rock! Get their singles, now!
5. Hello to all the cool people I met in Portland! You guys rock!



Myths of Success, Choices in Education

I'm walking the dog on a sunny Saturday morning. We've crossed the highway from the neighborhood of matchbox cottages and short-but-sprawling apartment buildings where we live to utopian hell, Yuppyland. Clarendon is close-but-not-quite-DC, Virginia. The yards look like Marines mow them, a basketball hoop hangs over every driveway and even the smallest house sells for half-a-million or more.

"Excuse me, is that Sweep, the Henderson's dog? Hi Sweep," calls the wife of a couple of 40-somethings fitness-walking past, waving. At first I'm not sure if they are talking to me or not. My dog is not Sweep. His name Talon and I know no Hendersons. But we're the only ones standing there. It certainly isn't the first time I'd been mistaken for a rich man's dog walker for walking my dog through a rich man's neighborhood. My shabby clothes and patched up hoody give me away, but I'm happy. I hear a slight trepidation in the woman's voice as she says something to her husband; they walk faster and don't look back. Punk rock saliency!

But when Monday rolls around, "punk rock saliency" starts to wear thin. My tattered and faded wardrobe wears on me when I'm at a conference or a congressional hearing and people keep asking me if I'm in the right place or ignore me when I try to ask them a question. I'm a reporter and I get no respect. My jackets are too long on my arms because they come from the Salvation Army, my pants are fraying at the cuffs and I can't afford the slick image that will afford the respect of the elite and powerful. Feeling like an example of a new social class—the professional working poor—I ask myself, "How did I get here?" As a young one, the subsistence living had a romantic charm, but I'd like to start saving to eventually get out of the rent trap. It seems like a lot of people around me are having the same problems. Good jobs are hard to find so if we pop out of employment for whatever reason, it might be a few months until we pop back in. It's hard to make pay keep up with rent, we work long hours. What gives?

The answer came one day on my first venture into the grand hall of capitalism, a conference the Dept. of Education was sponsoring at the United States Chamber of Commerce building, to tell America's superintendents that research shows high school programs that lead kids toward college are failing to prepare students for a brilliant future. Yup, the "man" told me that not so many years ago I bought into his game and got burned for it deciding to become a writer instead of a welder, as did alarming numbers of young people. It's not what every parent wants to hear. In fact, many didn't. A common journalistic rule is news about schools sells, but this news went almost nowhere. To it's conservative credit (argh!) The *Washington Times* was there, as were specialty magazines in the education field. So where was more mainstream media? They didn't care. Their editors were trying to think like parents and in doing so they avoided challenging the idea that every child deserves and will be "successful" with a college degree, that every child is meant to be a doctor, lawyer, or professional.

The statistics are depressing, and mind you, these statistics are coming from a selection of academic papers commissioned and reviewed by the US Department of Education. Welcome to the Real World!

Nationally, about 75 percent of high school students graduate, and about 85 percent of them go on to four-year colleges and universities. However, about 50 percent of students who go on to four-year programs drop out. About 40 percent of graduates who were two years out of school told surveyors from the National Center for Education Statistics that they feel "under employed" and an equal amount surveyed four years out said they had "no career potential."

I've never heard an expert really deny a need for some type of post-high school education to get a leg up in the world, but it's kind of funny hearing college professors tell the Dept. of Ed. that it should be steering people away from four-year colleges. What they seem to be recommending are skills-based programs—technical schools and associates degree programs that offer things like graphic art or computer networking. And their recommendations are founded.

According to the Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics, there are almost five jobs for computer technicians, making an average hourly wage of $18.63, for every software engineering position that earns $10 more. In my case, the case of the ink-stained wretch, the job openings and salary factors are even more contrary to what my high school guidance counselor told me. I've never been a desktop publisher, but I've heard of a hell of a lot of people with master's degrees in English applying for those jobs. Well, they make about $14.84 an hour and for every one of them there are two reporters, usually with four-year degrees, making 16 cents more. For every reporter, there are two technically skilled press operators making 10 cents more. Again, all of this is factual data col-

lected by our government!

So why does this big College = Career Potential *lie* exist? Ferris State University in Michigan randomly sampled 800 high school students from across the country, interviewed them, and found that 51 percent say no one at all has offered them any real guidance for their futures in school. Forty-six percent say they've found no guidance out of school either. "Conventional Wisdom" has always said college is the best choice, the big pay off, but as more and more people go, there are more and more people on the job market and employers can pay less.

This devaluation is leading to a new class of workers—the white-collar lower class, or what some are calling the "wealth poor." The theory is this: a college education or an attempt at a college education is getting us nowhere, we feel entitled to a better lifestyle and max out our credit trying to keep up.

Bottom line: Do It Yourself! It is something most of the punk community seems to realize in terms of material goods or entertainment, but the mantra is worth restating in this context. The system is self-serving and we've got to look out for ourselves in this world when high school guidance counselors' jobs are reviewed in terms of how many kids they send to college. There are a lot of lies woven into the fabric of the system that treat students as a commodity and push them toward outcomes that will prove profitable for the institution, so don't rely on the system.

This isn't to say college or community college or any further education is a bad thing. In school, it seemed the most prepared and interested people I met were those that had stayed out of school for a while and taken sometimes a decade to decide to pursue a more intellectual path. True development, occupational or intellectual, however, must occur on a personal level though self-exploration, a willingness to follow our interests, and the daring to ignore presented pathways to success. It is unlikely that anyone will academically study whether building skateboard decks in your garage, publishing zines, running distros or participating in political rallies will make us more successful manufacturers, editors, businesspeople, or social policy wonks. The experts are, however, beginning to find that pathway-based scholarship is failing to do so.

The roads ahead are ours, if we take them.

—Normrat

Email Normrat@hotmail.com to comment on the article, enquire about his zine, The Outside World, or communicate for other purporses and Rock the Fuckin Block Y'all.

"Ask not what you can do for your country—but what your country's been doing to you..."

—Avengers-

Anyone else recoiling in total disgust from the Bush administration's enforcement of a state of permanant fear? Not to mention its attempts to discredit any sort of opposition to their state of total and constant war by framing any opposition as being "unpatriotic." While it is arguable that the Bush administration had some echoes of knowledge in regards to what happened on Sept. 11, and therefore these public warnings are nothing more than them covering their asses, I believe that this is not in fact the case. While I by no means believe that there was some sort of grand cabal of adminstration officials, the military, the CIA, bankers, oil cartels and the Yale football team behind the attacks of Sept. 11—I do believe that it did provide an excellent oppurtunity for a great amount of money to be made, and also to tighten the noose around our personal liberties. Opportunities that most of these folx would like to remain as the status quo—and a creation of a state of constant fear and paranoia certainly does wonders for their maintenance. Is it just coincidence that a new tape of Bin Laden has just been "discovered" at the same time as a wave of paranoia-inducing warnings of an imminent terror attack have become more prevalent in the media—or just good strategic planning? It's interesting to watch Cheney (who I honestly thought was dead—though perhaps this is just stock footage of him being wheeled out...) on the Sunday morning "news" shows enforcing this nationwide complex of fear—warning that it is inveitable that we will have another terrorist attack—and soon! They don't know when, but we as good Americans need to be preparred to sacrifice anything and everything in support of this undeclared but very profitable (well not for you or me), and somewhat undefinable (don't worry, they still have your best interests at heart) "war on terrorism."

Switching gears—not to totally echo the sentiment expressed in Felix's column, but I'm really quite estatic about the current state of punk rock across the globe. It's so good to see folx taking charge and commiting themselves to doing it themselves; creating and providing a true alternative to that which is packaged up and sold to us as rebellion. It is especailly refreshing to see this network of friends extending out across the globe, and I concur that it is time to bring not only bands from South America (which is starting, with FUERZA X, REDENCION 9.11, and FUN PEOPLE making their way up here) but also from Eastern Europe and Australia onto these shores. It has been too long that punk has been dominated by the scenes that exist in the USA, Western Europe, and Japan—and it's time that is changed. At the same time, to repeat myself from last month, I feel that it is time for the different DIY punk scenes to start making connections with each other. While that make some of you hardcores cringe and geeky pop-punkers run and hide in terror, I think that in the end, if folx are able to put aside their sonic differences, so much more could get accomplished. Just something to ponder. I would love to see more mixed up crazy bills, though I will admit that sometimes nothing beats a straight up hardcore show where the energy is through the fucking roof, and I'm jealous as hell of everyone who made it out to the recent mega-shows in Minneapolis and Chicago.

So let's talk records and bands, shall we? First off, there's a CDR boot of the JESUS AND THE GOSPEL-FUCKERS' classic demo floating around that is simply a dream come true for all you fucking punks, raw fast early 80s punk that sort of rides that tension of not being quite hardcore yet not exactly punk still. Equally as powerful but from now and not the early 80s would be the recent NO PARADE 12". For those of you not familar with them, take one part DISCHARGE, one part TSOL (first 12", like anything else they put out is worth your time) and add in a sprinkle of raw punk attack, and you got one killer record from some of the same folx that brought you FROM ASHES RISE. Have you heard the SNOBS? No? Well get on the wagon, troops, 'cause their second EP continues in the fine tradition set forth in their first EP—rampaging adolescent hormone-fueled punk that sounds not too far from the likes of early Dischord release...and yes I still need a copy of their first record for myself—hook a brother up some-

body.

QUEER WÜLF? I was just as afraid as you about such a name, but unwrap the package and inside we find LEATHERFACE (Fill Your Boots-era) punk from Chatanooga. Great, great great. Fuck me, have you heard the AWAKENING EP yet? Imagine if CROW and FROM ASHES RISE started a new band—thick ass riffs, lyrics spat out with a feeling of disgust—awesome.

Can we talk local bands? Honey I think we can—DEADFALL, remember that name. Total fucking STRAIGHT AHEAD attack colliding head on with THE STATE—their demo I happened upon cooks, but live they're absolutely vicious! Also on the homefront recently, we have THIS IS MY FIST—which features Annie formerly of AMBITION MISSION on vox/guitar and Will from SHARP KNIFE on drums—melodic yet pissed punk from the Bay Area, let's hope we see a demo soon, right? Also on the pop front we have BEFORE THE FALL, who recently put out a demo of totally rad punk rock a la ABE FROMAN, ASTRID OTO, or CRIMPSHRINE. Then there's BORN/DEAD—whose new EP should be out anyday now (hell it could even be today…) and who have that raw CRUCIFIX meets AUS-ROTTEN thing down just great Always a joy to see them play live. BLOWN TO BITS have been playing non-stop recently—and if all their gigs have been like the last one I saw with BORN DEAD ICONS—you're in for a treat if you catch them. Here's the thing though, a lot of folx have been calling them d-beat, but the discerning listeners knows this to be a falsehood, as they don't actually play the elusive beat of the masters, DISCHARGE, but instead stick to a more ANTISECT style metallic approach. Good stuff still, and I look forward to more releases.

REAGAN SS recently made the trek northword to our fair bay and simply and precisely destroyed the whole fucking room, ripping through a set of old punk angst complete with REAGAN SS tortillas special for Cinco De Mayo. Excitement abounds as we here on the left coast await the arrival of AMDI PETERSENS ARME. All early reports that I've heard indicate that they more than deliver the promise of their EP on Kick'n Punch. The show at Gilman should be off the fucking hook with such heavyweights as TRAGEDY, ARTIMUS PYLE, SCHOLASTIC DETH, REEDS (from Israel), and BRAINOIL weighing in a virtual battle to the death! God bless Max Ward once again for bringing us a new DISCARGA LP, fuck man, full-bore blasting Brazilian hardcore with hooks that just doesn't let up for 34 trax.

In reissue news, break out your cash, 'cause Mike from Broken is repressing the FEEDERZ records—let's just put it simple and plain so there are no mistakes. You are a poseur if you don't know this essential band's stuff, so stop your posing and get some knowledge girl! Did I mention FACES OF DEATH yet? I don't think I have—these local fellas played the recent VITAMIN X / S'BITCH show and would have stole the show with their blasting go for the throat punk rock, had they not been followed by such powerhouses—plus they seem to have a real good sense of humor about themselves which is quite refreshing. Of course how can I forget S'BITCH, they grace our cover about a year ago, and flat out ruled on their recent trek to this fine area—rock riffs played at hardcore speed and intensity always wins in my book. Did you happen to catch VITAMIN X on their recent tour? Their combination of Oi! like melody with the ferocity of their Dutch forefathers LÄRM totally blew my socks off at their recent gig at Mission Records. Kinda wished that I had made it to a few more of their shows but oh well, and you should have, too! Warning! The new ATROCIOUS MADNESS LP will actually shatter glass with it's shrill hyper-distored CONFUSE meets DISORDER kaos bombardment.

You did send away for that SMALLTOWN EP on Bridge right? No?! Fuck, get on the ball 'cause you don't find such a excellent melding of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and NEWTOWN NEUROTICS very often. Anyone know anything about this VÄKIVALTAA band? The record claimes this is old new before released demos from a long for gotten Finnish band—but there's something about it that just seems a bit fishy to me. Killer record though. Finally we have the Midwestern punk masters DILLINGER FOUR weighing in with their new LP—and while it's no Midwestern Songs Of The Americas—it is probably going to be of the best punk records released this year. Great lyrics paired up with exceptionally catchy riffs once again proving them to be a force to be reckoned with.

Endnotes:

1) Exactly how much art can you take?

2) Just so everyone knows, the photozine is being delayed for a number of reasons—the main one being that we just recieved and are waiting on a few more contributions from some rather exceptionally talented photographers. It should be out by the end of the summer.

3) I agree with Arwen's column last month about how punx are cuter and more fun to smooch than non-punx. Ex-punx however are kind of annoying. Especially those that hang around with punks 'cause they're too pathetic to do anything else with their lives except to mock what they once embraced. Do not kiss them at all costs. No matter how desperate you are.

4) Send money, rare Brazilian punk records, and cases of coffee care of me to the MRR PO Box—if you are lame you can email me at mikethorn@mindspring.com

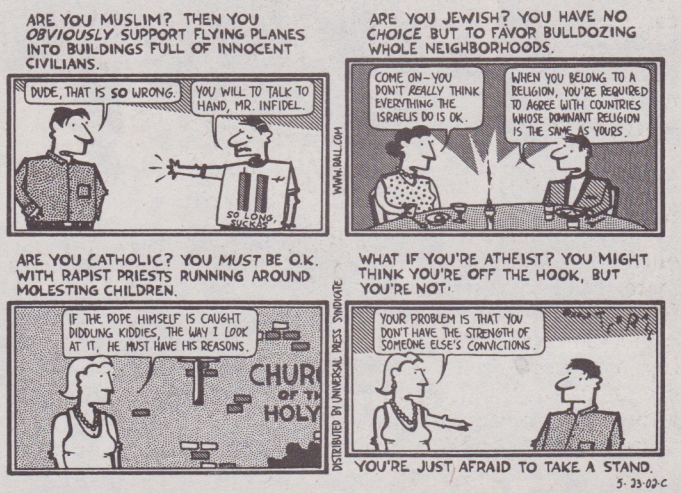
BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

Sorry kids, no column from me this month! I'm too busy charming the pants off of Mark & Mimi's cat, Morton. (No, really, just too busy). Morton needed a break from the old East Bay and will be crashing with me for a while. Everybody knows how badly I need a cat around, so it's a good deal for everybody. I'm bound to convince Morton of that, as soon as I can get him out from under the bed.

Ration #2 is out, and I still have a few of #1. Two stamps each. PO Box 170291, SF, CA 94117.

arwenc@mindspring.com



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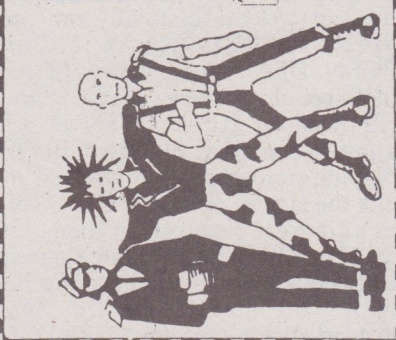

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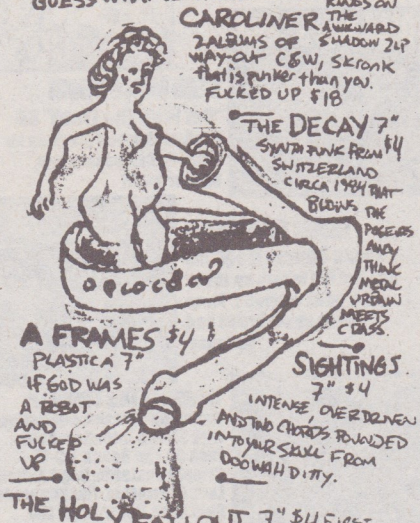

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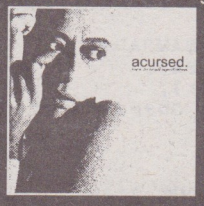

Yes !! Believe it or not. Acursed are back with a brand new full length. This is going to crush everything they have ever done before. The songs have developed into a heavier direction, but still with the same fury of their awesome split LP with Fallout.

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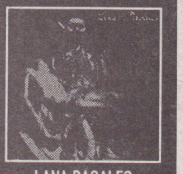

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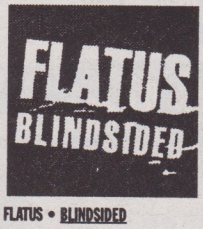

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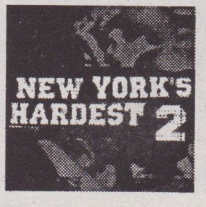

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WHY ISRAEL'S "SERUVNIKS" SAY ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

by Michael Sfard
Published in the Observer of London

It is said that in the first few years of the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, no one seriously thought of holding on to these territories forever. It was at the time widely assumed, that these newly conquered lands were to be handed back to the Arabs as part of a peace agreement. I don't remember those days.

I was raised in a different Israel. In my Israel the small fundamentalist group of Jewish settlers has always enjoyed more political power than their relative share in the Israeli population. In my Israel both left-wing and right-wing governments enabled the colonialization of these occupied Palestinian lands. My Israel paid, and is still paying, a heavy moral price for ruling another nation by the force of the sword. My Israel, built on the founding values of humanism, pluralism and democracy is being lost.

Three months ago an unprecedented petition by reserve soldiers was published in the Israeli press. The signatories declared their intention to refuse to serve the Israeli occupation and disobey any order to go, as soldiers, beyond the 1967 ceasefire lines. The number of signatories (known as 'seruvniks' for the Hebrew word 'seruv'—refusal) has increased rapidly from 50 in the first petition to 462 as of today. Though refusal in Israel was not uncommon, the scale of this petition is a novelty. Most of the signatories are hardened combat officers and soldiers, and all of them served many years in the occupied territories. Since the launch of the petition, about forty of those who have endorsed the petition have been sent to military prisons as a result of their refusal.

Almost all of the 462 who have signed, among them myself, are between twenty-five and thirty-five years old. None of us can remember a non-occupying Israel. Each and every signatory of the petition has individually reached the decision to spurn the state's demand that they will employ immoral and inhumane means of control over civilian population. And yet, I was amazed to discover how similar our stories are. How identical our personal transitions from being "good" and obedient soldiers to what our Attorney General described as "dangerous outlaws" have been.

As the legal adviser to many seruvniks—and someone who was incarcerated for three weeks for refusing to serve in the Hebron area a few years ago—I have had the privilege of escorting many of my fellow signatories from receipt of their call up papers, through the trial and, finally, visiting them in prison. Given their biographies, the act of refusal was by no means a natural decision. Rather, it was rather the product of a personal crisis, born out of moral agonies and a sense of deep concern for our country's future.

One might expect to hear horrifying stories of atrocities that the objectors witnessed before making their decision to no longer take part in the system. The truth of the matter is that most of the conscientious objectors reached their decision simply from experiencing "everyday" life in the occupied territories.

The occupation corrupted Israeli culture, it eroded our code of ethics, and it even contaminated the Hebrew language. In the name of the fight against the murderous and unforgivable terror that struck Israeli cities and towns, we grew accustomed to manning check-points in which thousands of Palestinians are being detained for hours and humiliated by young soldiers. We grew accustomed to pointing our rifles at children and women. We became tolerant to large-scale demolition of houses ('surface uncovering' in military jargon). Finally, we accepted a state-sponsored policy of assassinations, neatly labeled by Israeli spokesmen as "focused prevention." We learned how to distinguish between roads for settlers (Jews) and roads for 'locals' (Palestinians), and we were asked to implement discriminatory laws for the sake of the illegal settlements that have trapped our country in an endless messianic war. A war which the vast majority of Israelis never wanted.

As soldiers who witnessed, first-hand, the corrosive effect of the occupation on ordinary Israelis and Palestinians we could no longer bear its destructive implications for what we were raised to believe were Israeli values—respect for human life and dignity. The occupation chiseled out unequal relations between Palestinians and Israelis. It planted in many a seed of racism against Arabs.

Under such circumstances, hundreds of officers and soldiers who were always in the forefront of IDF's most prestigious units, who were used to risking their lives for the security of the State of Israel, began questioning both the morality of our presence in the occupied territories and the myth of its necessity. People who have no legal background grew to acknowledge that the command that sends them beyond the borders of democracy to rule another people inherently produces systematic human rights abuses and is therefore neither democratic nor legal.

Entering a village and arresting every male above the age of 14 for up to 18 days, as was done in the recent incursion to the West Bank, is inhuman, even if the mission is to find terrorists. Stopping an ambulance that carries a sick man or a pregnant woman is immoral even if you suspect that it also carries hidden weapons. And that is the tragedy of serving in the occupied territories: one cannot go there without detaining suspected ambulances and treating children in a manner that results in more hatred. The soldiers are placed in an impossible situation, coerced by the occupation's reality to act immorally.

As a lawyer I am allowed to visit these prisoners of conscience. Some arrive in prison filled with pride. Others are shocked by their own deed, and try to explain themselves to their families and friends in long telephone conversations. In prison, most of them discover how angry they are. Angry at the settlers that tangled us in a never-ending war. Indignant at the governments of Israel that enabled them to do so. Vexed at the Israeli Defense Force, which arrogantly took for granted that we would carry out any order.

The seruvniks come from the backbone of Israeli society. They were always seen by themselves and by others, as Israelis from the mainstream of our civic life. "I took seriously the values I was brought up on in this country," they tell me. We must now ask ourselves whether this was always simply rhetoric, or whether Israel has fundamentally changed. As seruvniks, we have chosen to speak out. To silence our voice would be to marginalize further the basic values upon which our country was founded.

Michael Sfard is a lawyer practicing human rights and criminal law in Tel-Aviv. You can read the seruvniks' petition—Courage to Refuse—here, and you can write to the author of this piece at legal@seruv.org.il.

SUING GREENWASHERS

by Josh Richman

The California Supreme Court has ruled that sports powerhouse Nike Inc. can be sued for deceptive advertising if it makes misleading claims as part of a public relations campaign designed to burnish its corporate image.

The 4-3 ruling could mean trouble for scores of corporations that engage in such "greenwashing" campaigns. The court's ruling establishes that such campaigns amount to advertising—not free speech, as Nike had argued—and are therefore subject to the same legal controls as advertising.

"Such representations, when aimed at potential buyers for the purpose of maintaining sales and profits, may be regulated to eliminate false and misleading statements because they are readily verifiable by the speaker and because regulation is unlikely to deter truthful and nonmisleading speech," Justice Joyce Kennard wrote in the court's majority ruling.

Under California's broad consumer-protection laws, a company can face penalties and restitution claims if it is found to have knowingly included false or misleading information in its commercial speech.

"It lets advertisers know their products can't be promoted with false statements ... under the guise of, 'This is a matter of public debate,'" says Alan Caplan, an attorney for Marc Kasky, a San Francisco-based activist who brought the suit considered by the state's high court. "The statements are going to have to be truthful or they can be sued."

Kasky says the decision is "a signal to a lot of corporations that might not have the resources Nike has to challenge something like this" to think carefully before playing fast and loose with the truth in their corporate communications. But Ann Brick, an attorney for the Northern California ACLU who filed a legal brief backing Nike, says the ruling "disregards the basic First Amendment principle that we allow the people, not the government, to decide who's right and who's wrong on issues of public dispute."

"It could easily trigger a flood of lawsuits and for that reason it can have a huge chilling effect on the ability of businesses to speak out on important public issues that directly affect them," Brick argues. David Brown, an attorney for Nike, says the Oregon-based corporation may ask the US Supreme Court to consider the decision.

The question of whether Nike actually presented false information in its public relations campaign must still be determined by a lower court. Kasky filed suit against Nike after reading the company launched a public relations campaign responding to news reports about conditions at plants making Nike shoes in Southeast Asia.

The news reports alleged dangerous chemical exposure, physical abuse, and substandard wages in the Asian factories under contract to Nike. The company penned press releases and letters to newspapers and sponsors claiming it had cleaned up its act. But an audit commissioned by the company itself and leaked in 1997 indicated the abuses had not abated.

While a lower state court threw out Kasky's suit, ruling that Nike was simply exercising its right to free speech, the high court's decision has given new life to the case. If Nike is found to have lied in its public relations efforts, the company could be forced to turn over millions in profits it has made in California.

MILITARY USED NERVE GAS IN 60S

By Matt Kelley
Associated Press

The Pentagon admitted for the first time that chemical and biological weapons were tested on Navy ships in the 1960s, and said anyone who was harmed could be eligible for health benefits.

Two kinds of nerve gas and a biological toxin were sprayed on the ships, military officials said Thursday. Four tests in the Pacific from 1964 to 1968 used either the deadly nerve agent sarin, the nerve gas known as VX, or a biological toxin that causes flu-like symptoms, Defense Department statements said.

Sketchy records of the tests and ships' logs do not indicate any of those involved in the tests suffered serious health problems at the time, said Dr. Michael E. Kilpatrick, a Defense Department health official.

"We believe if anything catastrophic happened or if there were large numbers of ill people, it would be in the log," said Kilpatrick, who was involved in reviewing the records. "There's no indication on any of these tests that that had occurred."

The Department of Veterans Affairs has mailed letters to about 600 veterans who may have taken part in the tests, VA Secretary Anthony Principi said Thursday.

"There's always been a question whether veterans and active-duty service members became ill as a result of that testing," Principi said in an interview with The Associated Press. "It's been controversial, so we were sending out letters to veterans to ask them to take a physical and to see if they are entitled to any benefits."

The Pentagon released details about six tests from a 1960s program to evaluate chemical and biological weapons and defenses against them. The Defense Department agreed two years ago to begin releasing details about the tests and contacting participants after pressure from Rep. Mike Thompson, D-Calif., and veterans involved in the tests.

"I'm somewhat alarmed by it," Thompson said. "It seems to me enough time has passed that someone over there should have known who was involved and what was going on."

The tests also used chemicals and bacteria meant to simulate weapons, as well as fluorescent or radioactive chemicals used as tracers, the Defense Department said. One type of bacteria used to simulate germ weapons was later found to cause infections, and a separate test where that germ was sprayed on San Francisco is believed to have caused an infection that killed a man.

The tests were among 113 conducted as part of a project called SHAD, or Shipboard Hazard and Defense. The Pentagon has acknowledged using chemical and biological simulants before, but has not admitted using the actual weapons agents themselves.

Sarin, the deadly nerve gas used by a cult to kill a dozen people in a Tokyo subway in 1995, was used in a 1964 test off the Hawaiian coast. Both sarin and a chemical simulant were also sprayed onto the USS George Eastman and injected into the ship's ventilation system, the Pentagon statement said.

Crew members wore gas masks during the tests, and those who worked most directly with the sarin wore chemical protection suits, the statement said.

Monkeys were used as test subjects during the exercises using nerve gas and were later "sacrificed" to determine whether they were exposed to the weapons, Kilpatrick said. Although records do not say how potent the sarin was, the fact that participants used protective gear indicates it was in a harmful or deadly form, Kilpatrick said.

Tests in 1964 and 1965 used VX, another deadly nerve gas. During tests in 1965, George Eastman was sprayed with VX and a simulant to test decontamination procedures. VX gas tagged with radioactive phosphorus was also sprayed on a barge to test decontamination procedures.

That second test used a compound that was 90 percent VX—"the most lethal nerve agent" and one that can linger for weeks, Kilpatrick said. But there is no evidence any people were on the barge sprayed with VX, which was towed nearly a half-mile behind a tugboat, he said.

A 1968 test used staphylococcal enterotoxin Type B—a poison produced by bacteria that causes flu-like symptoms such as fever, muscle aches, cough, vomiting and diarrhea.

During that test, the toxin was sprayed over five tugboats, the USS Granville S. Hall and parts of a Pacific atoll to evaluate how it could be spread from the air.

TO HELP AFRICA BATTLE AIDS, WRITE OFF ITS DEBT

by Salih Booker
Published on Monday, May 20, 2002 in the Los Angeles Times

When U.S. Treasury Secretary Paul H. O'Neill travels to Africa this week, he will see the consequences of Africa's debt bondage. O'Neill will spend 10 days in Ghana, South Africa, Uganda and Ethiopia, accompanied by Irish rock star Bono for part of the trip. According to a Treasury press release, O'Neill is "ready to listen to those on the front lines" in the struggle against poverty. What he should hear is an emphatic call to cancel Africa's debt.

Last fall, O'Neill spoke to African finance officials in Washington and downplayed the continent's debt crisis. But on this trip, as he comes face to face with African realities, he will see that Africa's external debt is a crippling barrier to action against AIDS or progress against poverty on any front.

African governments are forced to spend more money servicing their foreign debts than they are able to spend on the health or education of their people. Though African leaders have agreed to spend at least 15% of their budgets on health, meeting this target is impossible while they are forced to pay nearly $15billion a year to foreign creditors. What is at issue is the backlog of old debts that rich-country creditors insist on collecting, even though these debts were largely illegitimate to begin with. Many loans were given for strategic purposes, to prop up repressive and corrupt regimes in the context of the Cold War. During the 1970s, when Western banks were flush with oil money, loans were pushed on African governments with little thought to their purpose or to their recipients' capacity to repay.

African governments are being held liable for the cost of failed and often grandiose development projects pushed by creditors. Now Africa's people are expected to repay huge debts that were largely incurred before their time and that did not benefit them. For example, South Africa is still paying debt over apartheid measures. South Africa's white minority regime accumulated more than $18billion in foreign debt in the 15 years before apartheid fell. South Africa's neighbors incurred more than $26billion in debt during this same period, much of it a result of Pretoria's regional war. Today, victims of apartheid are forced to pay the costs of their own previous repression. Interest payments on these kinds of loans are still sucking resources out of Africa, even though the principal on the debt has already been repaid.

The current framework for debt relief—designed by creditors and called the Heavily Indebted Poor Countries initiative—has failed. Even studies from the World Bank, one of the HIPC authors, reveal that this plan will not provide an end to Africa's debt crisis.

O'Neill's third stop, Uganda, is often touted as a HIPC success story, having used debt relief for poverty-reduction programs. But because the price of coffee—Uganda's principal export—has dropped by 60% in the past two years, the country's debt payments have gone back through the roof.

Critics have long said that HIPC projections were based on wildly over-optimistic estimates of future export earnings. In guarded language, the World Bank now admits that the critics were right. Export growth for 2001 for HIPC countries was less than half of what the World Bank had predicted.

Instead of tinkering with a failed debt relief framework, it is time to write off the debt overhang. Details should be worked out not by the creditor cartel but by independent debt arbitration, as proposed almost two years ago by U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan. This process must also include large debt-burdened countries such as South Africa and Nigeria, which are excluded from the HIPC initiative.

The failure to resolve Africa's debt crisis means thousands more lives lost needlessly every day to AIDS and poverty conditions.

The United States has the power to change this at little cost. Most of Africa's debt is owed to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, in which the U.S. is the dominant shareholder.

After looking into the eyes of Africa, O'Neill should not be able to look away. He should understand precisely how wrong he was to have discounted the devastating impact of Africa's debt burden. His first order of business upon his return to Washington should be to use U.S. influence to cancel Africa's debt. *Salih Booker is the executive director of Africa Action.*

THE 9/11 COVERUP

First the White House ignored warnings about al-Qaida. Then it tried to stop Congress from getting the truth. Now we know why.

By Joe Conason

Incompetence, rather than conspiracy, remains the most plausible explanation for the Bush administration's failure to prevent the terrorist atrocities of Sept. 11, 2001. But "conspiracy" is beginning to look like a plausible description of the administration's effort to conceal its tragic errors.

For the first time in eight months, angry citizens are asking why they have suddenly learned what George W. Bush knew all along: That weeks before the event, the CIA had warned the president and other top officials of an active plot by Osama bin Laden's al-Qaida operatives to seize civilian aircraft. That during the same period, FBI special agents in Phoenix and Minnesota had warned their own agency of activity by suspected al-Qaida operatives at U.S. flight schools. That somehow nobody at the FBI, the CIA, the National Security Council or any other government intelligence agency managed to connect those dots until after the disaster.

Evidently Bush and his associates wanted to ensure that nobody else connected the dots, because they point directly to the White House. So determined were they to prevent the emergence of such embarrassing facts that when the Democrats took control of the Senate, Vice President Dick Cheney tried to intimidate Majority Leader Tom Daschle from undertaking a serious investigation of the Sept. 11 catastrophe. Both Newsweek and the Washington Post reported last January that Cheney called Daschle to warn against the investigation.

SENATE PASSES BIOTERROR BILL

Associated Press

The Senate, itself the target of an anthrax attack last year, sent President Bush a broad bioterrorism bill on Thursday devoting $4.6 billion to stockpiling vaccines, improving food inspections and boosting security for water systems.

"Because of the initiatives we approve today, American families can go to sleep tonight knowing that their security will be enhanced," said Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, D-Mass., one of the bill's chief authors.

The Senate approved the bill on a 98-0 vote after the House passed it Wednesday. Bush is expected to sign it when he returns from a trip to Europe.

The bill would spend $640 million to produce and stockpile smallpox vaccines for vast numbers of Americans in the event the eradicated disease is reintroduced by terrorists. The measure also expands the availability of potassium iodide for communities near nuclear plants to treat radiation poisoning in case of terrorist attack.

Mail service to Capitol Hill was stopped for six weeks after an anthrax-contaminated letter was discovered last October in an office of Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle, D-S.D. A second anthrax letter was discovered later addressed to Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt.

Anthrax-contaminated mail at post offices and elsewhere killed five people and sickened an additional 13 last year. And recent scares have occurred at the Federal Reserve and World Bank. The FBI is investigating but has not yet determined the source of the tainted letters.

"We saw, of course, the devastating impact of a biological incident with the anthrax incident," said Sen. Judd Gregg, R-N.H.

The bill will pump more money into the National Pharmaceutical Stockpile — secret stashes of medicine at locations throughout the United States. It also will provide a total of $1.6 billion in grants to states for hospital preparedness and assessments of the vulnerability of local water systems.

"This bill reduces our vulnerability when it comes to the threat of bioterrorism, and thus reduces the likelihood of an attack," said Sen. Bill Frist, R-Tenn.

Water utilities under the legislation will be required to develop emergency plans and submit them to the Environmental Protection Agency.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention will get $300 million under the legislation to upgrade its facilities.

U.S. AND EVIL AXIS—ALLIES FOR ABSTINENCE

The US delegation to the UN children's summit made common cause with Iran and Iraq
Doug Ireland
The Nation 05.20.02

President Dubya loves to crusade against the "axis of evil" in his war on terrorism—but he formed an unholy alliance with the countries that make up the "axis" to declare war on the condom as a weapon in the fight against AIDS at the United Nations special session on children that concluded in New York on May 10.

The US delegation to the UN children's summit, headed by Health and Human Services Secretary Tommy Thompson, made common cause with Iran and Iraq—two of the three countries that Bush declares make up the "axis of evil"—in watering down the summit's official concluding declaration, eliminating any references to the right of the world's children to "reproductive health services and education." That language—already agreed to by five previous international conferences to which the United States was a party (including the UN special session on AIDS)—meant that both birth control (condoms) and abortion services to protect the health of children would be recognized as an integral part of children's rights worldwide. The Thompson-led delegation took the ostrich-like position that abstinence was the only form of sexual education it would support.

In its intransigent opposition to any acknowledgment of condom use as a way to fight AIDS and adolescent pregnancy, the United States was also joined by such beacons of enlightenment as Sudan (which Bush is preparing to invest with Special Forces troops in the hunt for Al Qaeda supporters), Libya, Syria and the Vatican. Arrayed against the US-led obstructionist effort was an overwhelming majority of the 180 delegations and sixty world leaders participating in the conference, including not only nearly all the Western democracies but the largely Catholic countries of Central and South America.

The US delegation was stuffed with conservative anticondom extremists, including a representative from Concerned Women of America and John Klink, the former Vatican lay diplomat whose nomination by Bush to head the State Department's Bureau of Population, Refugees and Migration had to be withdrawn last year because of fierce opposition from the Senate. American threats to refuse to sign any declaration that contained even oblique references to condoms and abortion were the culmination of a two-year campaign by an ultra-right coalition led by religious conservatives; the World Congress of Families (WCF), which includes conservative reliigious institutions, a raft of antiabortion and abstinence-only groups; and the Heritage Foundation. The WCF has worked hand in glove with the Bush Administration to make the children's summit a target in the war on the condom, (Thompson's, Assistant Secretary for Children and Family, Wade Horn, an ultraconservative who was a key strategist of the US position at the UN children's summit, was the keynote speaker at the WFC's last meeting).

The Child Rights Caucus, made up of hundreds of nongovernmental organizations from around the world, blasted the US stance as "an attack against the global consensus on the human rights of children that has built over the last twelve years," adding, "for the millions of girls who marry before the age of 18 or who are forced into sexual relationships, abstinence is not an option, and lack of access to appropriate education and services can be life-threatening." And the International Women's Health Coalition's Adrienne Germaine underscores that "particularly in Asia and Africa—where sex with a virgin is considered safer, and where there is a widespread myth that having sex with a virgin cures AIDS—the American abstinence-only position is a dangerously sick joke." The United States has already spent $500 million in abstinence-only sex education at home—more than twice as much as it has donated to Kofi Annan's Global AIDS fund.

Germaine, who served on US delegations to earlier world conferences during the Clinton Administration, decries "the pure theocratic ideology on the part of the Bush Administration" and says the United States "behaved like a big bully," threatening a host of countries, especially in Latin America, with trade and aid reprisals in the months leading up to the UN summit if they didn't toe the no-condoms, abstinence-only, antiabortion line. ("We have the State Department cables to prove it," Germaine reports.)

By using its superpower status to effectively veto the language in the final declaration of the children's summit it found offensive, the Bush Administration has weakened the global effort to fight AIDS, particularly in those developing countries whose governments have only just begun to come to grips with combating the epidemic through scientifically proven means like the condom, according to NGO representatives at the summit. Bush's paleolithic obscurantism about the condom is nothing new. Here at home, he has stacked the President's Advisory Council on HIV and AIDS with abstinence-only advocates and condom opponents (as well as campaign contributors and drug company executives); and increased by 33 percent the amount the United States spends on domestic "abstinence-only" sex education. But now, Bush's bizarre anticondom coalition with "axis of evil" countries reveals a glaring contradiction in his foreign policy. And, by joining with countries he has flayed as "rogue states" to dilute the UN's battle against the decimation of the world's young by AIDS and unwanted pregnancies, the Administration has made a mockery out of Bush's campaign rhetoric that "no child shall be left behind."

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QUARTER OF WORLD'S MAMMALS FACED WITH EXTINCTION

by Steve Connor
Published in the Independent/UK

Almost a quarter of the world's mammals face extinction within 30 years, a United Nations study on the state of the global environment will announce tomorrow.

Scientists who contributed to the report have identified 11,046 species of plants and animals that are endangered. These include 1,130 mammals—24 per cent of the total—and 12 per cent, or 1,183 species of birds.

The list of the critically endangered ranges from the well-publicized, such as the black rhino and Siberian tiger, to the less well known, such as the Amur leopard of Asia, the short-tailed chinchilla of South America and the Philippine eagle.

Human activities, notably the destruction of habitats and the introduction of alien species from one part of the world into another, are identified as the main cause of this loss in "biodiversity."

The researchers who helped to prepare the Global Environment Outlook-3 (Geo-3) report of the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) also identify 5,611 species of plants that are facing extinction. They point out that the true figure is likely to be far higher given that only 4 per cent of the known plant species have been properly evaluated.

The report, which reviews the past 30 years of environmental degradation as well as looking forward to the next 30 years, is understood to say that all the factors that have led to the extinction of species in recent decades continue to operate with "ever- increasing" intensity.

Although Geo-3 covers a wide area of concerns, from the exploitation of land to water pollution, it identifies the need to conserve the Earth's biodiversity as a vital element in the drive towards tackling growing poverty—the theme of this summer's World Summit on Sustainable Development in Johannesburg.

Threats to life on Earth include exploitation of natural resources, pollution, habitat destruction, the introduction of alien species and global climate change, the scientists who advised UNEP said. They believe that the loss of habitats by human encroachment is largely responsible for the predicament facing 89 per cent of threatened birds, 83 per cent of threatened mammals and 91 per cent of endangered plants.

UNEP has identified alien invasive species as the second major threat, affecting about 30 per cent of threatened birds and 15 per cent of threatened plants.

Geo-3 aims to address the factors contributing to the environmental degradation of the Earth, whether they affect land, air or water. It is expected to say that many problems can be rectified if governments implement the treaties and conventions passed since the Rio Earth Summit of 1992—including the Kyoto protocol on climate change and the Convention on Biodiversity.

Mark Collins, the director of UNEP's World Conservation Monitoring Center in Cambridge, said: "I think if we are able to knuckle down to carry out the measures that have been proposed since Rio there is cause for optimism."

Nevertheless, the Geo-3 report identifies a number of problems– not least global warming—that appear to be growing. In addition, human poverty is increasing, which is aggravating huge losses in biodiversity and "has to be addressed," Dr Collins said.

Klaus Töpfer, the executive director of UNEP, will launch the report in London with Margaret Beckett, the Secretary of State for the Environment, Food and Rural Affairs.

DENVER FIRM PUTS ADS ON SIGNS FOR PANHANDLERS

Associated Press

An advertising firm is handing out signs to panhandlers with a plug for the company—a stunt homeless advocates say trivializes the plight of those on the streets.

Laminated signs with snappy messages such as, "At Least I'm Not Spamming Your E-Mail," and "Hell, It Beats a Cubicle," have begun replacing cardboard placards normally waved by panhandlers at motorists.

Dennis Wakabayachi, CEO of Sumaato Advertising, handed out the signs on Tuesday. Panhandlers are not paid to hold the signs.

"Kind of synergistic, if you think about it," he said. "We're an ad agency, and in this tough market we have to do something to get attention."

Homeless advocates said the signs focus attention in the wrong direction.

"We're trying to create lasting solutions to homelessness, and certainly panhandling, and promoting that, are not going to get us there," said John Parvensky, president of the Colorado Coalition for the Homeless. "We've never encouraged folks to give to panhandlers or for people to go out and panhandle."

One out of five panhandlers refused the signs, said Wakabayachi, who added that the stunt was designed to help the homeless.

Bobby Harden, 27, had good luck when she used a sign that read: "The Market Sucks/ But I Offer a High Return On Your Investments: Good Karma."

She said a woman stopped and handed her a $20 bill, saying: "'I need all the good karma I can get.'"

Mike Garvey said the only response he got to the sign was negative.

"Some guy yelled out, 'Get a job!'"

STUDY BLAMES 18,000 DEATHS IN USA ON LACK OF INSURANCE

by Steve Sternberg
Published on Wednesday, May 23, 2002 in the USA Today

More than 18,000 adults in the USA die each year because they are uninsured and can't get proper health care, researchers report in a landmark study released Tuesday.

The 193-page report, "Care Without Coverage: Too Little, Too Late," examines the plight of 30 million—one in seven—working-age Americans whose employers don't provide insurance and who don't qualify for government medical care.

About 10 million children lack insurance; elderly Americans are covered by Medicare.

It is the second in a planned series of six reports by the Institute of Medicine (IOM) examining the impact of the nation's fragmented health system. The IOM is a non-profit organization of experts that advises Congress on health issues.

Overall, the researchers say, 18,314 people die in the USA each year because they lack preventive services, a timely diagnosis or appropriate care.

The estimated death toll includes about 1,400 people with high blood pressure, 400 to 600 with breast cancer and 1,500 diagnosed with HIV.

"Our purpose is simply to deliver the facts, and the facts are unequivocal," says Reed Tuckson, an author of the report and vice president for consumer health at UnitedHealth Group in Minnetonka, Minn.

Among the study's findings is a comparison of the uninsured with the insured:

* Uninsured people with colon or breast cancer face a 50% higher risk of death.
* Uninsured trauma victims are less likely to be admitted to the hospital, receive the full range of needed services, and are 37% more likely to die of their injuries.
* About 25% of adult diabetics without insurance for a year or more went without a checkup for two years. That boosts their risk of death, blindness and amputations resulting from poor circulation.

Being uninsured also magnifies the risk of death and disability for chronically sick and mentally ill patients, poor people and minorities, who disproportionately lack access to medical care, the landmark study states.

"The report documents the immense consequence of having 40 million uninsured people out there," says Ray Werntz, a consumer health expert with the Employee Benefit Research Institute. "We need to elevate the problem in the national conscience."

Calculating the cost in human suffering, he says, "is one way to get there."

RIDDLE OF THE SPORES

Why Has the FBI Investigation into the Anthrax Attacks Stalled? The Evidence Points One Way

by George Monbiot
Published on Tuesday, May 21, 2002 in the Guardian of London

The more a government emphasizes its commitment to defense, the less it seems to care about the survival of its people. Perhaps it is because its attention may be focused on more distant prospects: the establishment and maintenance of empire, for example, or the dynastic succession of its leaders. Whatever the explanation for the neglect of their security may be, the people of America have discovered that casual is the precursor of casualty.

But while we should be asking what George Bush and his cabinet knew and failed to respond to before September 11, we should also be exploring another, related, question: what do they know now and yet still refuse to act upon? Another way of asking the question is this: whatever happened to the anthrax investigation?

After five letters containing anthrax spores had been posted, in the autumn, to addresses in the United States, the Federal Bureau of Investigation promised that it would examine "every bit of information [and] every bit of evidence." But now the investigation appears to have stalled. Microbiologists in the US are beginning to wonder aloud whether the FBI's problem is not that it knows too little, but that it knows too much.

Reducing the number of suspects would not, one might have imagined, have been too much to ask of the biggest domestic detective agency on earth. While some of the anthrax the terrorist sent was spoiled during delivery, one sample appears to have come through intact. The letter received by Senator Tom Daschle contained one trillion anthrax spores per gram: a concentration which only a very few US government scientists, using a secret and strictly controlled technique, know how to achieve. It must, moreover, have been developed in a professional laboratory, containing rare and sophisticated "weaponization" equipment. There is only a tiny number of facilities—all of them in the US—in which it could have been produced.

The anthrax the terrorist sent belongs to the "Ames" strain of the bacterium, which was extracted from an infected cow in Texas in 1981. In December, the *Washington Post* reported that genetic tests showed that the variety used by the terrorist was a sub-strain cultivated by scientists at the US army's medical research institute for infectious diseases (USAMRIID) at Fort Detrick, Maryland. That finding was publicly confirmed two weeks ago, when the test results were published in the journal *Science*. *New Scientist* magazine notes that the anthrax the terrorist used appears to have emerged from Fort Detrick only recently, as the researchers found that samples which have been separated from each other for three years acquire "substantial genetic differences."

The Ames strain was distributed by USAMRIID to around 20 other laboratories in the US. Of these, according to research conducted by Barbara Hatch Rosenberg, who runs the Federation of American Scientists' biological weapons monitoring program, only four possess the equipment and expertise required for the weaponization of the anthrax sent to Senator Daschle. Three of them are US military laboratories, the fourth is a government contractor. While security in all these places has been lax, the terrorist could not have stolen all the anthrax (around 10 grams) which found its way into the postal system. He must have used the equipment to manufacture it.

Barbara Hatch Rosenberg has produced a profile of the likely perpetrator. He is an American working within the US biodefense industry, with a doctoral degree in the relevant branch of microbiology. He is skilled and experienced at handling the weapon without contaminating his surroundings. He has full security clearance and access to classified information. He is among the tiny number of Americans who had received anthrax vaccinations before September 2001. Only a handful of people fit this description. Rosenberg has told the internet magazine Salon.com that three senior scientists have identified the same man—a former USAMRIID scientist—as the likely suspect. She, and they, have told the FBI, but it seems that all the bureau has done in response is to denounce her.

Instead, it has launched the kind of "investigation" which might have been appropriate for the unwitnessed hit and run killing of a person with no known enemies. Rather than homing in on the likely suspects, in other words, it appears to have cast a net full of holes over the entire population.

In January, three months after the first anthrax attack and at least a month after it knew that the sub-strain used by the attacker came from Fort Detrick, the FBI announced a reward of $2.5m for information leading to his capture. It circulated 500,000 fliers, and sent letters to all 40,000 members of the American Society for Microbiology, asking them whether they knew someone who might have done it.

Yet, while it trawled the empty waters, the bureau failed to cast its hook into the only ponds in which the perpetrator could have been lurking. In February, the Wall Street Journal revealed that the FBI had yet to subpoena the personnel records of the labs which had been working with the Ames strain. Four months after the investigation began, in other words, it had not bothered to find out who had been working in the places from which the anthrax must have come. It was not until March, after Barbara Hatch Rosenberg had released her findings, that the bureau started asking laboratories for samples of their anthrax and the records relating to them.

To date, it appears to have analyzed only those specimens which already happened to be in the hands of its researchers or which had been offered, without compulsion, by laboratories. A fortnight ago, the New York Times reported that "government experts investigating the anthrax strikes are still at sea." The FBI claimed that the problem "is a lack of advisers skilled in the subtleties of germ weapons."
Last week, I phoned the FBI. Why, I asked, when the evidence was so abundant, did the trail appear to have gone cold? "The investigation is continuing," the spokesman replied. "Has it gone cold because it has led you to a government office?" I asked. He put down the phone.

Had he stayed on the line, I would have asked him about a few other offenses the FBI might wish to consider. The army's development of weaponized anthrax, for example, directly contravenes both the biological weapons convention and domestic law. So does its plan to test live microbes in "aerosol chambers" at the Edgewood Chemical Biological Center, also in Maryland. So does its development of a genetically modified fungus for attacking coca crops in Colombia, and GM bacteria for destroying materials belonging to enemy forces. These, as the research group Project Sunshine has discovered, appear to be just a tiny sample of the illegal offensive biological research programs which the US government has secretly funded. Several prominent scientists have suggested that the FBI's investigation is being pursued with less than the rigor we might have expected because the federal authorities have something to hide.

The FBI has dismissed them as conspiracy theorists. But there is surely a point after which incompetence becomes an insufficient explanation for failure.

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CHAMBER OF WELFARE REFORM

by Barbara Ehrenreich

It was hard to miss the racism and misogyny that helped motivate welfare reform, which is about to come up for reauthorization by Congress. The stereotype of the welfare recipient—lazy, overweight, and endlessly fecund—had been a coded way of talking about African Americans at least since George Wallace's 1968 Presidential campaign.

As for misogyny, where to begin? The Personal Responsibility and Work OpportunityReconciliation Act of 1996 bears within it the assumption that families headed by single mothers areinherently defective, and not only on account of their relative poverty. In the rhetorical build-up to welfarereform, Republicans also sought to "restigmatize" out-of-wedlock births as "illegitimate," implying that onlya male—the father—could confer respectability on a child. Bush's recent proposal for the reauthorization ofwelfare reform takes the gender politics to a lurid new low: $300 million would be allocated to encouragerecipients to get married—to someone, anyone, as soon as possible.

One could not help but note, in the original arguments of welfare reform ideologues like author GeorgeGilder and the Heritage Foundation's Robert Rector, an obsessive fascination with female sexuality,especially the sexuality of women of color. In the reformers' view, welfare recipients were moral outlaws, andthey were this way because welfare supported them in their slovenly, sexually indulgent ways. Even welfareitself was sexualized in the reformers' overheated imaginations: It had "cuckholded" black men, usurpingtheir rightful place as breadwinners, leaving them emasculated and demoralized.

But there was always a more rational, economically calculating motivation behind welfare reform, representedby business groups like the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which hailed the 1996 legislation as areaffirmation of "America's work ethic." By supporting mothers to stay home with their children, welfare hadsupposedly been undermining this ethic—never mind that raising children in poverty is itself a tricky andexhausting job, or that most welfare recipients, even before "reform," held jobs on and off to supplementtheir meager benefits. The business supporters of welfare reform wanted regular, paid employment to beunderstood as the only form of work worthy of respect and recognition.

The rhetoric surrounding welfare reform helped establish this extremely narrow, and, one might say, anti-family, point of view. People without jobs—paid jobs, that is—were routinely described as "parasites"who were content to loll around at the "public trough." This kind of talk, reiterated throughout the quartercentury leading up to welfare reform, established the notion that paid work of any kind is a "contribution" tothe larger society, while caring for one's family members is a form of self-indulgence. In the "job-readiness"programs routinely inflicted on welfare recipients since 1996, poor women have it drummed into them thatby getting a job they will win "self-esteem" and, at the same time, finally be able to provide a suitable "rolemodel" for their children.

Stigmatizing unemployment—or, more accurately, unpaid, family-directed labor—obviously works to promotethe kind of docility businesses crave in their employees. Any job, no matter how dangerous, abusive, orpoorly paid, can be construed as better than no job at all. TANF (Temporary Assistance to Needy Families,as reformed welfare is called) does not, of course, rely on an intangible "ethic" to promote work; it requiresrecipients to take whatever jobs are available, and usually the first job that comes along. Lose thejob—because you have to stay home with a sick child, for example—and you may lose whateversupplementary benefits you were receiving. The message is clear: Do not complain or make trouble; acceptemployment on the bosses' terms or risk homelessness and hunger.

So race and gender are not the only dimensions of welfare reform as a political issue. From a rational,economic point of view, welfare reform has been an effort to provide American business withdisciplined—and in most cases, desperate—workers. The disciplining effect goes well beyond TANFrecipients themselves: Other workers are also susceptible to the harsh Calvinistic ideology that accompaniedwelfare reform and dictates passive obedience in the workplace. Furthermore, their attempts, if any, to fightfor better conditions and pay can potentially be undercut by the absence of a safety net for those who mightbe fired as troublemakers.

Welfare reform can be understood, then, as one of several initiatives launched against American workers bytheir employers in the wave of class warfare that began in the 1970s. It was in that decade that businessleaders, alarmed by the sudden growth of foreign competition, began to see American workers as overpaid,under-productive, and spoiled. This perception was reinforced by a series of militant strikes that sweptAmerica in the late '60s and early '70s, which, in some particularly daring cases, even included demands forworker participation in decision-making.

Management responded, first, with heightened supervision in the workplace, extending, in our own time, tovideo and electronic surveillance of employees' actions, phone calls, and computer use. White collar workersmay find their e-mail monitored; data entry workers may have their key strokes counted; anyone can have hisor her purse or backpack searched at any time.

Next came an even more intimate form of surveillance—drug testing—which was almost universally adoptedby large employers in the '80s, despite the fact that it has no demonstrated effect on absenteeism orproductivity. Along with pre-employment personality testing, drug testing serves to put the employee onnotice that he or she must meet the same rigid standards of discipline and obedience, whether on the job oroff.

Union-busting is another anti-worker initiative that has taken off in just the last couple of decades, to thepoint where employers now spend an estimated $1 billion a year on it. According to the AFL-CIO, 80percent of employers today hire union-busting "consultants" when confronted with an organizing drive, and30 percent fire union activists, although the latter practice is entirely illegal.

The combination of union-busting, heightened workplace surveillance, and intrusive forms of testing hasmade the American workplace, and especially the low-wage workplace, into a dictatorship in which all normalcivil liberties are suspended. Thanks to welfare reform, fewer people can hope to escape from it.

So welfare reform has an impact that goes well beyond the twelve million people—mostly children—who werereceiving benefits before 1996. To the extent that welfare served as a shield, however inadequate, against theworst forms of workplace exploitation, welfare was and remains a class issue. Racism and misogyny helpedblind many to this fact six years ago, when welfare reform was passed, but we cannot let that happen again.

TANF reauthorization creates a precious opportunity to reform welfare reform, and this will require adetermined effort on the part of everyone affected—which is just about all of us.

Barbara Ehrenreich is a columnist for The Progressive and the author of "Nickel and Dimed: On (Not)Getting By in America" (Metropolitan Books, 2001).

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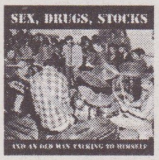

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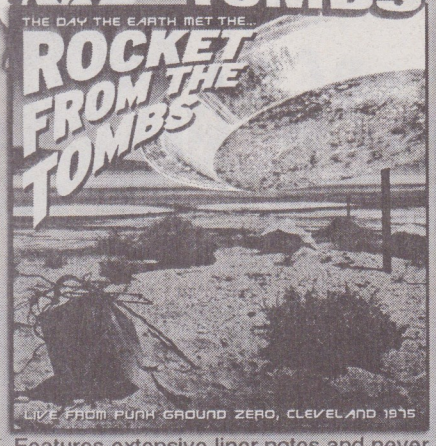

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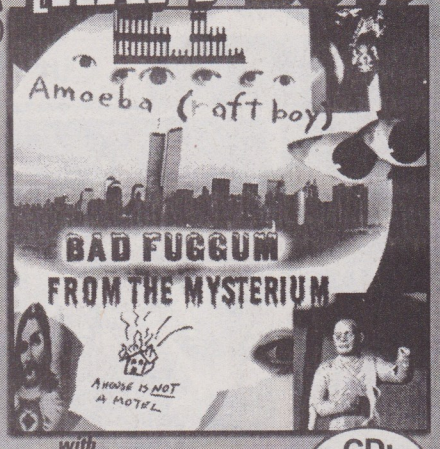

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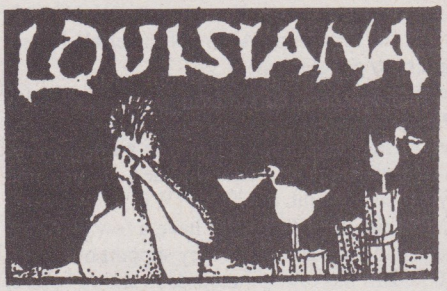
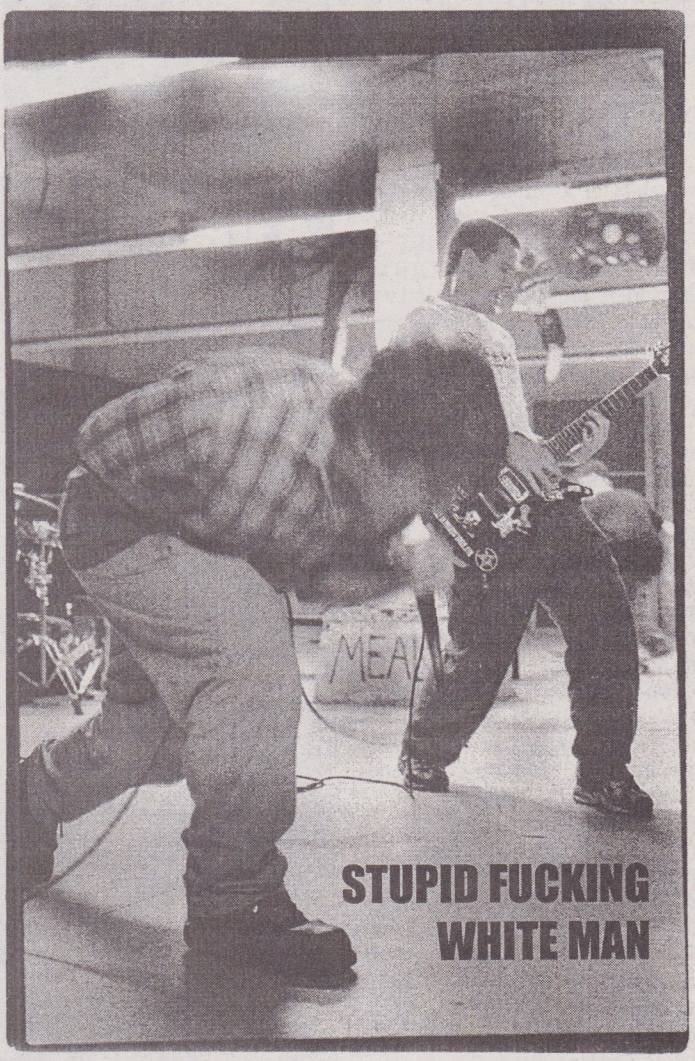


New Orleans Scene Report • May, 2002

Let's just say it's been a while. I don't know if it was the heat or booze that kept us mired in our own inertia, but in the past, writing a scene report was an exercise in futility. Any band mentioned would break up before the article showed up in print. And hell, what else was there to write about? No shows, no zines, no venues, no support. In the punk rock world, New Orleans was truly the city that care forgot.

All of this has changed. New Orleans is on fire with activity right now and there seems to be NO LIMIT to what we're capable of (Sorry, I couldn't resist). There are so many bands right now that I can't even list them all! And of course, it doesn't stop there because a scene is about so much more than music. Now we have a community center, record distribution, zine writers, activism, and an overall sense of friendship, diversity, and support like never before. If you would like information on ANYTHING listed in this report, and much, much more, check out www.1eye.cjb.net for everything N.O. punk… and beyond.

The Bands: ANTARCTICA VS. THE WORLD play horror-rock in homage to THE MISFITS, complete with stage props and fake (?) blood. Their anthem "Comin' Out Swingin'" boils the blood of even the most emo. EAT A BAG OF DICKS is taking over N.O. hardcore in new ways, and its membership continues to grow. Anyone who shows up to an EABOD show with a microphone is in the band; knowing the lyrics is optional. They have a CD release on Bryan Funck's ONE EYE label and are going into the studio for round two. Their southern tour should be completed by the time this report is printed. I really don't want to mention EYEHATEGOD, but I know those of you reading are probably scanning it for their mention. EHG just returned from Japan with their new bass player, Gary Hawg (no they didn't get him there). They seem to be resting on their laurels and too busy name-calling and taking all the door money to be interested in much else. FACE FIRST recently released a split 7" with HAWG JAW. HAWG JAW continues to front-flip off the stage at Dixie Taverne and has a new CD entitled *Send Out the Dogs* on DEEP SIX Records. Egos Personos' IMAGINE THE BAND recently played his last show for a while, but overwhelming support is making him reconsider. High level negotiations are in the works for a DVD to come out, possibly on QUINTRON's RHINESTONE RECORDS. OVARY ACTION returns with their original line-up to tear it up pro-queer, pro-feminist style. As they told me recently, "We have a sweet puss." THE PICTS played with some awful DEAD KENNEDYS cover band so fuck them. RAT IN A BUCKET is grind-core for the little man. They're tight. THE ROBINSONS have pop songs so down it's not even ironic. They'll rot the teeth of even old LOOKOUT RECORDS fans. SUPLECS will teach you a thing or two with their cover of "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" by THE BEATLES. It's the kind of cover that makes me like both bands even more. I'm sure George Harrison is head-banging in his grave and making devil's horns. They're re-releasing their second album, *Sad Songs, Better Days* on THIS DARK REIGN Records. SPICKLE has released its second album, *The Right to Remain Silent* on BERSERKER RECORDS. STUPID FUCKING WHITE MAN is new on the scene with EBULLITION/PRANK style hardcore. The drummer recently removed his second bass pedal as a testament to the band's punkness. More information on all of these bands can be found at www.1eye.cjb.net.



None of these bands could exist without a solid foundation of venues and a growing, active fan base. What makes this moment in New Orleans so special is the real community that is growing around the music. First and foremost is THE A.R.K., an arts space located just on the outskirts of the French Quarter. Housed in an old warehouse, THE A.R.K. is a welcoming retreat for all, hosting punk shows, FOOD NOT BOMBS benefits, plays, RECYCLE FOR THE ARTS, the amazing NEW ORLEANS BIKE PROJECT, Easter Beer

Hunts, figure drawing classes, and many other events. Truly a *community* center, I think THE A.R.K. will be known and remembered fondly long after this city sinks into the Gulf of Mexico. DIXIE TAVERNE still reigns as New Orleans hardcore/metal headquarters. CYPRESS HALL in Metairie fucking sucks and its only redeeming quality is that it's all-ages. Still, paying a cop for 'security' is about the most unpunk thing in the world. There are many promoters in New Orleans right now. Bands with huge guarantees and nice riders go through Deborah DEVIL DOLLS. Bands playing with Orange Amp full stacks (and the members look like Kevin Smith) usually go through GUN IN MOUTH (run by Gary Hawg), and for everything else, there's Bryan Funck. We here in New Orleans have a special place in our hearts for this caffeinated Chihuahua of a promoter, who often books upwards of four or five shows a week through AN IDEA LIKE NO OTHER/ONE EYE PRODUCTIONS. His hand is dipped in almost everything in this scene report. Plans are in the works for a statue of him made from old coffee cups. It will sit in the middle of the pit at Dixie.

The few zines coming out of New Orleans right now are oldies but goodies (for the most part). *BRUISERS* focuses on women in skateboarding and also contains useful articles on things like herbal/alternative medicine. *THE HATEMONGER* is a Mike Patton/Sam McPheeters tribute zine and comes out every two years. You can review Issue #9 on the web. *LAMBS ON HELIUM* is my audio zine (on cassette tape), featuring live performances and other four-track adventures. Issue #2, featuring D.C. bands, will be released by July. PARANOIZE covers all that is southern metal/hardcore. Issue #16 is out and comes with a split CD featuring ICEPICK REVIVAL and HAWG JAW (live). QUICKDUMMIES also comes with a CD comp and is available in its 14th incarnation. All info on the written (and recorded) words of N.O. punks can be found at yes, www.1eye.cjb.net.

The best shows go way beyond the music. New Orleans is especially grateful to the following people and projects for their time and energy. Stephen Fontenot and Heidi Goldman of HUMIDITY SKATEBOARDS not only run the best skateboard shop in town, but have been bringing ramps to A.R.K. shows lately! (Heidi is responsible for *BRUISERS*, mentioned above.) Also at a recent A.R.K. show, Brice White and Shana Griffen treated the audience to a preview of their documentary about the 60s Black Panther Party in Louisiana: *SOONER OR LATER, SOMEBODY'S GONNA FIGHT BACK*. This documentary, to be released by BURN LIKE THE SUN FILMS in Spring of 2003, is excellent in its focus, footage, and editing. The trailer itself views like a complete package, so it's hard to imagine just how incredible the final product will be. If you are interested, contact Brice at PO BOX 53011 New Orleans, LA 70153. He has also given me the opportunity to mention New Orleans' all-time best hardcore band, now long defunct. Expect a RAW SUGAR RECORDS release of all the remaining ANDON material! Hassle Brice at the above address to get that out!

Many of us miss UNDERGROUND SOUNDS for its in-store shows and motherly owner, but several independent record stores have since dared to sell underground music in a city saturated with jazz-influenced funk, funk-influenced blues, blues-influenced roots music… you get the point. METROPOLIS and ROCKS OFF share a strip of Magazine Street and still have a few things to figure out in regards to pricing and selection; they support our scene none-the-less. METROPOLIS has brought records to shows before, and will hopefully continue to do so. HOLY VIRILITY DISTRO is also bringing records to shows, and along with FLASHBURN DISTRO, gives away free sample tapes and CD-R's to familiarize people with their selection. Speaking of, the fate of FLASHBURN RECORDS, which was set to release its first compilation, seems tenuous at this point. MAGIC BUS, though not so punk-specific, is a great used record and CD store with a killer selection, quality merchandise, and price fairness—and it's in the French Quarter!

Documentation is essential to any scene, and no one has been working harder at this than Chris George, who has recorded many of the bands listed in this report (and more) at his in-home studio, THE LIVING ROOM. Chris creates the perfect atmosphere for bands by charging a flat fee based on how much they want to record, taking an active interest in the project, bringing creative recording techniques to the band's attention, taking lots of incredible pictures, and best of all—a barbeque when all is sang and done! Chris has recorded tons of punk rock bands (and other genres). He is just one of many people who are taking pictures, videotaping, and recording shows and bands around New Orleans. Thanks to their interest and effort, this time in our city will be remembered.

Wow. As you can see, we are electrified down here. The curse is lifted and New Orleans is rising to the forefront of the underground scene once again. We welcome everyone with open arms and a cold beer (if you want one). Well, so long from The Crescent City! Remember to look up www.1eye.cjb.net for any and all information on the preceding bands, zines, and projects (and much, much more). As always, we love visitors.

P.S. Carl Elvers works at the airport now, and he's been kicked out of hardcore. Again.

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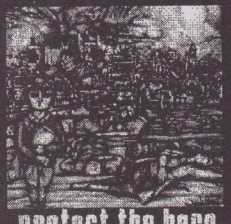

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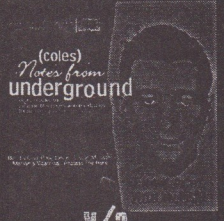

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bitchin'

Interview by Jessica Mills

Bitchin' had just finished playing when I corralled them outside for this interview. Corralled along with them was an innocent bystander, Var, who's the responsible party behind Bitchin's releases on No Idea Records. Outside, behind the venue, next to its dumpster, I thought we'd be able to have a few uninterrupted, interview worthy minutes. Nope. Even as we were lurking to our secluded spot, we were startled by a cop who inspired us to scramblingly hide, stash and get rid of all of our open beers. Then Gainesville itself stepped in to interrupt us with friends and random people alike needing their pipes lit or their beers opened, chicken wing delivery vehicles speed racing in and out, drunk frat boys breaking their new tires and brake pads in, multiple emergency vehicle's deafening sirens and a local street cretin who perched himself to my left and for a while, refused to take a hint and shut the fuck up long enough for anyone to finish a sentence. We somehow pulled it off and made it back inside in plenty of time to catch Against Me. A pretty typical night all around.

MRR: Bitchin', the name of your band you claim is, "not the verb, but the way we are." How is that the way you are?

Caroline: Well, you see, it all came from Justin. He was living with me. One night, Sam & I started playing music on the front porch and he was drunk as hell and said, "You guys are fuckin' bitchin', that's what you guys should call yourself." From then on, that's how we've been.

MRR: Please introduce yourselves, not generically, but with some kind of summary of who you are in context of what you do, why you do it, where you live & where you've lived in the past.

Todd: My name's Todd. I play drums & cymbals. I started playing drums & cymbals so I could not be in the foreground and still be a part of music without having the responsibility of being a front person and interacting with the crowd. I was born in Buffalo. I lived there until I was 15 and moved to Sarasota in 1995 and then moved to Gainesville in 1998.

Caroline: I'm Caroline. I play bass and sing some songs if I ever feel like I can sing at all. I have low self-esteem or something. I was born in Miami and got my crappy bass when I was 15 from a death metal chick. I never played it until I moved to Chattanooga and then moved here and started workin' it and it's great.

Samantha: I'm Samantha Jones. I play guitar and I play guitar in Bitchin' and I was born in Pensacola. That scene was way too beat and lame so I blew out of there. I'm just kidding. Oh shit, don't say that alright?

MRR: But it was beat and lame. That's why you came here, so you could play.

Sam: Well, it was beat and lame at the time, but now it's way cool. That was like 9 years ago. Dude, don't say any of that, OK?

MRR: That's fine, we can edit it tomorrow.

Caroline: There's nothing wrong with it. Now there's rockin' kids that live there.

Sam: Actually, I had a lot of friends there. We can't say anything about Pensacola being lame becuase my friends will fucking die, but the truth is, I wasn't playing music there. I was starting to, but I moved here because I had heard of bands like Spoke and Radon and I wanted to like rock out, too. That shit really inspired me. So I knew if I moved here, I would play.

MRR: How did you start playing together?

Caroline: When I came up to visit one time, Rumbleseat was recording and Cinque was like, "You should go sing!" They were looking for back-ups and I was like, "Oh, no, no, no. No, I won't. I can't." Cinque was trying to get me to and so then he instilled this idea in my mind that Sam was a rocker and so then we were at a party one night after I moved here and I was like, "Hey, let's play music."

Sam: And she said, "let's play music." And I thought, alright, like a fuckin' hundred people had said, "let's play music" to me.

Caroline: That's when you were in Next Time Around.

Sam: So I thought, whatever, yeah, we'll play music, sweet. And Caroline impressed the fuckin' holy living hell outta me because two days later she was on my fuckin' front porch with her bass in her hand, knocking on my door. I answered the door and she's like, what's up?!

MRR: I'm here to play music!

Sam: I thought, shit, she's not jokin' around.

Caroline: See, I don't remember that.

MRR: You don't remember showing up on her front proch?

Caroline: No, I don't because when I moved here I decided I was going to fulfill the part of a sorority college type girl even though I wasn't in a sorority or anything and just buy big bottles of vodka all the time and smoke a lot of weed even though I hate smoking weed and so I don't remember this. But it's funny, the difference of memories and what not.

MRR: Or lack thereof. Alright, where are we? Oh yeah, you just played a show tonight and you have your first album coming out. You've all been in bands before Bitchin' and among them have toured, released 7"s, demo tapes, comps, but this is the first album for all of you. What are your feeling about having your first album done?

Caroline: I wanted to shit my pants.

MRR: Didn't you tell your dad about it and he was really proud of you?

Caroline: My dad said to make some money so that he could retire on it. I wanted to tell him that I don't think that's gonna happen, that's not our style, or um, you know, because of my aunt and her whole U2 thing. She worked for U2 for like 20 years, so he has the idea that if you're a band and you're have a record then what you do is sign onto a label and then you make a bunch of money and then you're like U2 or something. You know I tried to expain to him ... maybe, maybe, maybe, if I work my own jobs, I can give you money for bait and your little fishing boat. But he helps me out and he totally supports everything and he's totally excited, but he has no concept of record size so he thought it was a 45.

MRR: When you said album?

Caroline: Yeah, he thought it was a 45. He doesn't understand. I was like 12 inches, 33 rpm.

Samantha: I've never had a full length vinyl record before.

MRR: I know, and I want to know how you feel about that.

***Samantha:** Man, I am so excited. When we got the test pressings in, I just held it, and I looked at the grooves in the record and I thought, those are our songs scratched into that wax. It felt really good.*

Caroline: I recorded the message from Var. He left two messages on the answering machine and the last one was, because we never called him back, because well,
I was drunk and not at home. I was waking up and getting home at like 7 pm, and Var was saying, "Hey you guys don't love me anymore, I have the test pressings and-s-sniffle." And I had to tape it because I had to remember it forever.

MRR: And how do you feel Todd?

Todd: I'm pretty excited about having the vinyl, because a lot of the labels that I speak to are more into only pressing CDs and pushing them because the profit margin is so much bigger.

MRR: That's a very good point.

Caroline: Yeah it is.

Samantha: That's why we love Todd.

Todd: That's why we love Var. Hey Caroline, wasn't U2 one of your first concerts?

Caroline: Yeah, it was ridiculous.

Todd: How does that relate to your dad wanting you to be a star like U2?

Caroline: If my dad knew how many drugs I did at U2 concerts and hanging out with fuckin' Victoria's Secret underwear models and John Cryer and shit being so fucked up, I don't think he would be so down with everything.

MRR: Var, what are your feelings about putting out their first album? What does it feel like being in the position to be able to put out the first album for three obviously hard working, fun loving, totally rocking people?

Var: What does it feel like? I don't know. I'm not what I would call jaded, but the thing is, I'm excited every time, but at the same time, they write songs for a year and a half, maybe two years & finally they record them, that's a step and then to actually get a record in your hand... So, it's the culmination of a lot of work and time and it's like a magical thing. It represents so much. It's hours of practicing. It's sweat. They know every little note that went into that and where it came from. And it's magical for me, too. I appreciate it & sometimes I get more closely involved in it if I go into the studio with them and stuff but at the same time, it's almost vicarious.

MRR: The show tonight Samantha, is there anything extra special in the air today to make you rock so hard?

Samantha: Well I'm super excited about graduating from college, ya know.

MRR: Didn't it take you eight years to get your PhD in the AA?

Samantha: Yeah my PhD in the AA and my VIP in the MIA are all corresponding with Neptune's alignment with Pluto. and um basically....

Todd: My flam modulator has been in reverse.

Jessica: So, you're going on tour this summer. Do you have

any speculations, expectations or specific anticipations of any shows in general?

Samantha: The BANANAS!!! The Fucking Bananas.

MRR: I just saw them at the MRR 20th anniversary.

Caroline: I don't know them, but they know some of my friends from Chattanooga and I'm so excited. And the Fleshies...

MRR: I saw you here with the Fleshies. That show might have been the best show all year. That show made them my current favorite band. But wait, this interview is supposed to be about you.

Caroline: Yeah, we're playing with them again, before we go on tour. They fuckin' rock. John goes crazy and he's excellent.

MRR & Caroline: We love him. Uummmm, tighty whiteys.

Samantha: Hey, my friend Patrick said that he wanted to see his name in this interview.

MRR: Todd, do you have anyone who wants to see their name in this interview, or do you have any anticipations about tour?

Todd: I'm excited for the west coast - to be in California and Portland, Oregon. We've never played out there before.

MRR: Caroline, while booking the tour, have you experienced any specific problems about getting shows, or any fucking really stupid questions? Have you had shows set up for you only because you're Bitchin' & made up up two females and a dude?

Caroline: There's been some particular problems that don't need to be totally explained, but just more like people asking, "Oh, there's women in it? Do you sound like Bikini Kill or do you sound like Sleater Kinney? Oh, are you on Kill Rock Stars? Does the guy sing?" Just different things. The thing it comes down to with me is if a band fucking rocks, I don't care what sex is in the band, it either moves me or it doesn't, so it's kind of strange hearing these kind of responses when I never think of it as a problem. But we have encountered some bullshit from guys being really retarded about us being women, "Women don't know how to play music, oh wait, but I guess you guys know how to...." You know, things like that.

If my dad knew how many drugs I did at U2 concerts and hanging out with fuckin' Victoria's Secret underwear models and John Cryer and shit being so fucked up, I don't think he would be so down with everything.

MRR: Had they even heard you?

Caroline: Yeah, this would be from bands that we had just played with and we'd be talking and they'd say something like that & I'd give them the look like, "Excuse me? What?" Then they'd say, "Oh, no, no, no, you and Sam know how to play music." And there's been other difficulties, too many examples of sexism to explain that I've encountered and I think it's very frustrating all around.

MRR: Was it frustrating because people setting up shows for you were trying to book you with just other female bands or what?

Caroline: Well that, or just labeling us as that. And I would question, "Well, what's the big difference?"

MRR- Todd, Samantha, any examples of sexism or gender frustration just because you're two females and a guy in a band?

Sam: I know Todd is fucking sick of being the drummer in an all "girl" band.

MRR: Where does that fucking come from?

Sam: It doesn't come from a god damn thing. It's publicity, "All Girl Band" It's like Todd's not a fucking girl. Fuck You.

Caroline: Yeah, all girl band plus Todd. Gimme a break.

Todd: A lot of people have approached me and have asked me how it's different being in a band with two females or how I can do it or what's different about being on the road, but I haven't noticed it being different at all. I haven't thought of it as being a problem.

MRR: Different than what? Have you been in a band with all guys before?

Todd: Most bands I have been in have consisted of at least one female. I have been in bands that were completely all men, but it hasn't been different. I just think of it as being in a rock band with my friends and I don't feel like I'm oppressed when on tour because I'm surrounded by females. I just think of it more as enjoying myself and traveling with my friends regardless of their sex.

Sam: That's why we love Todd.

MRR: So all three of you have experienced some kind of frustration being mislabeled or labeled specifically because of your sex or being a guy in the band with girls. What do you think are the root causes that make this even a fucking issue?

Caroline: Because even at our first show, somebody said, "Oh, you're not nervous? You should be because people in Gainesville don't like bands with girls in them." It comes down to where if I point out things to guys, whether it be while booking shows or with the whole flyer thing when I questioned why we were one of the only bands to be left off of a flyer for a local fest, especially if we were the only band that has women in it, I'm being a "feminazi." People have said, "Well, it's not my fault that the ratio of men to women bands is lower, it's not my fault." And I'm not blaming anybody, I'm merely trying to point something out to make people think. I'm not gonna blame the kid trying to set up a show for the whole problem like they're the microcosm of the patriarch, but it's just really stupid having to deal with things like this. There's all women bands that I don't like and then there's all male bands that I don't like & I know that's the same for everybody here. Do you guys want to object?

Todd: It's a boy girl revolution. Oh, is that a Huggy Bear quote?

MRR: So besides all of you playing guitar, bass, drums and singing, your playing duties, what other contribution does each of you make to the band and how does the band operate?

Sam: Well, our first tour, Caroline & I screen printed all of our shirts. We burned the screen & printed all the shirts and all three of us worked to book the shows, it was just a matter of who knows who where. This next tour, Caroline has done the booking and when it comes time to screen, once again, she and I will do all the shirts and stuff. We basically kind of make it happen for ourselves. With the instance of Var, he has put out one of our 7"s and he's putting out our full length & CD.

Caroline: Var also helped put out the other 7".

MRR: How does the art work play into that? How does that get done?

Sam: That's all Caroline. Well, actually, I did the art work for one of the 7"s, but with a lotta, lotta help from Caroline

Caroline: We both did one of them.

MRR: The dice one?

Sam.- Yeah, that was my idea. I was really excited about that being that I'd never made art before.

Caroline: Being the schmancy creative photo major, or whatever, all I do is do art, so I kinda turn into a fascist about the art work. But Var has helped. If it weren't for Var, this shit that we're doing right now would not have looked as good.

MRR: How did Var take an interest to release your records and how do you fit in with the rest of the label?

Sam: Well, Var puts out his friend's bands, ya know. Like he puts out everyone from Gainesville's bands. Well, not everyone from Gainesville. He puts out bands by his friends.

Caroline: It seems like he puts out what he has faith in.

Sam: Yeah, he puts out bands that he sees are making an effort. Basically, with No Idea, he'll put in as much effort as you do, so if you contact him and say, "We have this shit

going on..." and he likes it, I mean, if he doesn't like it, the thing about Var is he'll tell you this shit isn't cool.

Caroline: That's why he makes such a great producer, if you want to label him as that. With our last recording, his input was very much appreciated.

MRR: What kind of input did he have?

Caroline: You know, just general input.

Sam: He helped us mix.

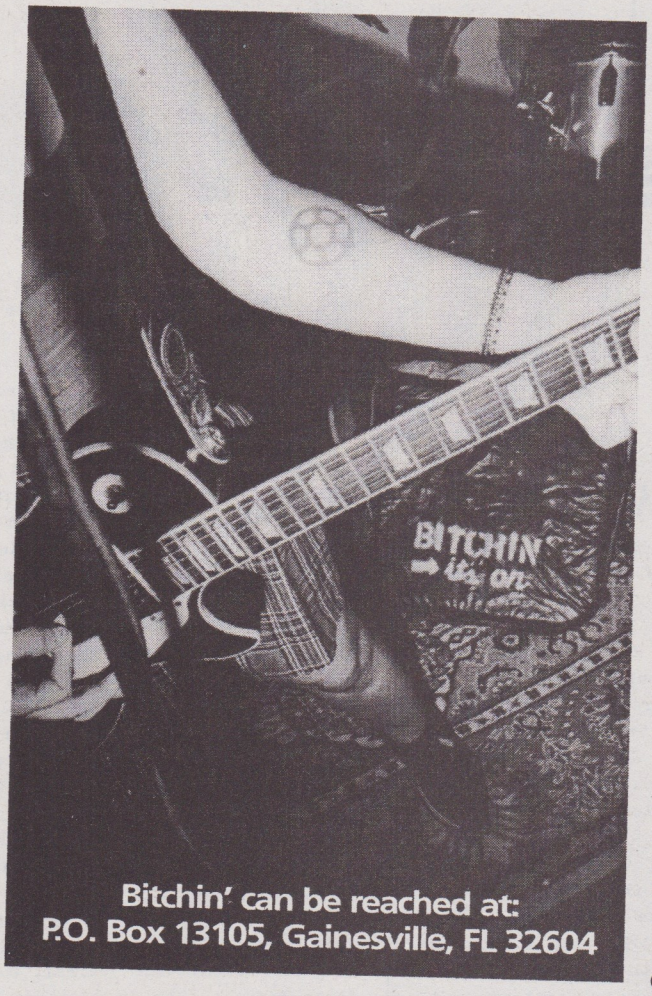
Caroline: Yeah, helping mix, being the third party that's not in the band.

Sam: He was the one who wasn't exhausted after the end of recording.

Caroline: He also wasn't the person recording it. He was the person who just shows up and says, "Oh wait, actually I think that you should do this with guitar or bass or drums or with vocals."

Todd: Not overbearingly, but constructive criticism.

Var: Well what I've discovered is that a lot of people seem to need, or appreciate, or like having someone a little bit removed in there who is opinionated and who can also communicate things. And there's been a lot of times when I've found that I can say, "Rob, blah, blah, blah," and it will tell him to try something that after being in the studio for three days, they can't communicate anymore because once you've heard your same guitar part over & over, you can't tell that it sounds good or bad, you're like, "Ugh, I've been here all day, what do I know?"



Bitchin' can be reached at:
P.O. Box 13105, Gainesville, FL 32604

Caroline: If it wasn't for the constructive notes that you made about me singing where you can tell I'm totally drunk, and the notes say, *well Caroline should maybe do this or that*, I have no problem with hearing that.

Var: I mean this for my self especially, but you and I, Caroline, are non-singers, ya know what I mean? We're not like, "I'm a singer, hand me a microphone & I'll give you an A, Laaaa." You're learning shit, you're trying shit, you're doing something new, so I think it's all about the energy and having confidence. And none of us have good voices, not really, we just do it.

Caroline: That's what's so great about punk. Not everybody has a great fucking voice.

MRR: But everybody has something to say.

Caroline: It's either what you have to say or how passionate you feel about it when you say it.

Var: When you came back to it, I think it was not only good, but it was the best it could have probably been.

MRR: Var, how does Bitchin' fit in to your label as a whole? Are the bands fragmentary pieces or do they fit in together overall?

Var: Basically, Bitchin' fits in just the same as anybody else. Gainesville has always had much more of a mish mosh. You get a good mix and so the way Bitchin' fits in is not necessarily, well, I see things as more of a whole. I see things in the broader sense. Let's say you have Against Me and you have Bitchin' and you have Hot Water Music, and look at each of them as a component, each of them might represent a little fragment of the music spectrum, but when you put them all together, the label becomes really well rounded so it all makes sense to me although someone else might look at it and think it's weird that I just put out 20 records in a year that all don't fall within a specific type of genre & I'm thinking, *obviously, because we're just putting out records for people who are friends, or who we know, or who we just kind of ran into along the way.* I think Bitchin' is closer to "punk rock" but it also has other tangents running through it. I see everything that came up into it. I saw Sam play acoustic ten years ago I hear that in Bitchin' and I know where that came from so there's a little more going on behind their songs & that's the thing.

MRR: Do you want to explain any of your lyrical content?

Todd: I think a lot of the literary references are very interesting as far as The Jungle in "So Much Water so Close to Home." Samantha?

Sam: I read The Jungle by Upton Sinclair. Everyone knows that book. I read the book at a really bleak time in my life which made it seem like even more bleak to me to the point where it just emptied me out. I don't mean to sound all poetic or anything, but it had a profound effect on me. And it made me kind of look around myself and realize that I can apply The Jungle to everyday life.

MRR: If you had nothing to do, no responsibilities & no committments, and you had money to burn, you would...

Sam: Play guitar all fucking day!

Todd: I would travel the world and take pictures and write

Caroline: Oh, Todd and I must be soul sister & brothers or something cuz I would do that, too.

Todd: Soul siblings?

Caroline: Yeah. And romance everyone.

MRR: Romance everyone?

Caroline: Try to at least with my art school knowledge or something.

MRR: Speaking of art school knowledge, do you want to talk about your zine at all?

Caroline: I will definitely have the last issue I did with Carrie on tour with me. She's going on tour with us too which is fucking excellent. I dunno, I just enjoy doing it. I like feeling like I'm somewhat well rounded. My art professors ask, "Oh what are you, a musician or an artist? You have to make up your mind." Except for my one art history professor who used to go see Black Flag in Vancouver in 83 and shit. He incorporates both & says, "Oh, don't do final papers, do a zine on Raymond Pettibone and DIY ethic instead." It's amazing with him because he knows I'm in a band and knows I like art so he incorportares both.

MRR: That's excellent to have that in a teacher.

Caroline: Yeah, and it's excellent that your art history professor would go see Black Flag and now he wears a black turtleneck and shit but he's still down.

MRR: Ha! He traded in his black flag for a black turtleneck.

Caroline: But he's bad as hell though.

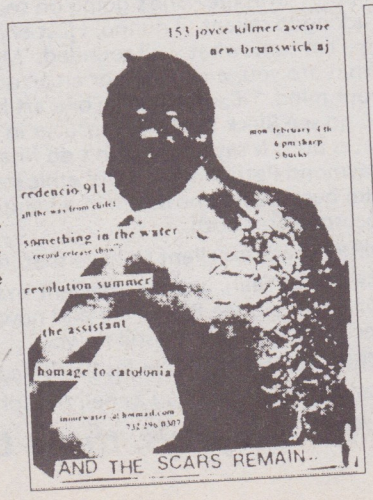
MRR: Oh jesus, that's the end.

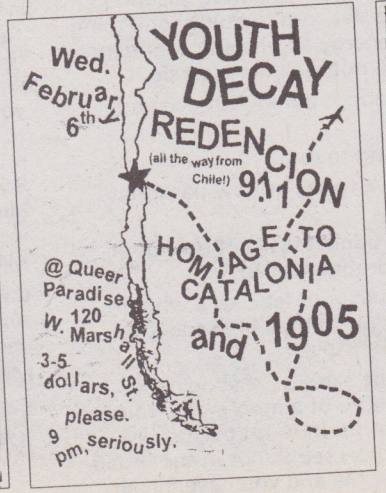
REDENCION 9.11

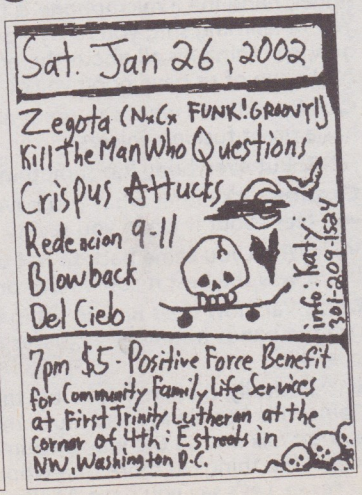
TOUR DIARY JAN/FEB ②⓪⓪②

The following are some passages from a journal I kept during the two week tour through the East Coast of the USA.. If you're interested in reading the full version, you can e-mail me and I'll forward it to you. The complete journal, plus some other writings related to Redencion 9.11, along with some photos will most likely be published sometime this year in an inexpensive DIY format, probably a pocket book. Also, an hour long video is being edited with all the material recorded on tour, there's over 12 hours of footage. Anyone interested in knowing more about these projects and how to get them, just keep on the lookout at the Amor y Lucha and Redencion 9.11 sites.

Redencion 9.11 got together in 1997, in Santiago, Chile, a long but narrow piece of land in the south-western hemisphere of South America. In early 2002, with a split 7", and a soon to be released full length CD, Redencion 9.11 descended upon U.S. territory to do their first ever, two week tour outside of South America. In spite of some line up problems, due to rejected visas, the band arrived as a two piece but was completed with two U.S. citizens, one of them being Brian Lombardozzi, who released both Redencion 9.11's 7" with Homage To Catalonia, and the CD, and the other, a young, but experienced punk from Washington, DC who goes by the name of Mike Thibadeau. The idea of touring the USA came to light sometime during the Chilean winter of 2000, when Brian travelled with us for a three-day tour in some southern cities of Chile. At first, the idea of touring the USA seemed like a crazy idea, something that would never come to be. First of all, we are not a "famous" band, we hadn't released any new material since 1998, we had no label or distributors in U.S. territory, and last but not least, we had no money. Somehow during 2001, everything began fitting into place, Brian created Amor y Lucha Records and decided to inaugurate his little creation with a split 7" of us and local DC folk "crooner" Kadd Stephens, a.k.a. Homage To Catalonia. The 7" would be titled "Think Globally, Act Locally." His scheme was to educate US punks about scenes in other region of the world, and at the same time work with local DC area bands/artists with like-minded, anti-imperialist stances, among other things. During 2001, the idea of touring was coming together. A friend of ours who we had met a few years back, when she was travelling with Los Crudos on their South American tour, offered to lend us her van, equipment, book the tour, and drive us around the entire US, as well as some cities in Mexico and Canada. But it all came crashing down as the twin towers of the World Trade Center collapsed after two hijacked planes crashed into them. We freaked out, she sold the van, and we lost hope. A few weeks later, Brian said he could help us set up a shorter tour, and that we could do it with Homage To Catalonia to help sell the 7". Also, Matt Moffatt, who played in Crispus Attucks, a band who was about to break up, had offered to lend us his van, band equipment, and drive us around. Everything once again, began to fit into place. So to make a long story short, here are some fragments of my tour journal. Our first show was a Positive Force Benefit show in downtown Washington, DC with Zegota, Kill The Man Who Questions, Del Cielo, Blowback, and Crispus Attucks. We slept and rehearsed for a week before tour in a house in Riverdale, Maryland, a house where both Amor y Lucha and Exotic Fever Records operate. Thank you to Katy Otto and Pat Vogel for having us.







01/28 2002

We stayed up all night at the house in Riverdale, assembling 7"s and loading stuff into the van. We had to leave at around 5 am to be in Louisville, sometime in the evening. We picked up Kadd on the way out of DC. An ongoing inside joke started here when as Kadd was packing his stuff into the van, his partner Lelia, handed him a can full of condoms. I concluded outloud in a pseudo-serious voice that since all of us were involved in serious relationships, the condoms were intended for Mikey, abusing the fact that he was way younger than all of us. We made up that he was a virgin, and that our mission on this tour was to get him laid. Of course, he insisted on telling us that he was in fact, well acquainted with sharing the pleasures of the flesh, but for fun, we decided to ignore him.

Since I have such a hard time falling asleep, I rode shotgun next to Matt. I hadn't talked to him much before that day. He has the aesthetics of a punk rock skater from the mid-80s, and a slight Californian accent. He wore old 80s Airwalk high top sneakers, a jeans jacket filled with patches of old 80s punk bands, and Powell Peralta Skates sweatpants and sweatshirt. Matt and I hit it off the first day we met, on our way to the show in DC, because he had a tape of Still by Joy Division playing in the van, besides the fact that I skateboarded in the 80s and early 90s while living in Hawaii. The landscape on the drive was not as nice as the one you see when travelling to the South of Chile, but was pleasant nonetheless. The weather was warm and spring-like. Once on the main highway, we began our day with Tim by The Replacements and Candy Apple Grey by Husker Du, a fucking great way to start a trip. We stopped a few times for gas and mostly ate junk food and coffee.

Louisville was our first show on this tour, after the Positive Force Benefit in DC. We found the show space real quick, we could hardly believe our eyes when we drove in and saw a huge marquee with Redencion 9.11 in bold blue letters. The space is called The BRYCC House, for Bardstown Road Youth Cultural Center, and it is a collectively run community center where they have shows, conferences, workshops, screenings; it also has a snack bar and computer room with internet access. The show opened with an amazing local bluegrass band called Fire in the Saddle. It was so nice and soothing to listen to them after a ten-hour drive with no sleep, no real food, and my overall crankiness. Kadd came on later. I seriously had a nervous breakdown during his set, and had to leave the room, not because of his set, but because I was really feeling fucked up for some reason. It was like being heartbroken, but without actually having a reason to be. I guess I was just kind of exhausted, physically and emotionally. I had attended a conference in DC over the weekend, where I saw a lot of people I know and felt sympathy for, caught up in a really complicated discussion about some past events, events that I had nothing to do with, but I could still sense a lot of unresolved pain and tension. It reminded me of all my own insecurities and hard times I have had, dealing with a lot of ugly shit while growing up. During the conference, I didn't really think much of it, I just put it all away, and concentrated on the fact that in less than 48 hours I was leaving on an adventure of sorts. I was probably terrified about that also, and once I finally found myself relaxed and without distractions, it all came together.

I'm not the type that is easily moved with a particular situation. I think positively of most problems I encounter, and prefer to see the good side of things rather than bring myself down over something that can potentially be resolved. The only thing that can't be solved is death. People around me, particularly my mother, my partner, and a lot of close friends have gone through a lot of awful experiences, but we don't get hung up on it, we even try to look back and laugh about it. If you live in a society and a context like Chile's, believe me, you have no time for self indulgence.

Our set was ok, but a bit late, and lacking in energy. There were about 30 people or less there, but somehow we managed to get a pretty good amount of money for gas, and we also sold some t-shirts and 7"s. People were extremely nice, more than we actually deserved. The same folks who set up the show, later took us to their collective home, and offered us a really good collectively cooked meal. But we were too tired and full, after collectively eating some really crappy but satisfying "burritos the size of your head!" at a place on the same block as the BRYCC House. With all this sense of collectiveness, I'm starting to believe in communism again. That's a joke people.

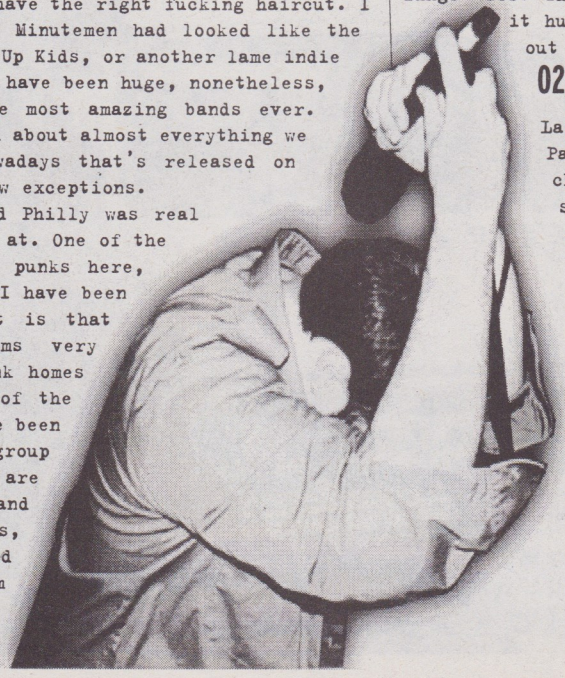
01/31 2002

Ann Arbor has been my worst experience at a show in years. Ok, first of all, it was a house show, which I have no problem with. The house was really nice, and the people that live there were also. But once the crowd started showing up, it was obvious to me that the environment we were in had nothing to do with what we do, and the kind of people we generally would have come out to see us. This was a party, and the people were there to "party", and I mean P-A-R-T-Y, like the ones we see on lame Hollywood produced teen flicks. There was a lot of expensive imported beer and liquor going around, and kids in "cool" clothes, with "cool" hairdos. This kind of environment does not make me feel "cool," it's fucking alienating. It's like hanging out with the kind of people I ran away from when I got into punk. For some reason beyond my wildest imagination, these kids had a thing with white belts, damn! The 70s were horrible, why would anyone want

to bring that back? The night before Ann Arbor we played in Bloomington, Indiana. It was a really small house show, but a million light years away from this one.
So, some local two-piece band opened up, they we're pretty good, but after the first song you already have heard them all. The band was a forty something year old looking dude on guitar and vocals, and a really young Japanese female drummer. They were all noise and explosion. The drummer was amazing, but the guitar parts were undecipherable. Reminded me of a non-bluesy Jon Spencer, not my cup of tea. The local kids, of course, were going nuts. When we played, people were indifferent, but we played really good, with a lot of punch, speed and energy. I think the fact that we hated the crowd so much really helped. My feet barely touched the floor throughout our entire set. Brian was beating the bass to death. Se Kyu was nuts, and Mike played faster and harder than ever. After the show, only one person came up to us to say hello, probably the only punk kid in the entire room besides Matt and Kadd, an African American kid wearing a Crass T-shirt, his exact words were, "Good show, thanks for coming all the way here." No, thank you, wherever you are, you made my night.

02/02 2002

We had a day off in Philadelphia, and a cool show and morning brunch in Pittsburgh, the day before. We spent the night in Philly at a house that belongs to some kids from Rambo, Antiproduct, and Matt who used to play guitar in Catharsis; who is now in a band with ex-Lifetime / Kid Dynamite folks, and already has a Jade Tree record deal. Hearing about fucked up, corporate, money hungry, indie label policies like those get me really pissed off. Some really amazing bands struggle a lifetime to get their stuff released, while other bands rely on some of their members past reputations to get record deals. These big indie labels rely on the publicity of ex-members status to take money from the mindless hordes of sheep that make up the punk scene. The endless parade of ex-Cap'n Jazz members projects on that label is nothing short of ridiculous. I mean Cap'n Jazz was ok, but all the other post-projects just seem to me like self-indulgent artistic masturbation. Lifetime was good, but Kid Dynamite in my opinion had nothing good to offer except maybe intentions. It is a bit disheartening to see how a huge part of the USA's hardcore/punk scene has become just a smaller version of the straight corporate world, so much energy wasted on passing trends and fashion. Sometimes I wonder if bands make it big because they're creative as musicians or because they have the right fucking haircut. I bet if the members of the Minutemen had looked like the line up in the fucking Get Up Kids, or another lame indie rock crap band, they would have been huge, nonetheless, they are still one of the most amazing bands ever. Anyways, that could be said about almost everything we call hardcore or punk nowadays that's released on indie majors, with very few exceptions.
So, Pittsburgh was ok, and Philly was real nice to hang out and relax at. One of the things I've noticed about punks here, something that Se Kyu and I have been making inside jokes about is that although the scene seems very organized and serious, punk homes are disaster areas. Most of the places we've stayed at have been very spacious, gorgeous group houses, but most of them are poorly treated. Kitchens and bathrooms are hazard areas, walls peeling, dirty, fucked up rugs and furniture. I'm not much of an orderly person myself, but I know that when something I have is good and hard to get, I take care of it, or else I'm laughing in the face of those who can only dream of enjoying such privileges. Our conclusion is that kids in the USA take what they have for granted. The folks at the Louisville house were the exception, same for Philly. Tomorrow we head out to NYC. I can't wait to hang out with the Huasipungo folks and see ABC NO RIO.



02/04 2002

Boston was amazing, things just keep getting better and better, we played like never before. The crowd was dancing and clapping along to songs they had never heard. I think we sold more than 10 CDs and a bunch of t-shirts. The other bands were really good too. Everything just seemed to fit into place that night. The only mishap was that the space had a very dusty floor, it was a house basement, and the place was filled in dusty smog after each band. We played second to last. The combination of cigarette smoke and dust really fucked up my throat and lungs, and gave us all chronic coughing for at least two hours after the show was over. I called Alejandra the other day, feeling really bad for once again missing our anniversary. I love her with all my heart, but for some reason beyond my understanding, I constantly fuck things up. I am terrible with dates and those peculiar details of protocol that people make up for themselves when in a serious relationship. I don't think of myself as a good partner, and I'd be a lousy husband, because my thoughts are always light years away from where I'm actually standing. Right now, all I can think about is how much I miss her, but at the same time I wish I could do longer tours with the band. I feel more at home by not having a secure place to call "home." I'm a living oxymoron, like a friend once told me. I wish I could go back to NYC and spend more time there, I never got the chance to explore it more once I got there, plus I wanted to hang out with Esnedier, Jane, and David for more than we got to.
The show last night was during Super Bowl Sunday. It was the Rams versus the Patriots. Since we were in Boston of all places, people were watching the game at the show on small portable TVs. Luckily it had ended by the time we played. In fact, the Patriots won, and people around Boston were all out celebrating in the streets. When we were driving towards Brian's parents house in Worcester, at a red light in the middle of downtown Boston, Matt jumped out of the van and into the street, ran for almost a block high-fiving people in other cars and screaming at the top of his lungs "Yes! The fucking Patriots Won!" We laughed so hard it hurt. I felt so good that night, that I cried out of happiness, when in bed.

02/07 2002

Last night was Richmond, VA. The show at Queer Paradise got closed down by the cops, it got changed to a small volunteer run book/record store called The 818 Space, very small, bad acoustics, about 15 people. The local band was ok, and our set just plain sucked. We sold some merchandise, and did ok with the door.
I woke up really early to get some coffee with Brian and Se Kyu. Richmond is nice, beautiful, southern style, colonial architecture, with really attractive people too. Attractive people make me feel ugly and awkward. It's hard to look them in the eye when they speak to me. Amazing coffee, French roast, I had an amazing banana nut muffin to go along with it. I wish I could get to know this town and it's people more.
I think I've been leaving little pieces of myself in Louisville, New York, Boston, and now Richmond. These are all places I

need to get back to someday, maybe live in each for a while. But my heart is still in Washington DC.

Brodnax, VA ➳ In the middle of fucking nowhere, the drive shaft fell off the van while we were on the highway, on our way to North Carolina. We spent at least six to eight hours at Ricky's Exxon, one of those small town gas and food joints. It was the only place that we could wait in. Junk food and Jolt soda was my meal of the day. I really need to have a warm plate of real food. Moe from Zegota is on his way up here to pick us up so we can play the show in Chapel Hill, North Carolina tonight, and we just found out the van is fixed. Looks like we'll have a two-vehicle caravan to the show. I hope it goes well.

02/08 ②⓪⓪②

Chapel Hill is the new city added to my "I must come back someday" list. It's a small college town, very picturesque, nice little shops, old architecture, no high buildings, and lots of tress and grass. The show last night was at a co-op house, one of our best sets, along with Boston. The other band, Safety Hawk was also really good, they had I don't know how many members, but a lot, including an African-American kid dressed in a lion costume, that threw in a hip hop element with his freestyle rapping. They had a kickass bass player too. The folks from the co-op had a lot of food for us when we got there. Moe from Zegota had set up the show, it was real nice to have a chance to sit down and talk to him for a while. A lot of attractive people here also, I really miss human touch. The fact that I'm starting to feel a bit ill from the lack of rest keeps my mind busy and distracted. Last night after the show I thought Brian and Matt were going to get wasted from so much beer, luckily that did not happen, but they were pretty "jolly." When under the effect of alcohol, Brian's face turns red and he lights up like a leprechaun (he is part Irish) staring at a reflecting pot of gold; Matt on the other hand looks sleepy, and gets all affectionate. They are both what I call "friendly drunks," unlike the other type of people that get all violent and stupid, I call those "fucking drunks."

Kadd was really exhausting to watch live last night, he broke more strings than ever, something that could be easily avoided if he didn't strum so hard, I mean he's playing soft solo stuff, not mosh metal. The guitar he has is not very good, so it goes out of tune way too often, but he shouldn't stop in the middle of a song every time it goes out of tune or a string pops off, that's a major no-no, it kills the atmosphere. I think he's good at what he does, but he needs to have more control of his live sets.

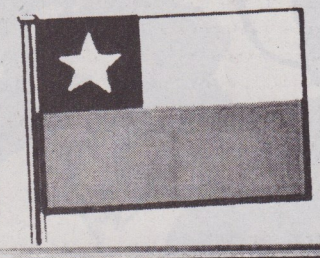
The next morning, Brian, Moe, and I got up really early and went for coffee at a really cool natural foods store with outdoors seats. It served for good conversation. We also stopped by a used bookstore where I got some stuff. We had one of the longest drives ahead of us, to our last show, in Atlanta, Georgia.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

END NOTES:

I need to stop here. There are way too many details, and other stuff that went on. I left out a lot because I don't want to bore anybody with my personal ramblings. I also strategically left out a lot so some people can later take the time to read the whole damn thing, when we make it available. The final show in Georgia was OK, but it included the weirdest post-show experiences ever, like running into Chuck D from Public Enemy, wanting to beat some rich straight-edge brats' heads in at a restaurant, and a live musical performance from some crazy people while we were trying to get some sleep. After Georgia we did a small show at the house in Riverdale, which doesn't really need to be mentioned because it was more like a rehearsal with friends watching. I had a very bad fever, and was about to faint every five minutes. A big strong hug goes out to the folks that helped out on the tour, that fed us, let us crash on their floors, let me clog their toilets, bought our merchandise ("never mind what's been selling, it's what your buying." Ha!), and attended the shows. Brian, Kadd, Matt, and Mikey, you are the greatest. Big applause goes out to some of the amazing bands not mentioned above that we had a chance to share shows with: Zegota, Del Cielo, Kill The Man Who Questions, The Paper Chase, The Assistant, Something In The Water, Anton Bordman, 1905, and especially mis amigos/hermanos/compadres de Huasipungo.

THANK YOU.



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THE PHANTOM LIMBS

SOMEBODY TWISTED YOUR ARM

INTERVIEW AND PHOTOS BY JESSE TRASHED

It was a dark, raining evening two years ago when I wandered in off the street to Mission Records, drawn into some sort of light. The place was soggy; people hanging on chairs drinking 40s. It was some metal show that I had no interest in. when I reached the back room I was greeted by the usual smell of rotting rats and dead bodies that had been trapped inside the insulated walls. The smell of vomit mixed with malt liquor spilled on the concrete. The Phantom Limbs had just begun. The keyboards drove neurotically through my chest I thought I would have a heart attack..the pulse of the music was haunting. The singer's face was stark white and he wore striped bicycle tights with an enormous pad stuffed in his crotch the size of a football-it was very comical and shocking. He contorted his body and danced nauseously like a boy riding a bicycle across a tightrope. His spindly arms were mechanically wrapping the microphone cord around his neck. Moments later he was an old man, showing us the lines in his hands, pulling on them like they were creatures, alive. Like his own skin was deceiving him, he stripped the layers of dead skin off to show us, and the floor became a pool of sweat where people stood with their mouths hanging open, splashing. Bats flew in through the windows-the walls became dirt with the sewer trickling down all sides. I felt like we were inside a cave, under a waterfall, where anything is possible. I went back to my friends and told everyone I knew about this band. "They're like the Stranglers on crack!" I would say, although the music had a much rougher edge, more like Rudimentary Peni meets the Screamers. They are a dance infection to all they come into contact with. Ryan Hopeless-vocals; Stevenson-keyboards; Skot-keyboards, bass; Mike-drums; Jason-guitar. Interview and photos by Jessie Trashed.

MRR: What was the first show you went to when you were a kid that totally blew you away?

Steve: Depeche Mode.

Mike: Kiss, when I was five years old. Magic Mountain.

Ryan: When I was 16 I was just all punk rock and having fun. I don't think I was blown away. The most memorable show was the Boredoms. That was ten years ago.

Jason: Kreator

MRR: What's that?

Jason: German speed thrash metal band.

Skot: The first concert I went to was Howard Jones at the Form in LA.

MRR: How do you feel about your audience? Are you satisfied with them?

Steve: I look forward to going on tour because now we have a really big draw here, and we're sort of getting a lot of idiots I think. There's a lot of really cool people too, but there's a few destructive people who don't give a shit about the music; they just want to drink and be destructive. I'm looking forward to going on tour where we're going to have to win the audience over.

Ryan: I guess it's my fault sometimes when I get too drunk I don't pay attention to what's going on. I'm not interacting enough-things kind of turn into sort of a blur and chaotic.

Steve: The majority is people in other bands who we really like.

MRR: I feel like the energy at your shows has become more violent lately. How do you feel about that?

Steve: That's definitely true.

Jason: I think it's just the last couple of shows where that's been happening.

Mike: It's the way people fucking decide to interact with Ryan lately.

MRR: Like the bottle throwing?

Steve: Where was that?

Mike: People running up and grabbing his head.

MRR: At Bottom of the Hill and Cafe Du Nord someone threw a bottle on the stage and then I fell on it.

Ryan: Well it seems like if it's just going on the floor, it's OK. But then people end up on the floor...

Mike: Like you.

Ryan: Like me.

MRR: Do you want to talk about what you're influenced by right now?

Steve: Well all the bands from the Bay Area we like seem to be breaking up!

I think mostly we're into local bands and bands that we play with on tour, because there's just more emotion in what's happening now, and that's just the music that we hear more. It's really great to hear old stuff but it's great to hear new stuff, hang out with the people you like...

Mike: Obviously we're all influenced by all kinds of music. You know what we all listen to! You know we all love the Birthday Party. We all love David Bowie.

Skot: Flipper

Steve: I don't love Flipper. I hate Flipper

Ryan: They were my idols.

Skot: They were a tortured band.

Ryan: They were always fighting with each other. It was fun to watch them play. I mean argue.

Skot: Yes! I know going to shows before the last year, people in SF would just stand around. I was surprised to see people reacting to the music. I feel like people are getting more involved with the music. I feel really lucky to have this music, to have this community we have, to be able to go out and dance..

Ryan: People have a vicarious need to see someone going crazy in front of them. It serves some basic drive. People need to experience that in one way or another-they just happen to do it by watching me and us.

Steve: It's safe for them to freak out

Mike: A physical reaction for a frontman is rare anyway, so if people were just going to stand there, they would be uncomfortable, but if they freak out...

Skot: It's a defense mechanism.

MRR: Do you want to talk about the lyrics of the songs?

Ryan: I think the lyrics are changing. It seems like they're becoming less abstract. Before it was a lot of dream state, trance state kind of stuff. Now I'm trying to explore the more day to day stuff. The ordinary reality. For some reason, I haven't been able to go over to non-ordinary reality. Whatever you want to call it.

Skot: I don't think this is going to pick up on the tape recorder. (laughter)

Ryan: The last record was Applied Ignorance. That

was about avoiding certain things. The new record is called Positively Nihilism.

MRR: Are you serious?

Ryan: Exclamation point!

MRR: Are you serious?

Ryan: Yeah! This is about making things happen.

MRR: Are you getting more active?

Ryan: Yes, I'm getting back to my roots. I used to be an activist when I was young, and then I became all cynical and didn't believe that anything mattered, there's no point to anything. I still believe that, but now I think it's a positive thing. Because as they say, "nothing is true and everything is permitted." It's freedom. So "positively nihilism" is about changing things-not that anything gets changed, it's just moving molecules around to different areas, but I think that we should start participating and moving them around instead of hiding the molecules.

MRR: Do you all feel that music is the most effective way to express yourself at this time?

Mike: It's a necessity, for sure.

Steve: I think it's the purest form of expression.

Ryan: I don't feel like I'm doing music.

MRR: What are you doing?

Steve: I can express something musically that I couldn't express in words. I would fuck up and I would tend to lie more when I was expressing things in words than I would in music, because you can kind of hide behind the notes and sort of get the emotion across, the feeling, without having to sell your soul. Music is like talking in a language that everyone else doesn't understand. They can interpret it however they want.

MRR: Yeah, you have to be more careful with words.

Ryan: I was thinking today about the satisfaction I got in class about everyone liking my poem. I was thinking that it's not the same as the satisfaction I get after a show where everyone's like, "good job," or whatever. I think that's because my words, no one can understand them. I mean the more words you put into something, the more it's going to mean to you.

MRR: You can hand out lyric sheets.

Ryan: Great lyric sheet!

MRR: It seems funny that people in a classroom approving of your poem feels better to you than playing in front of a huge crowd of people and having everyone to dance to your music.

Steve: Having been a English major, I'm very weary of the whole praise you get in a classroom and the whole university syndrome. They really try to shape you into writing the way they want you to write.

Ryan: My experience with art classes has been very positive.

Mike: When we're playing shows, you're like a performance artist.

MRR: Maybe they can't understand the words you're saying, but the emotion comes before the words, and the emotion at your shows feels really strong.

Ryan: For some reason, I've been having these urges to expand. I want to play trumpet parts for some things. I want to do some dance choreography. I want to put more intention into it-more energy. That way it will be more direct. I guess it might just have to do with the opinionated people that I have respect for. I don't have any respect...

MRR: ...for people at shows?

Ryan: Don't write that!!

MRR: What?

Ryan: The whole thing about not having respect for people.

Mike: There's that thing, like with that guy in Portland, Oregon, where you were grabbing him and saying, "he's my friend," and than he came back up on stage and you pushed him off.

Ryan: That was a slapstick skit.

Skot: Pure comedy. That was some Buster Keaton shit

Ryan: Again, that's this farcical attitude that I've been doing. This asshole farce, and it's funny and people enjoy it. To watch this dickhead.

MRR: You?

Ryan: I'm kind of tired of that character.

MRR: What's your new character going to be like?
Ryan: I don't know! It seems like you go from being an asshole, like what I think of Lee Ving, like assaulting everybody...
MRR: GG Allin?
Ryan: Well he was an idiot too. Another thing people go into is "Oh, I'm going to be a shaman. I'm going to be a priest or a healer and I'm going to enlighten everybody." That seems really unattractive to me too.
MRR: There's a lot of stuff in between those two extremes.
Ryan: What? In between asshole and priest?
MRR: Yeah.
Ryan: I've got to find the in between... The really mean priest!
MRR: You really need a new character. I mean you've been doing this character for so long. I've gotten kind of sick of it.
Ryan: I am tired of it too. The pathos-indulging drunken hatemonger.
MRR: But I feel like there's this energy that comes through that...
Steve: I feel like behind that there's a kid with a heart as big as the moon! We need more of that inner child.
Mike: You should go out and hug everybody.
Steve: I'm really looking forward to going on the road, to be playing with people who have never seen us before. We can reinvent ourselves. I mean everyone expects something now. A lot of people know what to expect. They know what's going to happen.
Ryan: That's what's giving me the dissatisfaction. I'm bored. I'm in this in between space where I'm trying to find the new Hopeless or whatever.
MRR: Steve, who are your influences on piano?
Steve: Chopin is my god. I really like Diamanda Galas. The way she plays piano. People ask me what keyboard players do I like. None. No one, really.
Skot: "Jump." Van Halen.
Steve: There's a few piano players in non-classical music or jazz that I like. There's keyboard players like David Ball, but he's not really playing, just layering sound. Thelonious Monk is really cool.
MRR: What other bands/projects are you currently working on?
Mike: I'm in the punk band the Scurvy Dogs.
Steve: Black Ice is a side project of Skot's and mine.
MRR: I'd like to tell you guys about a dream I had around the time I met you. In the dream I was watching an infomercial on the TV. They were selling these dolls that stood innocently in rows as the dry, monotonous voice of a woman announced the dolls' names and prices. As I began to listen to her voice closely I heard the words, full of contempt, spit out of her mouth: "And this doll has eyes that roll back in her head, bending limbs, and a pussy!" The camera spun around suddenly and the scene became very pornographic with the camera glazing over rows of dolls and stuffed animals. It was all becoming very graphic and disgusting. Then the voice grew quieter as though she were letting us in on some sickening secret that she herself had just discovered: "But if you look closely, you will see there is a foxhair embedded in the skin of the doll!" The camera quickly zoomed in with a microscopic lens to the skin of the doll to discover a single black hair curling out of the plastic arm. The camera began to spin violently around in circles, diving into each doll, as the voice of the woman, growing more and more frantic and sinister, began to shout, "And here! There is a foxhair in this doll as well! And this one!" It was as though the foxhair were the most repulsive thing in the world which was infesting this illusion of innocence/normality being sold to us on the television. I believe that the Phantom Limbs are the foxhair. Your music and the way that Ryan dances, there's this very repulsive quality that comes through, like he's letting all the ugly parts of himself hang out, and in doing so he's embracing what society would consider his weaknesses. It seems to be a reminder of what being human really is.
(laughter)
Ryan: That's nice. I like that a lot. There's an expression: "you've got a hair up your ass." That's what it is. It's a motivating factor to have a hair up your ass. Whenever there's distress or discomfort it makes you do things-it makes you want to change your situation. That's a compliment for you to call us the hair in the ass.

The Phantom Limbs will be doing their second US tour this June & July. This September they will do their first European tour. They are currently working on material for their second album.

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SECRETIONS

WE SECRETE AND YOU SUCK! That's the battle cry of SECRETIONS, a band who calls Sacramento, California their hometown. Built for speed with their snarly pogo-punk style of rock and roll, they have been virulently entertaining and annoying their fans for over eight years now, and they show no signs of slowing. Maximumrocknroll's Rev. Bobby Manic recently tracked them down in a random taqueria in Berkeley, California and had a few words with them., some of them harsh, some of them amicable, most of them accentuated by tortilla chip fragments spraying from their mouths as they talked.

MRR: Let me start off with a brief introduction, who plays what and who's who?

M: I'm Mickie Rat, I play bass and yell a lot.

KS: I'm Kevin Stockton and I play guitar, and I do a little bit of backup vocals, and I sing like shit!

DS: I'm Danny Secretion, I play drums, I sing, and I piss off Mickie and Kevin every now and then. That's my job, 'cuz I'm the drummer!

MRR: Why don't you give me a little history of the band, you guys have been around for about ten years now.

M: We originally started out in 1991. I met a guy in college named D.J. Willis who was a really good guitarist. We used to get drunk and mess around with instruments at his house. He taught me to play bass, and he taught our original drummer, Dave Leon, how to play drums. We sucked pretty bad at first, but we got the hang of it eventually.

DS: Mickie and D.J. and I all worked at the CSUS radio station together.

M: D.J. had a list of band names on his refrigerator, a list of what he would want to call a band if he ever started one. I can't remember what all of them were, but I know one was "Zenith Spade"! That one was horrible. the name "Secretions" was a little less horrible, and it was gross in a cool sort of way, or would that be cool in a gross sort of way? Anyway, we decided that would be our name.

MRR: How did Danny get into the band?

M: A few weeks after we decided on the name, D.J. was broadsided by a drunk driver while riding his scooter to the video store. He died two weeks later from massive internal injuries. We needed a new guitarist, and we met Danny at D.J.'s funeral.

DS: I knew Mickie and Dave and D.J. because we all worked at the CSUS on-campus radio station together. I just never really hung out with them until after D.J. died.

M: Me and Dave still wanted to continue on with the band, even though it was D.J. who started it. We figured we had it made from that point on, because everybody knows that if you're in a punk band and somebody dies, you're destined to become legendary! We told Dan at D.J.'s funeral that we were looking for a new guitarist and we tried him out a week later. He sucked just as bad as we did, so we let him join the band!

DS: We practiced for a while, we played a few parties, and then we got sick of each other so we took a year and a half hiatus and realized….

M: Wait a minute, we didn't take a hiatus, you kicked me out of the band!

DS: Uh, yeah, we were on a spiritual journey, and we came to a crossroads. We needed to expand our experiences with one another.

M: (laughing) What he means is, our original drummer quit and Danny got his friend Hector to play drums for us. Hector hated me.

DS: We had a differing vision.

M: Hector convinced Danny to kick me out of the band!

MRR: You were kicked out of your own band?!

M: Yeah, and I was the last remaining original member!

DS: So, this differing vision that we had eventually met at the crossroads of life, like, a year and a half later. And we decided that the uh… emptiness that we had in our lives was fulfilled by our reunion!

M: What he's trying to say is that we all got really drunk one night, jammed for a while, and decided to get back together.

DS: Also I wanted to get the band back together, because at the very first Secretions show I got laid. After a year and a half of celibacy, I was like, god damn, I gotta be in that band again! So, I'm just in it for the birds, as Steve Jones would say.

KS: I'm just in it for the cocaine and hookers.

DS: Definitely. Everyone should be in a band just for the cocaine and hookers.

KS: We're still waiting for both of them!

M: We've been through several different lineups since we got back together in 1994.

DS: But this is the only one that's good.

M: Damn straight. We used to have two girls in the band, back in 1996. That didn't work out too good, because they were our girlfriends, and when they dumped us, they quit the band. We have a rule now, no girlfriends in the band! My girlfriend dumped me and quit because she suddenly became a born again Pentecostal and claimed our music was not anointed by God.

MRR: Well it's not is it?

M: Of course not, but it's still a lousy reason to break up with someone!

DS: My girlfriend just quit because she moved away to college. Nothing exciting there.

M: Take our advice, it's just not a good idea to be in a band with your girlfriend.

DS: By the way, Mickie and I are starting a Queers cover band with our girlfriends. We're calling it the Teenage Boneheads. That should last a long time!

M: Damn, I forgot about that! That will be an interesting experience.

MRR: Kevin, you joined the band about two years ago. As a longtime Secretions fan, what was it like for you, making the transition from fan to band member?

KS: It was awesome! Secretions were my favorite band, I discovered them in high school when I was 16, and I was one of the only solid fans they had. I showed up to every show and I just felt lucky to have a band like that in my hometown. I just sorta stalked them forever, and eventually ended up in the band! --

M: Important tip for you wanna-be Secretions guitarists out there!

DS: Kevin was the first person that came to shows who we didn't recognize. our first few shows, the only audience we had was comprised of just our friends and roommates. I would think that Kevin was Mickie's friend, Mickie would think he was Molly's friend, Molly would think he was my friend, and none of us really knew who he was.

M: My little sister was the one who eventually ended up introducing Kevin to all of us. I think she had a crush on him but she still denies it.

DS: We started hanging out with him, and groomed him to be our roadie. Mickie and I have this horrible habit. Whenever we think our guitarist is getting sick of us, and getting ready to leave, we bring up the old question "Hey, maybe we should have a second guitarist!" When our guitarist Molly decided she was going to move away to college, we brought that up. Kevin was one of the guys we were thinking of getting, but I lost an hour long bout of ro-sham-bo, so we got Morgan in the band instead. Molly left soon afterward and then it was just Mickie, Morgan and I in the band.

M: we put out our first CD with that lineup on Slap Happy Records. It was called Attention Deficit Disorderly.

DS: And then when we felt things were kind of drifting apart with Morgan, Mickie and I said "Hey, maybe we should think about getting a second guitarist!"

M: Basically Morgan didn't want to tour, and we needed a solid line up that wanted to tour.

DS: So we brought Kevin on board, and at the shows we ended up playing on tour with just Kevin, something really clicked. At this point we would like to announce that we are currently looking to add a second guitarist…..

M: D'oh!

DS: Oh! I mean, uh, nevermind. Seriously, unfortunately this band has suffered the same curse that a lot of bands have had to suffer, which is a constant lineup change. But I think the blessing that this band has had is that every time we've had a lineup change, we've gotten better.

M: It always gets better.

DS: I think now is a really good time for us. It's a lot of fun now.

MRR: Kevin, how are the fans treating you?

KS: Good! I'm still the new guy though.

M: After two years he's still the new guy!

KS: I'll still be th

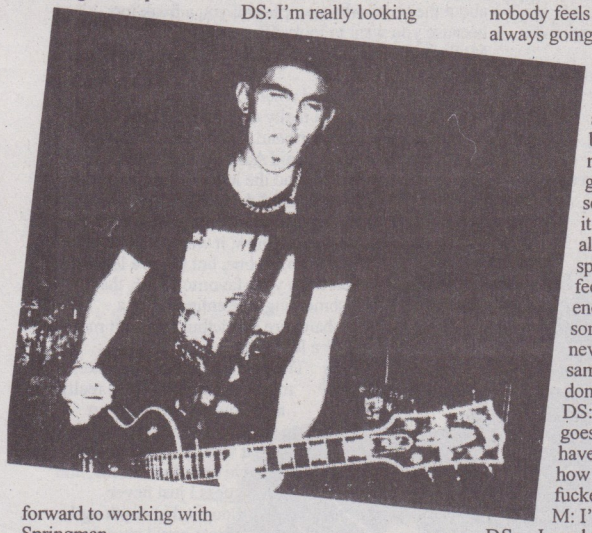
new guy until the new record comes out. I've played more shows with this band than anyone else, but I'm still the new guy!

M: yeah, Kevin actually has played over 100 shows with us, more than any other guitarist.

KS: A lot of shit's gonna change in Secretion-land when the record comes out!

MRR: Yeah, tell me about the new record. Last year, you guys went into the Art Of Ears studio with Andy Ernst to record an album. I was there for some of it, and it sounded really great, and it should have been the best record of 2001! Unfortunately it never came out in 2001!

DS: Because best record of 2002 sounds so much better! Really, as a band we wanted to try to move to the next step. Our friend Ted Angel, who ran his own label called Slap Happy Records, put out our first CD. For us at that time, it was a huge step forward because we had only put out a seven inch by ourselves. We thought this CD was the best thing we had ever done, so we tried to shop it around a bit. We weren't having any luck because we just didn't seem to know the right people. Just this year we got a booking agent, he's our good friend Bubba, formerly of the band Luckie Strike. He introduced us to Avi from Springman Records, and he agreed to put it out for us.



DS: I'm really looking forward to working with Springman.

M: Yeah, it's gonna be good.

DS: I think Avi will work just as hard as we work, and we plan on working our asses off! We're already writing songs for the next album.

KS: It just feels really good to know that our patience has paid off, that we are getting an honest deal with an honest dude.

M: It should be coming out in June of 2002, it's called Secretions 'Til Death! After that we want to concentrate on touring around a bit and getting our new sound spread around everywhere. Our new album is a lot different from what people are used to from hearing the last album. We are getting a lot of positive response from our new material.

KS: The last album was very Screeching Weasel-esque due to the line up at the time.

M: Yeah, Morgan wrote over half the songs on that album, that's why. We don't ever play the crummy Morgan songs anymore, so don't ask us.

KS: This album is more along the lines of Motorhead and the Ramones.

DS: Yeah. Lemmy and Joey kicked Ben Weasel's ass in our songwriting influences this time around.

MRR: Secretions songs seem to be all over the place as far as lyrical content goes. Can't you guys just find a theme and stick with it?

DS: No!

M: (laughing) No! Our attention spans aren't lengthy enough to allow us to stick with a theme.

DS: If you look at bands like, well not to even say we come anywhere close to comparing to them, but if you take a band like the Ramones, they didn't write every single song about a bop or a hop or a lobotomy, their songs went all over the place as far as content.

M: They just wrote about experiences they had or stuff that was happening in their lives, or about feelings they were going through. That's pretty much what we do.

DS: Yeah, except with us, we're either pissed, hyper, or horny, that's what pretty much inspires all of our songwriting.

M: As far as specialties go, I write the love songs, and Danny writes the hate songs. He writes songs about girls and I write about being pissed.

KS: Danny writes the love songs and the wrestling songs!

DS: One of the songs off the new album, called "Boner", I wrote that about my girlfriend. I was trying to write her a serious love song, and it came out totally different. I just wanted to write a song about how I feel about her, and it turned into "You make me pop a boner." That's just what she does to me, so that's how it came out. It's a silly sounding song, but it's totally sincere. I think any time somebody writes a song, whatever they're feeling at the time, if they just throw themselves into that, the song will come out. And nobody feels the same way all the time, so every song is always going to be different.

M: It's kind of the same way for me. When I get pissed off beyond a certain point, there isn't really anything I can do about it short of violence or destructive behavior, which just isn't a good thing for me, it's really not my style, and it would get me nowhere really. At that point it seems like all I can do is write a song about it. Writing a song about it seems to release all my pent up anger. Sometimes it just spontaneously erupts out of my mind and I feel like I can hardly write it down fast enough. Occasionally I get a really good song out of it. A lot of the times the song never gets used, but it still accomplishes the same thing, the feelings are out of me and I don't have to deal with them anymore.

DS: Sometimes, not a lot of thought goes into it, and those are the songs we have fun with. I just wrote a song about how Mickie's stomach always gets fucked up before a show.

M: I've got a nervous stomach.

DS: I used to give him a hard time about it on the mic, because he's be in the restroom shitting his brains out five minutes before we have to go on stage, I'd be like, "Hey everybody, Mickie's on the crapper right now!" Then I though, hey, that would make a great song so I just wrote it.

M: I fucking hate it when he does that!

DS: Yeah, I promised him I wouldn't do it anymore!

M: But then you had to go and write a fucking song about it!

DS: But I don't do it anymore, do I?

M: No, but you will when we start playing that song! Fucker!

DS: Right now I'm writing a song for a wrestling friend of mine named Dante, because he comes out to one of our songs on the new album called Fuckin' Zombies.

M: It's totally cool!

DS: As a thank you for him doing that, I'm writing a song about Dante, called "Hell Has A Name." It's a very Samhain-sounding song, and I think he would appreciate that.

M: hopefully we can record it and he will want to use it as his entrance song!

DS: We also recorded a song for the Rocky Horror Picture Show tribute compilation that Springman is putting out.

MRR: I thought Eddie Migraine was putting that out?

DS: He was, but he turned it over to Springman.

MRR: All the same bands are going to be on it?

DS: A few of them dropped off and they have to find some new ones.

MRR: What song did you guys do for the comp?

DS: We did "I Can Make you a Man part 2."

M: It's the reprise of the "I Can Make You a Man" song. I think Pansy Division was supposed to do the first part of it.

DS: When we listened to the original we were like, "There is no way we can do this!" because it had a total cabaret-showtune-jumping-around-in-gold-lame-with-a-wedgie sort of feel to it. We were like, "Okay, how do we do it with three chords and one beat?"

M: We just kinda sucked it all in, secreted it back out, and there it was.

KS: We recorded, mixed and mastered it in four hours at the Art Of Ears, and it came out really good.

MRR: So Danny and Mickie write all of the songs for Secretions?

M: No. Kevin contributes sometimes.

KS: Nah, I couldn't write my way out of a paper bag.

M: That's not true, Kevin co-wrote a song with me that appears on the new album. It's called Double O Summer.

DS: It's a road song, it's about going on tour.

MRR: You guys mentioned wanting to tour for this new record. You guys have been around for such a long time but you only have about three mini-tours under your belt, right?

M: Yeah, the longest that we have ever been on tour is three weeks when we went out with the Kansas City Stars and Mynock in the summer of 2000.

MRR: But you guys made it all the way down to Mexico, a place that no one ever visits! And Danny, since you're Mexican, it must have been sort of a homecoming to you.

DS: Yeah, kind of! It was really interesting. We didn't really go too deep into the heart of Mexico, we played at the Coco Loco bar in the city of Nogales, which is basically Arizona's version of Tijuana. But it was fun to finally play in Mexico, and we met some really cool people there and we had a lot of fun. I strongly advise that any band....

M: ....who wants six dollar lap dances....

DS:...very cheap drinks...

KS: ...a lot of cute Mexican girls...

DS: ...and very bad cocaine.....

KS: ...that we did not partake in!...

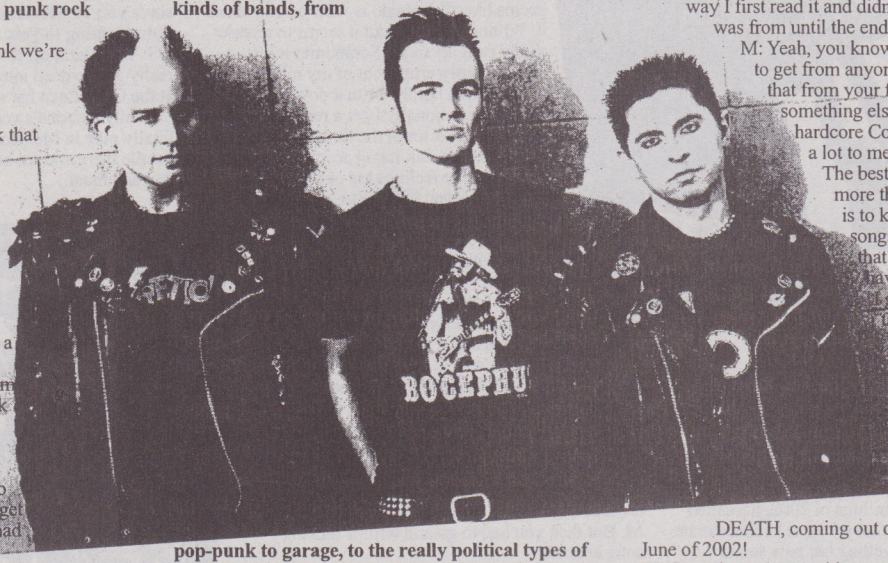
DS: ...should play in Nogales!

M: One of the bands we were touring with bought some bad cocaine, which in reality was probably cheap baby powder, and, well let's just say he was vomiting from both ends for the rest of the tour.

(At this point in the interview, the waiter for the Mexican restaurant we are in interrupts and asks the Rev. Manic how much his camera is worth. A long discussion in Spanish follows.)

DS: Anyway, our friends from Los Federales and

another band called the Swing Ding Amigos helped us set up the Mexico show. Every band should play in Nogales, it's really fun.
M: We ended up playing with a local Mexican instrumental ska band too, which is something I've never seen before. They had a drink there called the Alien Secretion, which of course we had to try.
DS: Since the drinking age in Mexico is 18, Kevin had his first legal drink there. He was only 20 so we got him drunk on Alien Secretions!
MRR: What does an Alien Secretion taste like?
M: I don't remember, we were too drunk!
DS: It's like a Cactus Cooler with a kick to it!
M: With a little cocunutty taste to it.
MRR: Where do you guys plan on touring this summer?
DS: We would like to go to Southern California.
M: I'd like to make it out to New Orleans.
KS: Oregon and Washington as much as possible.
DS: Yeah, Longview is a great place to play. The kids are great there. Portland is fun too. We have fun up there, playing with bands like the Wanna-Be's and the Daryls…
KS: And the Courtesy Clerks!
DS: 800 Octane is cool too, because they gave us lots of free drum stuff!
M: I personally would just like to go all around the country, I did that about eight years ago with a band I used to be in called the Phlegmings, and it was fun!
MRR: To me, you guys seem to be one of the "heart and soul" bands of the Sacramento punk rock scene. Would you agree?
M: People in Sacramento seem to think we're a lot more popular or "important" than we actually are in Sacramento, just because we've been around for so long. they seem to think that we're some kind of "Kings Of The Scene" or something, and we're not! We're not really more important than any other band, it's just that we've been around for so damn long, everyone seems to know who we are.
DS: Yeah, the kids find out about us from their older brothers and sisters!
M: We're kind of "handed down" from generation to generation! We're a hand-me-down band!
DS: Yeah, when the kids graduate from high school and suddenly decide punk isn't cool anymore, they just give all their Secretions stuff to their little brothers!
M: A lot of punk bands in Sacramento don't last more than two years. They get together, start playing, and then get mad after a year because they're not super famous and playing the Warped tour!
KS: It really sucks because there are a lot of really good bands that never stick around long enough to go anywhere.
DS: There have been some really great punk bands that have come out of Sacramento. In my opinion, the greatest punk band to ever come out of Sacramento is the Groovie Ghoulies.
M: Yeah, they are the real heart and soul band of Sacramento if any band is, but I also have to mention my most favorite band ever, the Lizards! They were a big part of my inspiration to start a band.
MRR: What's your opinion of the Sacramento punk scene right now?
DS: There are a lot of great Sacramento bands that just recently broke up, like Luckie Strike, Mynock, and Speeding In The Rain, but there are a lot of good bands springing up to take their place.
KS: There are so many punk bands in this town right now! In the past, there were never enough all ages venues to support this many bands, there was only one or two. there was a lot of competition between bands trying to get shows.
M: Right now though, we seem to have more all ages clubs than ever! Right now I can think of the Capitol Garage, Scratch 8, the Hot Rod Café, and The Arena in Roseville. The Boardwalk just recently went from eighteen and up to all ages too, so there's another one. It's a better time now than it ever has been for all ages shows in Sacramento.
MRR: Are you guys in any other bands besides Secretions?
DS: I play guitar for the Knockoffs still, and I play solo acoustic stuff too.
M: I was drumming for another Sacramento band called the Mallrats when they first started, but I got too busy with Secretions stuff and I had to quit.
KS: I'm married to this band, I don't have anything else to do.
MRR: What kind of day jobs do you guys have?
M: I work at the Crest Theater in downtown Sacramento. It's minimum wage, but I don't have to do a whole lot, and they let me have time off for shows, so it's cool.
KS: I work in the sales department at a very big video distribution place. I sell videos to rental stores.
DS: I'm a second grade teacher and I also manage my friend El Flaco Loco's wrestling career.
MRR: You guys all sound pretty busy, yet you still find time for the band. How do you do that?
M: We make time for the band.
KS: So far our jobs have been accommodating. hopefully they will continue to be.
MRR: I've seen you guys play with all different kinds of bands, from pop-punk to garage, to the really political types of punk bands. What kind of bands do you like to play with?
M: I feel comfortable playing anywhere, it doesn't really matter to me. Sometimes I'm baffled by the people who like us, because we seem to kind of cross over to a lot of different crowds. We have a friend in Sacramento who puts on shows, and he loves black metal and crustcore type stuff, but he also likes us! He has no problem with putting us on a show with a bunch of black metal bands, and we have no problem playing it. What surprises me is when the people at those kind of shows actually get into us! I guess some punks can be a lot more open minded than I would give them credit for. I love playing with all different types of bands.
DS: I just like playing with bands who have fun. you can have fun playing any kind of music, and it shows when the bands are really into it. There have been bands that we have played with who are just so pissed or jaded or snobby, and seem like they're just out to prove something instead of trying to have a good time.. It's no fun playing with those kinds of bands.
M: We like to have a good time playing, and we want our good times to be infectious, a sort of infectious fun! We just want to infect people!
MRR: I heard that you guys recently got an interesting fan letter, tell me about that.
DS: Yeah, the other day I got a letter at my house addressed to the Secretions from a guy named Aaron.
M: Getting fan letters for us is pretty rare, we get about one a year, seriously! I think we have about eight of them total, one for every year we've been around!
DS: So I was reading this letter, it was a very kind letter about a hard time this guy was having in a town far away, and how one of our songs helped him get through that tough time.
M: The song was one off of our last CD called "Freaks Like Us."
DS: He said a friend of his made him a tape with that song on it and when he heard it, it helped him renew his faith in punk rock.
MRR: What is "Freaks Like Us" about?
DS: It's about being different, and getting yelled at by people in passing cars, or getting fucked up stares from people on the street just because you look different. It's about the times when people call you a freak just because you want to look different.
M: Something that happens to all punks at one time or another.
DS: I was very flattered when I was reading it, I thought, wow, this is a really cool thing to have someone say about your band. Then I looked at the signature and noticed it said Aaron Cometbus! I called Mickie right away and read the letter to him the same way I first read it and didn't let him know who it was from until the end. He was floored.
M: Yeah, you know, it would a great letter to get from anyone, but to get a letter like that from your favorite writer, that's something else entirely. I'm a hardcore Cometbus fan, so it meant a lot to me.
The best part about that letter, more than anything else really, is to know that one of our songs could help someone in that way. So many songs have done that for me, and I guess I just never thought that anything I wrote could ever do that for someone else. It's a great feeling.
MRR: Anything else you guys want to talk about?
DS: Nope. Right now, all about SECRETIONS TIL DEATH, coming out on Springman records in June of 2002!
M: Geez, haven't we said more than enough already? If we haven't, those of you with computer access can check out our website at WESECRETEYOUSUCK.COM. Watch for us, we may be playing in your town soon!
MRR: Any last words?
KS: If you don't like Hank Williams, you can kiss my ass, interview over!
DS: Viva La Lucha Libre!
M: We Secrete and You Suck!



WE SECRETE YOU SUCK

HOLY MOLAR

INTERVIEW BY ADAM GNADE

My days of rebelling against my mom and her ideas of the dentist are over...

MRR: So, last time I checked, this was gonna be a side-project for you guys and now things seem pretty legit.

Bobby: At first it was just supposed to be a side project band, but Molar is a way of life now. I once had sixteen root canals in two days ... not this time, though. My days of rebelling against my mom and her ideas of the dentist are over. Molars are kinda sacred (you don't get very many). Sometimes I think the Great Molar in the sky will come down and give us all the secrets of a unified field theory, a hyperspace theory, the theory of everything, then we will all astrally project and become one with the Great Molar.

Justin: The main reason we weren't a normal functional band is because Ron, the drummer, lives in Oregon and with his band, Get Hustle, and three of us are Locusts. It's hard to have time to play and tour. Plus Bobby was in jail for a while. We just managed to record a new record and do a tour in the US.

MRR: Bobby, did your time in jail inspire the prison tour at all?

Bobby: The prison industrial complex is probably the most fucked up thing that's happening within this country. The way that private companies who build, and who now own, prison facilities team up with lawmakers to pass laws like the "three strikes law" (putting more and more people in correctional facilities for longer amounts of time). And fuckers like Pete Wilson, campaigning the whole thing trying to look "tough on crime" when in fact most of the people in prison are in for a minor drug charge, but their crime got elevated to a "strike" cause they already had a "record." When you check between the sheets you'll find all of them (lawmakers, companies that own and build prisons, and politicians) in a serious lustful orgy where greed for power and money is the fetish for the evening. That is what inspired us to do this tour. 'Cause even when you're incarcerated, they can't take your brain or ideals from you. And maybe just maybe, we can be a twinkle in the crooked smile of this hideous monstrosity known as the prison industrial complex. I really can't believe it's happening.

MRR: How's the prison tour going?

Justin: "Trying" is the key word. The main reason for me being interested in trying to do a tour of prisons is due to the shit that the Locust would deal with on tour. Usually we would deal with assholes from all walks of life. Slashing our tires, macing us, stealing our equipment, breaking bottles on us, and so on. So I figured if we were to tour in the US and only play correctional centers and prisons we would be better off. In my mind, I was making an experiment dealing with social politics and the effect on rock music. I noticed that the majority of people hassling the Locust were younger, white, middle-upper class males. So, with that in mind, I noticed that the Internet toilet came in to play a lot with some silly rumors that were circulating about the Locust and stuff that we supposedly did. So, trying to avoid sheltered, bored, suburban kids, we tried a different route. The only real problems we have had on the tour so far are the comments by the people running the facilities. We do get the occasional slander from the inmates, but for the most part it's the people in charge that are use to exercising their control and oppressive personalities. I guess we do look "weird" to what the people in the facilities are used to seeing. But we are all hoodlums, we can handle shit-talking. It's like a native language for us. I mean, I'm fluent not only in English, but shit-talking as well. I'm learning Spanish proper, but I can shit-talk in Spanish as well. I did OK in the Southern areas when there were a larger percentage of Spanish inmates. So, aside from the occasional breakdown of the van and run-in with the fuzz, tour has been a success.

Mark: It's been going great. Only seen about five stabbings in the last week. But you know, we represent *freedom* to a lot of these guys, so we've grown quite fond of each other. In fact, I've become so adept in shiv-making that I've actually considered killing a few pigs and joining their ranks myself.

MRR: You more of a toothbrush-shiv fan, or are you into that whole shard-of-glass-wrapped-with-a-duct-tape-handle thing?

Mark: It's funny you ask that, because we'd already set about mass producing Holy Molar toothbrush shivs as an exclusive Ebay only release. We figure we can reach out to more acne-prone teens feeling like prisoners from their wretched college-enforcing parents. Let's turn the tide, I say!

MRR: Yes! Kill! Beat them senseless with bibles! How have the prisoners

reacted to the music itself? I mean, I'm sure a lot of them are more into more mainstream sounds ...

Bobby: I got some crazy glares ...

Justin: It's a mixed reaction for the most part. I mean, we *did* get some chairs thrown at us and a lot of name calling and comments about our physical appearance. But a lot of the time the inmates can't act out. I do think that some people are pretty bummed that it's loud and sounds pretty shitty, like most adults think about punk. But then there are the inmates that are all heshed out, into metal, and just stand there the whole time head-banging. I can really appreciate that.

MRR: Do you think any of your new "fans" might start writing you letters? As bored prisoners tend to do ...

Justin: We actually got some mail from this guy that was in one of GG Allin's bands. It was cool ... talked a lot about rock music, drugs, and then led on to some weird sex shit that kind of lost me. I wrote back but haven't got a second letter yet.

Mark: I was approached by this gnarly guy at one gig that had a double "O" tattoo on his arm, who turned out to be the legendary John Staab of the early DC hardcore scene. He was doing, like, ten years for armed robbery after having been through some really rough shit in the last decade since his band broke up. He was so pathetic; he said he'd trade me a test pressing of the first Government Issue 7" for some mescaline. I was like, "Look man, Gabe took the rest of it or sold it. I don't know what happened." It really bummed me out. I mean, I just didn't have the heart to tell the guy that Government Issue had gotten back together with Alec MacKaye on vocals.

MRR: Did you at least give him some free merch?

Mark: Do you think he's really got a fucking turntable in lockdown? I was just like, "Hey bro, look me up in Cali, dude, we'll jam sometime or some shit, do some killer gigging, you know? Maybe even fuckin' hit up Don Zientara for some serious studio time and lay down a coupla tracks, just like the salad days, man." I mean, I had to humor the guy. He was only like one of my pubescent heroes. After a while I have to admit, I thought I was being put on. Maybe it was actually Sab Grey.

MRR: Okay, now it's time for the inevitable question: prison sex. I'm sure it gets mighty lonely out on the road. Did anyone of you partake in the forbidden pleasures?

Bobby: I'm not one to kiss and tell, but I wouldn't mind going back and making some conjugal visits ... there's somethin' about a man in uniform.

Justin: Do you mean sex with inmates? Shit, no. I recently was married to Gabe and we're sexually active. But that's another story. But does the forbidden pleasures involve the forbidden nectar?

MRR: The forbidden nectar? Yeah, and the forbidden fruit, too. Whatever that is. Justin, is it hard managing a relationship while under such strange touring circumstances?

Justin: No, most of the time Gabe is wasted anyhow. So I either ignore him or do whatever I want. It's not hard since neither of us care what happens for the most part. The best thing is, when he's wasted he'll buy me whatever I want until he's broke. It's pretty amusing. I get food, drinks, records, you name it. Though he has been more sober on this tour since you can't be intoxicated in the facilities we're playing. Plus, there's little contact with the inmates. So, basically, there's no "action" outside of the little Gabe and I have. Well, as far as I know.

MRR: Run us through a day in the life of the touring Holy Molar.

Justin: Wake up at some point to drive. I guess it depends on the time we have to be at the facility. We usually leave 1 1/2 to 2 hours later than we should. That results in us not eating- hence the physical weight of most of the band members-driving fast and getting plenty of speeding tickets, as well as fix-it tickets for the shitty van we drive. The drive will consist of sleeping, drug abuse, and arguing over who gets to play what tape. We have a lot of stopping to eat, shit, pee, shoplift, sightsee, etc. So, we get to the venue, unload, play, break-down, and drive to either a hotel, a friend's place, or drive to the next place we're playing. It's pretty basic for the most part.

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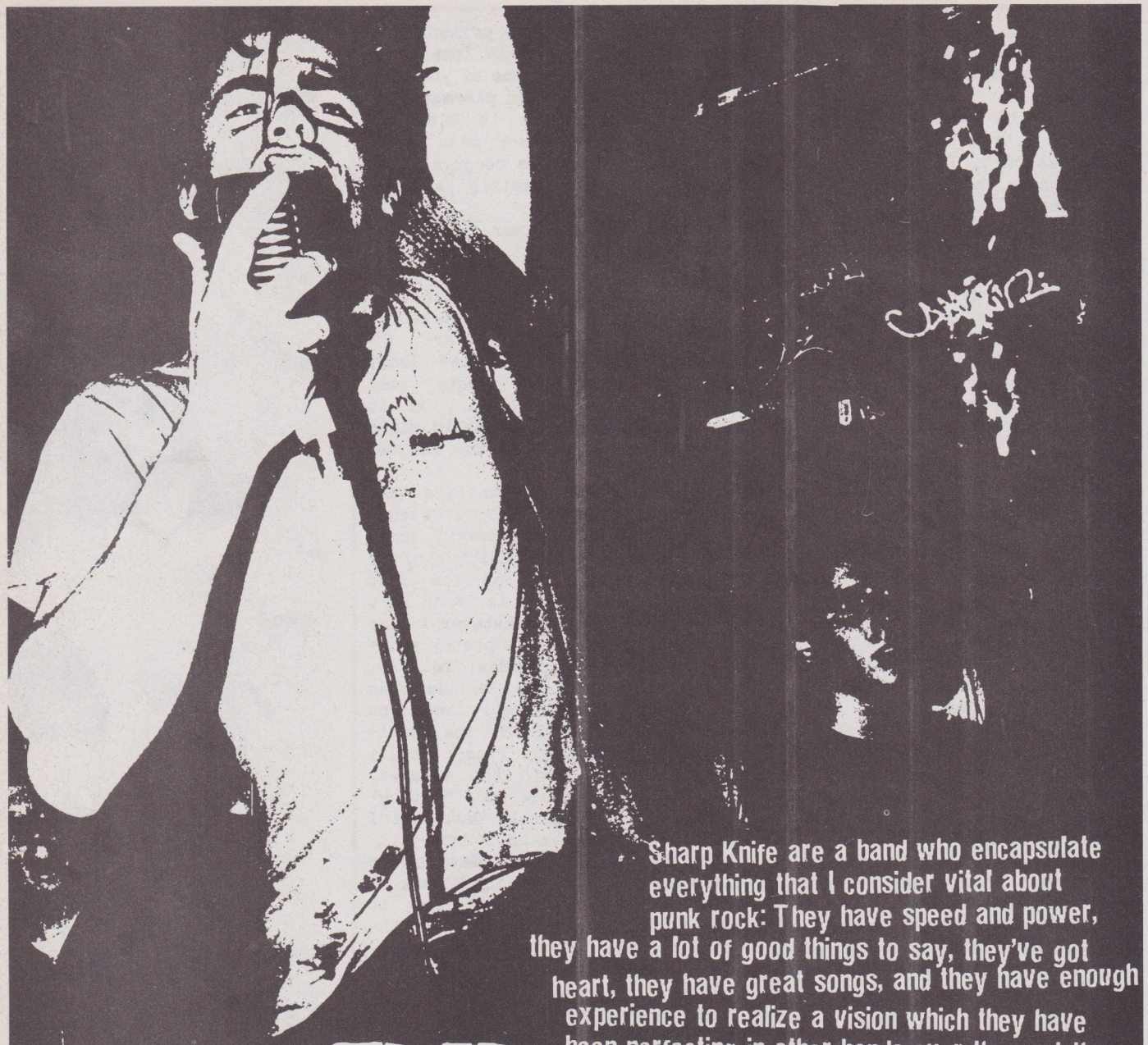

SHARP KNIFE

Sharp Knife are a band who encapsulate everything that I consider vital about punk rock: They have speed and power, they have a lot of good things to say, they've got heart, they have great songs, and they have enough experience to realize a vision which they have been perfecting in other bands over the past three to four years. Individually, none of them are even out of their teens, yet they possess a songwriting and performance prowess that a lot of people with a decade of additional experience can only wish they had. In other words, these guys are so fucking good now, I'm almost scared to see how good they'll be in a couple of years. This is the future of punk rock and the future is now, motherfucker.

Interview by John Geek. Transcribed by Corbett. Photos by Joshua Peach.

MRR: Alright, let's get the cheesy stuff out of the way. Name and instrument.
Connor: I sing. Sometimes.
Will: I play drums.
Parker: I play guitar.
Max: I play bass.
Morgan: I do that singing stuff.
MRR: How long have you guys been a band?
Will: I think Parker came up with it a year, two months and 23 days…Eh… about a year.
MRR: More cheesy questions. They'll be over quickly. What other bands have you guys been in or are in currently?
Connor: Right now I'm in Sharp Knife, Lab Rats, Treason and One Step Ahead.
Will: Fuck… The Buttronics, Shoot The Dog, Potatomen, Miso Militia, The Kablamies (kind of), This Is My Fist!, The Jocks… What am I forgetting…? the Lab Rats…oh, oh… Straight Edge Hot Tub, British Flag, Amazing Fantasy, and Inner Struggle… and I was the original singer for the Donnas.
Parker: Miso Militia, I was in the Sidekicks for a day, the Repairs for sure. I'm in a jazz band too.
Max: I'm in The Sidekicks and I was also in Metele for about two months.
Morgan: I was in the Jocks for however long, Fuck Yea! Avocado, Jesus 2000, A Boy and His Blob, The USUX, Yellow Jackets, I don't know… Abominable Snowband, Unit Breed, Dinosaurus, Bashful Snowmen…
Will: Moat Of Fire…
Morgan: Oh yeah, Moat Of Fire, Soda Pressed, and I'll stop there…
MRR: Wow.
Will: Dropped At Birth!
Morgan: Oh yeah, Dropped At Birth…
MRR: You guys have so many bands you've forgotten some of them. That's amazing. Last cheesy question: Where do you guys live?
All: San Francisco.
MRR: I know most, if not all of you guys are still in high school. Most of you have been active in making music and DIY projects for years. My question is: what or who introduced you to hardcore punk so early and grabbed you so much that you decided to immerse yourself in it?
Max: I've gone to school with Will since 6th grade and I was in a recording class with him and he played me…NOFX actually. That was the first time I heard punk rock.
Morgan: When I was growing up, my cousin, who I was hanging out with up in Portland… he introduced me to like Bad Brains, Propagandhi, Nirvana… and that was it.
Will: Ahh… There was stuff I kept hearing at different times. I bought a bunch of punk albums from reading and hearing interviews with Kurdt Cobain and him talking about Black Flag, MDC, Scratch Acid, the Circle Jerks and that kinda shit… Flipper. If you're going to blame anyone for the infestation of stupid little kids into punk rock, don't blame Green Day, blame Nirvana. Then a friend of mine who was maybe like a year older made me a tape with Misfits, Divisia, AFI, Black Flag, and some other stuff. Then I started to read *MRR* and started hearing about a lot of bands from that, so…
MRR: How old were you?
Will: When?
MRR: When you really started discovering it on your own.
Will: You mean when I started going to shows?
MRR: When you started being involved beyond where people would just make a tape for you.
Will: Probably like 12.
MRR: Fuckin A. A lot of people don't even start discovering crazier underground shit like that till they're 17, so that's a really awesome thing.
Parker: I guess it was probably Angus… We practiced one time with Will. I went to camp with you one time too.
Parker: I sort of taught myself to play all of the Op Ivy songs.
MRR: They're good for learning bass.
Parker: It was hard to play. I didn't really know about shows until Will took me.
Connor: I guess it was my sister who introduced me. Getting like a Green Day album…
MRR: Older sister? How old was she when she introduced you?
Connor: I think she was in 8th grade or maybe a freshman in high school. When I was in 5th grade I got into the AFI thing. She introduced to the basics and I just went from there. She introduced me to the Nerve Agents thing and I went from there… but now it sucks 'cos she now likes rockabilly and rockabilly is really bad.
MRR: That's really bad… quite a degeneration when you turn to rockabilly.
Connor: Not as terrible as when you turn to funk.
MRR: A sad thing indeed. It's amazing. You guys are so advanced and you're still so fucking young. This brings me to the song, "The Tower Treasure," on the Risk cassette release. In the final line, are you lamenting lost youth, or are you seeing youth about to be lost? When you're talking about being like Don Quixote? Do you see youth ending or did that happen to you at 16?
Morgan: Not so much. The whole songs all about… it's kinda cheesy… it's all about kind of keeping the whole aspect of youth still alive… 'cos it seems once you really reach that point in your life where you question that is when you start to lose that.. I don't know…
MRR: It makes sense.
Morgan: The rest of the song is pretty much about hanging onto that aspect as long as you can.
MRR: The music you guys make lyrically and compositionally is really good. It's well developed and a good combo of what I've heard from your other bands. You only seem to use the stuff that works and I think that is a good thing.
Will: I think we try to not get too wanky.
MRR: Yeah, it's definitely not wanky.
Will: Not like Fleshies!
MRR: Yeah, we're the wank! You guys are really together. What direction do you see it gravitating towards now? Where do you see the band heading from here?
Connor: Musically?
MRR: Musically, lyrically… whole thing. Say in a year, where do you see yourself musically in a year?
Will: I'd imagine Morgan will continue to write lyrics about getting chased… or getting arrested.
MRR: How many times have you been arrested?
Morgan: Five. (chuckles)
MRR: Five, goddamn…
Max: What I really like about this band is that no one can, like, its really hard to bring a part in and say we can't do that because it doesn't sound like us. Hopefully more often than not we'll be keeping it spontaneous.
Will: On our next album, we're gonna try to please everyone. We're gonna have a ska song and a funk song, then like…
MRR: You gotta have that rap metal breakdown. Give me the down-low on the new album. What's going on? It's coming out on S.P.A.M., right?
Will: Well we laid down some tracks… yknooow?
Morgan: Basically we just take a "riff" and play it over and over…
(Laughter.)
MRR: How many songs?

Parker: Ten songs?
Connor: Like 23 minutes…
Morgan: CD on S.P.A.M., Vinyl on Born To Die Records.
MRR: Who's Born To Die?
Will: This label in Oklahoma. These dudes Ryan and Ross run it. They're cool. We're really happy about working with them… and we'll say we only did ten songs out of integrity to keep the sound quality good on the LP version, so we could keep it on 45 rpms.
MRR: There you go, there you go… keepin' them rpms high. What are the names of the songs on the tape from? Are they *Choose Your Own Adventure* books?
All: *Hardy Boys*!
Max: Sometimes people think they are really creative names… then they pick up on them. It's cool when they figure it out.
MRR: Let's diverge again. What are you guys' neighborhoods like? Is it progressive at all where you guys are from?
Parker: What do you mean progressive?
MRR: As in leftist progressive…
Will: Oh, no, it's mostly old Asian and Russian families…

MRR: That's your neighborhood?
Will: Yeah, mostly families. I love it. Lots of fog.
Morgan: Old ladies and people pushing the babies around in Laurel Village.
Will: Not a lot of community in mine… and I'd say in the rest of the bands neighborhoods as well.
MRR: This leads to my long complicated question…
Will: I know what you're getting at. It's a touchy subject in punk which I've tried to address at certain times… People don't really talk about class. Issues like that, although a lot of the hardcore is created from upper middle class white kids from the suburbs and shit, people just don't talk about it.
MRR: Traditionally, some of the greatest individuals who are catalysts for change come from somewhat more privileged backgrounds and they consciously reject them. They fight injustice in their community while actually functioning from a different perspective. Since you guys are from an area more like that, you still seem really dedicated to community work with the band. You don't seem to be living too much of a consumer lifestyle. You have a lot of good values to represent. It's kind of a rejection in some way, which is really a good thing. A rejection of some of the things you were raised with, seems to me…
Will: I think a lot of punk rock seems to be about being rejected by society, I see myself more as rejecting it. Well, not rejecting everything, but rejecting what seems wrong to me, and rejecting the false ideas of what is supposed to make you happy. I think that's just as valid.
MRR: Totally valid. In that song, "The Secret Of The Old Mill," it's like you're pissed off because you're not only losing your industrial wasteland neighborhood that you had fun in, but also at the same time it's like you're seeing it go to a use that kind of sucks… Instead of seeing it going to a potential good use, like a homeless shelter like it could have been, you're seeing it turn into a high tech wasteland.
Will: That song is actually about The Presidio, which is not industrial, but…
MRR: A park that is near you.
Morgan: They were talking about moving a lot of the homeless down there to the empty housing but all of the rich neighborhoods were rejecting the idea because they didn't want "dirty people" living in their area.
Will: "Not in my backyard."
Morgan: So the homes remain empty just so they can uphold these people's ideal of cleanliness… now Lucas Entertainment is gonna bring in Jabba The Hutt… GRRROOOWALOYYLL!! (laughter). Yeah, Lucas bought out Letterman Hospital, and while it's been abandoned and unused for years, it's something of a small San Francisco landmark. If it's not just for not for being able to run amok inside there, it's just kind of symbol of some of the cool stuff left around there.
MRR: You guys already know about what I'm gonna ask and my question is this: as you get closer to getting out of high school and moving on, do you see the kind of community activism you're involved in expanding in the community where you live? And as dynamic people with inspirational ideas, do you or your peers see future change on a broader scale or do you feel that a lot more can be done within our sub-community to make the world a better place… to help provide a better alternative? A little bit of both? What are your thoughts on that?
Parker: There are times when I feel "fuck those kids"—they'll just never understand it, but there are also the times when I usually come back to feeling that you can ultimately make the rest of the world better using what you get out of punk rock… I think that it is possible.
Will: Are you talking about the punk community?
MRR: I'm talking about the punk community—your current activism or beyond that as you getting out of high school?
Parker: I don't think I have the biggest effect on the punk community. I've been going out of this country a lot and seeing how other people live really… and it's pretty amazing how much struggle people have to really live with outside of the US. The fact that we have the luxury to not care about how we get food. We also have the luxury to intellectually stand, and how do we use that expansion? I feel an obligation and a responsibility, and I love to serve the greater world and the community at large. Through peace activism and such…
MRR: Where have you gone?
Parker: Well, my mom has gotten really into it lately. She took me to Cambodia. I want to go back this summer and live with the peace activists back there who have taught me how international relations, coming from America, pass over the difference between cultures…Because it's snobbish…I live in Pacific Heights. That's a disgusting neighborhood when you really think about it, more disgusting than any other I think… all of the rich individuals who don't care about anyone besides themselves…It's disgusting.
MRR: Do you see you guys ever touring to all of these crazy places?
Will: I'd kind of feel like an asshole. I'm not sure punk has any relevance there..
Parker: I could check it out and report back…
MRR: Dissent is pretty universal. If you're dissenting against the set of values that are ruling the world, maybe it's not such an outrageous thought.
Will: I've learned a lot about how much everything else is fucked up from being involved with punk rock. At one point, I stay angry about that, but besides that, I just see punk as my sanctuary kind of… with a bunch of like-minded individuals who are also angry or dissatisfied about the same things.
Parker: Even the community that punk creates for kids especially. It makes perfect sense that the kids from upper and upper middle class… they come from communities without community and make their way to punk.
MRR: Alright! OK, what albums and music do you have out? Where can we get a taste?
Will: I guess our tape is done. We did better versions of the songs on the album, so I guess when the new record comes out we'll have a CD on S.P.A.M., which we're so fucking happy about… and the LP version is on Born To Die Records. We were really happy that they gave us the chance to do something on vinyl.
Morgan: Coming up too, we're doing a some songs on a five band Nothing Records comp. Narcotica, Miracle Chosuke, Transponder…
Will: The Narrows.
MRR: Do you plan on touring in the next few months?
Will: We're gonna go up north first, then Arizona, then we're gonna make it out to the East Coast in six days. It ain't the most efficient but it's what we got to do.
MRR: It's good you guys are getting out… to see you guys running around the country. I think people will like you a lot. What's a favorite show you have played?
Morgan: Probably the first one… The Millbrae Rec Center.
MRR: Oh shit.
Morgan: With the Insurgent and Trotsky On Ice.
Parker: I liked The Quest's last show…
Will: The Duckbutters.
Morgan: I think the first show for me because I was excited, everyone was in a really good mood and nice to play with. It was a good nice atmosphere for shows. A good way to start.
Will: Mission Records show with The Bananas and Me, You and The Boys.
MRR: You guys don't play a lot of "legit" venues I've noticed.
Morgan: No.
Parker: Fuck that shit.
MRR: Like The Pound…
Will: Yeah, we're really trying to get our name out… get "one foot in the door." I'm about to make up our 8x10 glossy… (Laughter.)
MRR: Gotta get out there and sell! Any last words before we wrap it up?
Morgan: Cochise!
Max: Try to stay open to new music and new bands. I've seen a couple of my friends grow up and grow out of the youthful idealism that I think is the punk rock community. I'd say just try and keep that and still crack a smile when you see a really great new band.
Will: …and buy our album or the terrorists will have won.

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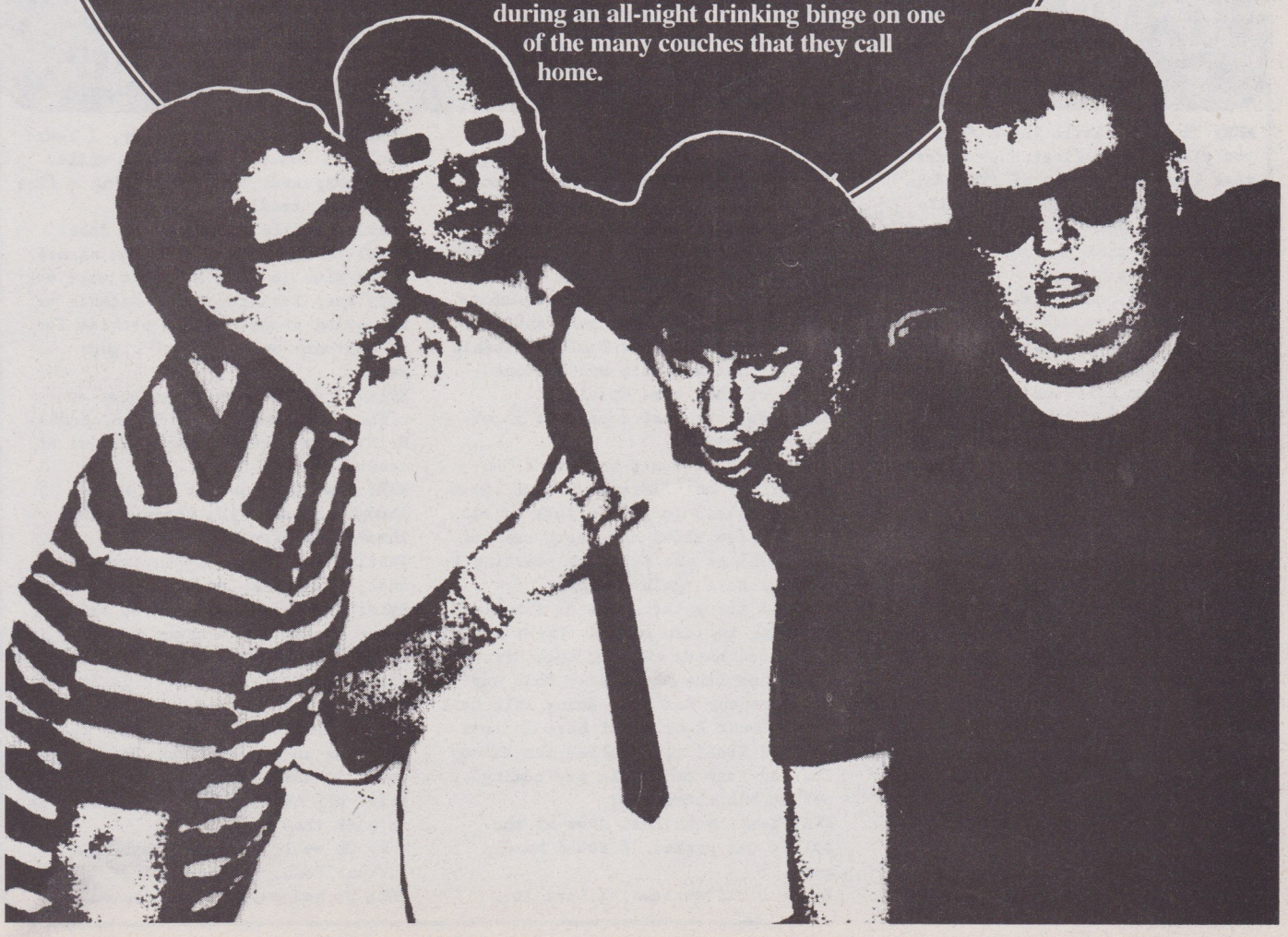
THE MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES

Interview by: Clark Giles

The Mighty John Waynes have been laying the Indianapolis scene to waste lately with their own unique brand of whiskey-powered rock and roll. While the hardcore scene has always been fairly strong in Indianapolis, Naptown has lacked a well-known rock and roll-based punk band that can consistently pack the clubs for a number of years now since the breakup of Indy's last great garage-punk band The Problematics. The Mighty John Waynes have stepped up to fill that void nicely playing garage and surf-influenced punk. While tipping their hat to fellow Indy punk legends The Zero Boys, Sloppy Seconds, etc., the John Waynes have managed to retain a sound all of their own. They have played a major role in the return of a healthy punk rock-based rock and roll scene to the Circle City and continue to astound new comers and old fans alike with their insanely energetic live shows and penchant for leaving a trail of broken windows and empty beer bottles in their wake. Jade Gordley and Justin Allen share vocal and guitar duties backed up by Kris Messer on bass and the jungle drum beats of Kyle Campbell on the skins. We managed to catch up with the band one night during an all-night drinking binge on one of the many couches that they call home.



WE WANT TO DESTROY YOUR TOWN...

MRR: It is a little known fact that you played your first show under the more low-key moniker of "The John Waynes." Why the addition of the "Mighty" to your name?
Jade: Well, that was just our name for the first show.
Justin: Yeah, that didn't last very long. Why did we add "Mighty" to our name? Probably because we are just the shit.
Jade: No, no...Kyle was making flyers for our second show and it was a spur of the moment deal. He just added "Mighty" to the name as more of a...
Kyle: An adjective.
Jade: Yeah, whatever, and it just stuck. We started appearing on flyers as "The Mighty John Waynes" or "Thee Mighty John Waynes" and we just ran with it.
MRR: So which is it then? "The" or "Thee"?
Justin: Whatever the fuck you want it to be.
MRR: Fair enough, why John Wayne?
Justin: Um, god, who knows?
Kyle: Because...because John Wayne is just the man. He is like the quintessential American male icon. (laughs)
MRR: Ever heard MDC's "John Wayne was a Nazi"?
Kyle: Yeah, great song, great band. You still can't fade the man though. (laughs)
MRR: You guys have been tearing things up here in Indianapolis lately. I remember that I read an interview that you guys did for *Smashing Transistors* zine last year and you were expressing your healthy disdain for the Indianapolis music scene. Still of that same opinion?
Kris: No, our last couple of shows have been great.
Jade: Yeah, I don't know what happened. For our first couple of shows, no one seemed to give a fuck at all, but our few shows have been amazing here. Things are actually starting to pick up here again in Indy.
Kyle: I think the scene is finally starting to turn around. There are so many good bands getting together right now like the Slurs. This guy Greg Brennar has been doing this deal called Punk Rock Night here in town at this local club called the Melody Inn and lots of people are coming out to his shows now.
MRR: Yeah, your last show at the Melody was packed. I could hardly move.
Kyle: It is awesome, I love it.
MRR: Speaking of the Melody, I heard you were banned there for a while. What happened? Just continuing a fine punk rock tradition?
Justin: People can't take a joke.
Jade: We've been banned from almost every club in Indy at least once but they keep taking us back because we can bring people in and provide for an astronomical night of liquor sales.
Kyle: I don't know if we were ever officially banned from Radio, Radio.
Kris: They weren't happy with us at least.
MRR: What happened at the Melody though? I heard you threw a stool through the front window.
Justin: Not "through" the window, just, uh...against it.
Kyle: Let's just say if you are going to throw a drunken temper tantrum, you shouldn't do it the night that the club owner is in the bar.
Justin: The one fucking night that dude was in the bar too! He never comes in that place. It is a tax write-off or something for him. I had to pick that night.
MRR: Oh well, you play there now...
Justin: Yeah, so fuck'em...
MRR: So you guys just released

THE MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES

your second record *She's Gets Dirty* on Rock & Roll Blitzkrieg...what is the story behind that and how many did you press?

Jäde: Well, it was kind of a complicated deal. Originally it was supposed to come out on Rock & Roll Blitzkrieg Records. Then it wasn't going to happen because of money issues that the label was having, so we talked with them and ended up working out a deal where we pressed the record and they would distribute it for us.

Justin: Yeah, so they have been helping us out with distribution and such which is cool because we basically had to do everything with ourselves with our first seven-inch.

Jäde: Now we just need to find a label that is going to stick around for a while. We were talking with a few other labels but those people always seem to flake out or be full of shit so right now all we can do is just keeping playing and pushing forward.

Kris: Keep on rocking (laughs)

MRR: How many of each record were pressed?

Kyle: We did 500 of each record. We pressed 100 of the *Kill That Girl* 7" on red vinyl and we did 100 of the *She Gets Dirty* 7" on white. We're also going to be on the upcoming Anatomy Records compilation of Indiana bands, but I don't know what it's called, or what song we're doing for sure. We've talked about doing "Drag 'Em Down" for that one, but we've got to practice it a shitload before recording. Who knows what we'll pull out of our collective ass?

MRR: What is up with all of your records saying "100% Dirt" on them?

Jäde: Because that is what we are...dirt. We are shit and we play dirty, in-your-face rock & roll.

Kyle: We want to destroy your town.

MRR: Speaking of destroying a town, is your hatred of Cincinnati as strong as ever?

Band: Huh?

MRR: You mentioned in the last interview I read from you guys that you hated the Cincinnati punk rock scene because it was all fashion punks.

Justin: We did?

MRR: Yes, I have the interview at home if you want to see it.

Justin: I don't remember that but apparently we said it. Oh well, fuck that town then.

MRR: How has your sound changed with your new 7"? I think you have dropped a lot of the "surf" sound you used to have...

Jäde: I think we are just tighter as a band all around.

Kyle: The new record is just a lot more balls-out rock & roll.

MRR: Are you guys tired of comparisons to (fellow Indiana natives) the Problematics yet?

Kyle: They were a great band when they were around. It doesn't bother me.

Jäde: We don't sound anything like the Problematics.

MRR: When are we going to see a full-length from you guys?

Jäde: As soon as we can get a label to pay for one...

Kyle: We're going into the studio in the next couple of months to start work on the full length. No title or release date yet. I don't know, we will figure out what we are doing soon enough.

MRR: Who are you going to record with?

Jäde: Jim Kuczkowski. He records all of the Rip Off Records bands. He is the only guy that we would ever record with here in Indianapolis.

Justin: He knows the exact sound we want. He did our last two records. I can't really imagine ever using anyone else.

MRR: Any bands out there that you guys would love to play with?

Jäde: I would fucking love to play with the Candy Stripers. The Fireballs of Freedom would be awesome too. There are so many good bands out there right now that I would love to play a show with.

Justin: I'd love to play with the Zodiac Killers again.

Jäde: Fuck that band.

Band: (General grumblings at Jäde's comment)

Justin: I liked the Zodiac Killers.

Jäde: Whatever, I'm just talking shit.

Kyle: I want to play a totally crazy and fucked up show with The Dream is Dead. That would rule. Getting the Dirtbombs down here would be a coup as well.

MRR: When are you guys going to hit the road on a real tour? Something not limited to the Midwest?

Kyle: The only plans we have for "tour" are to do some weekend trips this summer. I still don't have any vacation time built up, due to my honeymoon putting me in the negative, so we're looking to do just weekends. We're planning on going out the 6th, 7th, 8th of June, then the 13th, 14th, and 15th as a part of a "tour" deal, but we don't have anything booked that I know about yet. We are booked through Infinite Booking though so if you want us to come and darken your doorstep then write Sarah at thisisinfinite@msn.com or check out their webpage: http://www.angelfire.com/indie/infinite/

MRR: Okay, I've got to ask. The Midwest for some reason seems to have a tradition of producing bands named after vigilante-type figures...Charles Bronson, Callaghan, The Mighty John Waynes. What is up with that?

Justin: We are all just unoriginal I guess.

MRR: Who would win the bar fight?

Kyle: Well, Charles Bronson are all like a buck o' five anyway so we'd totally mop the floor with their skinny asses if they were still together. (laughs) They were a good band though. Callaghan would be a little tougher but we could take them...yeah, we would definitely come out on top of that one.

MRR: Awesome, any final words?

Kyle: Thanks for the interview. If anyone wants to drop us a line, our email address is theemightyjohnwaynes@hotmail.com. Rock and roll.

A GLOBAL THREAT

Over the last several years, bands like the Unseen, the Dropkick Murphys and most recently A Global Threat have come out of the alleyways to put the Boston punk scene back on the map. We caught up with A Global Threat before they left for their tour with the Casualties to support their new album "Here We Are" on Punk Core Records. The band is currently Bryan (vocals), John (guitar), Mike (drums), and Rufio (bass). Here's what they had to say...

MRR: For the sake of being predictable, give our readers a brief history of A Global Threat.

Bryan: We started in Maine in '97 and moved to Boston. Some members moved back, some left, some got kicked out, and here we are.

MRR: After several lineup changes early on in the band, do you feel that there is some stability now within A Global Threat? Or is the instability what makes it punk rock?

John: No, we're what makes it punk rock. But who knows who's coming or going. I'm happy with the line-up now, I miss Pete (ex-guitar) though.

MRR: Both Mike and Pete are also in Self Destruct, along with ex-AGT member Mark Unseen. Do you feel that side projects get in the way, or are they necessary so that you don't kill each other?

John: Self who?

Bryan: Personally I think side projects get in the way, but I've had them before so I can't get too pissed about it. Anyway, Mike is the only one in A Global Threat and Self Destruct now, and he knows which band is the side project.

MRR: Pete (ex-guitar) has moved out to the west coast to become a big Hollywood movie producer. With Pete out of the picture now, who is going to be the official "greenlighter" of the band?

John: Well, Pete's definitely big, but I don't know about the movies. I think we'll all be shouldering the responsibility. Except Rufio, maybe.

MRR: What aspect of punk appeals to you most? Do you still get as excited about it as you did when you were first introduced to the scene?

John: Well, you'll never be as amped as you were when punk was new to you, but if you're into it for the right reasons then those aspects are still what appeals to you.

Bryan: John said "amped".

MRR: In the past Boston has been known for its vibrant punk scene, but it seems like there are very few shows going on these days. What happened?

John: The Rat closed. There are still bands, punk kids, and a few clichéd stomping grounds, but you've also gotta keep in mind that Boston's about one third the size of Manhattan.

MRR: The cover of your new album *Here We Are* features an image of a fist smashing through a record. Is there any concept behind the cover art? Is it a statement against big businesses and major labels, or am I reading way too much into it?

Bryan: Either we're trying to say something about how we feel about most of the stale bread they call punk music today or it's completely mindless. You decide.

MRR: The new album really shows a progression from earlier AGT releases, both musically and lyrically. In the past you've been compared with more UK '82 influenced bands like the Casualties and the Unseen, but on *Here We Are* there is a strong early 80's Boston influence. Have your main influences changed or is this just the natural progression for AGT?

John: Being in a band, you should progress. It's the natural order of things, it's inevitable. You

can't keep playing the same stuff just because people are buying it. I like having a wide range of sounds—I don't wanna be painted by one picture.

Bryan: Punk is punk right? Whether it sounds like the Dils or Disorder. We're not gonna be pigeonholed as a '77 band or an '82 band, that sucks. We're gonna write songs and play 'em. The lyrics are a bit different than before, but how many "fuck the police" songs am I supposed to write?

MRR: A lot of the kids today seem to love the classic UK '82 stuff, but are totally ignorant of great early American HC punk—specifically early Boston bands such as Jerry's Kids, the FU's, and SSD, who seem to be large influences on your new album. How do you feel about that?

Bryan: Since I live in America, I find it a lot easier to relate to Jerry's Kids screaming "Is this my world?" than to songs from the same era about Maggie Thatcher or life on the dole. But I still love the Exploited and all the old Brit stuff. I think the kids these days just think the English bands' logos look cooler on the back of their leather jackets.

John: Personally, I think the difference between 'em is which side of the ocean they're on. It's all punk. Listening to certain bands based on where they're from is stupid.

MRR: When it comes to touring, what are your favorite aspects? What do you hate about touring? Is there a horrible truth to life on the road that most people are unaware of?

John: Touring is a great time, it's a pay-your-own-way vacation. Sometimes it drags but usually not. It's you and your buddies, town to town, night to night. How can that blow?

MRR: What are some of your favorite places to play in and why? Tell us about some of the bands you have toured with. Schlong sizes? Any drug problems? Flaming hot dog tattoos?

Bryan: I like playing in California, but I wouldn't wanna live there. Casualties tours are always a blast. Awkward Thought rules.

John: I couldn't pick a favorite. I don't consider drugs a problem and I have king kong balls.

MRR: Are there any records in your collection that may surprise your fans? Surely one of you must have a Yanni record lying around.

John: No, no Yanni, but I definitely have some "my time" music. A lot of fans don't know us personally so I don't think they'd be surprised.

Bryan: John would marry Elvis Costello, Mike's no closet Bob Seger fan, and Rufio only listens to fluffy music. I, however, have a harvest of rare records. You know, "more beer", "iron fist", "bad dirty hate", "demonstrating my style" "peace and war" (just the war side). You'll never find Billy Joel or Kiss in my collection, no way.

MRR: Every year Warped Tour attendances are increasing, and many veteran punk bands such as the Circle Jerks, Agnostic Front, and the Casualties have been exposed to a more mainstream audience by joining the roster. How do you feel about the resurgence of interest in punk rock? Do you think it is a positive thing that adds to our numbers?

Bryan: I think it's kinda lame. Nothing against those three bands, I love them all—but it says a lot about the kids there. I guess you have to play with a bunch of pretty-boy, radio-friendly, non-punk MTV wangstrokers these days for kids to even pay attention to you. If the Circle Jerks knew in 1980 that they would have to make a name for themselves all over again today, they might have just quit.

John: I think it's awesome that punk bands are on tours like these, just blowing away the shit-rock bands that they have to share the stage with. We all know where lame metal, new wave and pop punk came from.

MRR: What is the one preconceived notion that people have about A Global Threat that you wish they didn't have?

John: That we're a poor man's anybody.

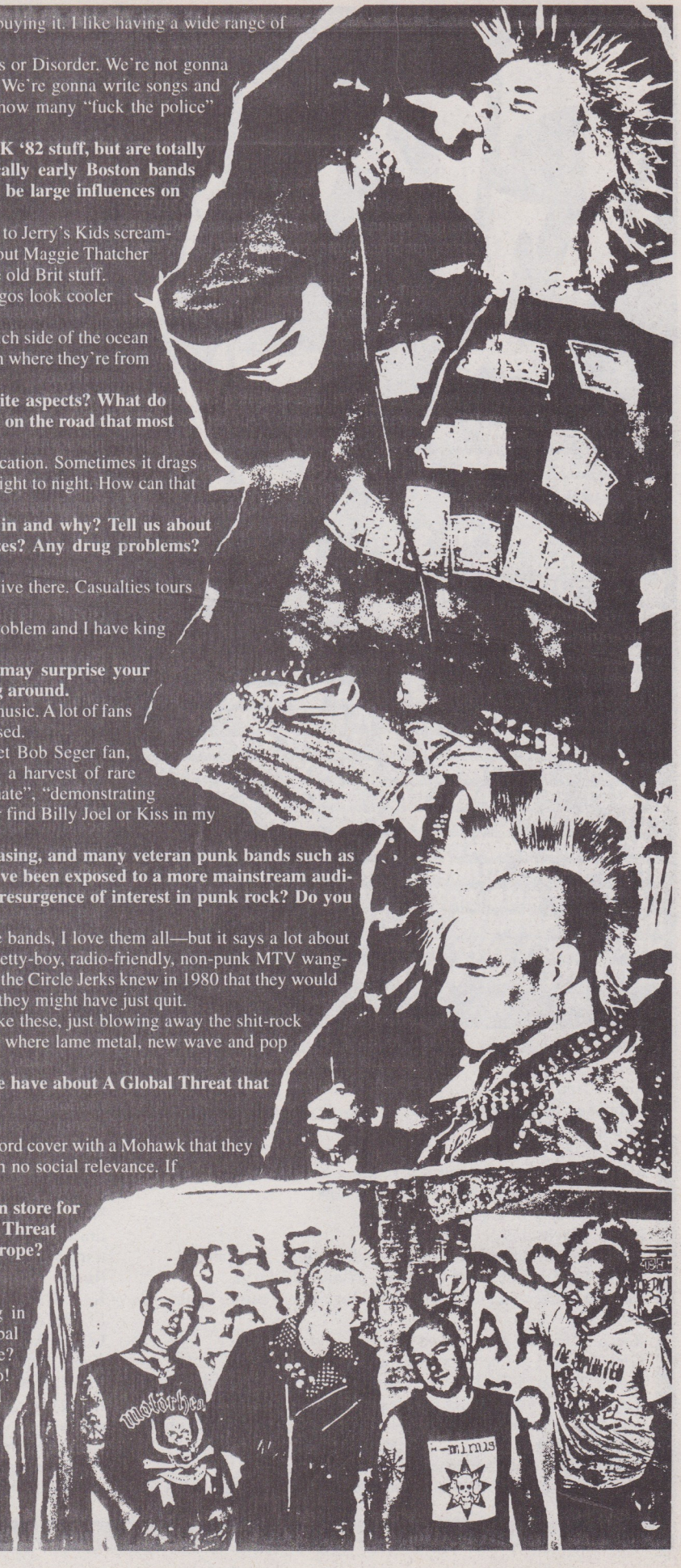
Bryan: I'd hope that just because someone sees me on a record cover with a Mohawk that they wouldn't make the assumption that I'm some asshole with no social relevance. If they do, it's their loss. Fuck 'em.

MRR: What kind of plans does A Global Threat have in store for us in the near future? Can we expect to see the A Global Threat touring machine rumble across the world soon? Europe? Japan? Thailand? Brazil? Canada? Madagascar? Rio?

John: Only time will tell, the sky's the limit and shit.

Bryan: We'll be in those places soon, hopefully playing in front of 100,000 fans in Rio who are screaming "Global Threat Rules!". Punk Core says: "You wanna go to Europe? Bam! You're there. You wanna go to Japan? Blammo! You're there." We'll see what happens. As far as confirmed tours, we will be on the road with the Casualties throughout April and May. We'll be back out on tour with Defiance in August, and then finishing up the tour at the Holidays In the Sun festival in September. See ya there.

For more info on A GLOBAL THREAT go to their web page at www.punkcore.com.



GROOVIE GHOULIES

THE GROOVIE GHOULIES HAVE BEEN SHOWING KIDS HOW TO ROCK FROM SACRAMENTO TO SPAIN FOR OVER TEN YEARS NOW, WITH THEIR BRAND OF CARTOON-INSPIRED, HORROR FILM-DRIVEN ROCK AND ROLL. IF THE RAMONES AND MISFITS HUNG OUT WITH HANNA BARBARA, THE OUTCOME WOULD BE THE GROOVIE GHOULIES. FAR FROM A NOVELTY ACT, THEY ARE ONE OF THE HARDEST WORKING BANDS IN THE WORLD. WITH SIX ALBUMS, FIFTEEN EPS, A SLEW OF COMP TRACKS, A DOZEN OR SO EX-DRUMMERS AND 17 TOURS UNDER THEIR BELT, THEY INSIST THEY ARE JUST GETTING STARTED. WITH TWO MORE ALBUMS RECORDED, A FEW MORE COMP TRACKS AND SINGLES, AND YET ANOTHER NEW DRUMMER, THEIR BAGS ARE PACKED AND THEY'RE READY TO HIT THE ROAD. AFTER FIVE HOURS IN BUMPER TO BUMPER TRAFFIC WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE GROOVIE GHOULIES' KEPI (VOCALS AND BASS) AND ROACH (GUITAR) AT KEVIN SECONDS' TRUE LOVE CAFE IN SACRAMENTO TO CHAT ABOUT THE NEW ALBUMS, THE NEW DRUMMER, THEIR NEW LABEL AND TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT REGARDING A FEW THINGS. INTERVIEW BY MELINDA AND BOBBY MANIC.

MRR: Lets just start off with the current lineup of the band…
Kepi: OK, me.
Roach: And me.
Kepi: And Scampi on drums. Don't say anything else, it makes for hard transcribing.
Roach: OK.
MRR: Why don't you guys give me a history of the band. You guys have been around for how long now?
Kepi: February of 2002.
Roach: Maybe a little before that.
Kepi: Maybe a little before that, it's all foggy before Scampi.
MRR: So, I'm not going to get the detailed history?
Kepi: It makes for terrible transcribing. It all began in the late 1800s…
Roach: When Sir Kepi moved to LA.
Kepi: I moved to LA to start a band.
Roach: To start a band that we know as the Groovie Ghoulies.
Kepi: And 20 people later Roach is still playing with me, we got a new drummer who loves rock and roll and there was a bunch of people in between. But they don't matter.
Roach: Some good, some not so good.
Kepi: They get you to point B, you know what I'm saying, it's like even the bad people get you to a good place. It's always gotten better so I'm not complaining.
MRR: OK, this is kinda messing up my format…
Kepi: Go ahead if you have sub-questions, that's fine, you know, a lot of people know and it doesn't really matter, but if there is a specific question, I'd be glad to answer them. I don't wanna give you like a four hour history of the band, but it's like a bunch of people came and a bunch of people went. There was good times, there was band times. Wait, wait, here's something worth transcribing: "it was the best of times, it was the worst of times." Is that Charles Dickens or something? I'm gonna sound stupid, but I never went to college, people.
Roach: I did. I still don't know what it is.
Kepi: OK.
MRR: You guys got signed to Lookout Records a while ago, and before that you put out all your records yourself, right?
Kepi: Yeah, pretty much, the first two full lengths and some 7"s.
MRR: Now that you're not with Lookout, are you going back to doing everything back on Green Door (Kepi's record label) yourselves?
Kepi: We're licensing records to Stardumb Records in the Netherlands. So, we will own the masters, but they will put them out and distribute them, which is perfect for us. I like having a little label

for a hobby, but I don't…not that I don't want to run it, but I'd rather just be writing and playing and touring.

Roach: Stardumb is cool. We get to be on the same label as the Apers and the Peawees.

MRR: I actually just interviewed Stardumb. Stephen sent me the *Freaks on Parade* CDEP before it came out.

Kepi: Did they give you that *European Pop-Punk Virus* comp they put out? That's the thing, it's how Lookout used to be, like all the bands are friends and everybody's cool and he comes to the shows and they have great artwork and it's just like a great label and that's a good place to be.

MRR: Do you care to set the record straight about Lookout?

Kepi: Are they here?

Roach: Record straight? Like what?

Kepi: We did leave but a lot of people think we got dropped.

Roach: People write reviews and stuff and they say 'Oh, since Lookout dumped the Groovie Ghoulies.' We're like come on, are you a writer or not? Just get your facts straight.

Kepi: Yeah, for the record, we didn't get dropped. For the record, we just wanted a little bit more respect and a little bit more love and we found it. So there.

MRR: You guys just came out of the studio, right?

Kepi: Yeah.

Roach: Yeah, we went to Sonic Iguana again.

Kepi: And recorded enough for two records. So, we'll have a new full length in June called *Go! Stories*. Wanna see the cover?

Roach: Oh my god! You guys are the first non-Ghoulies to see the cover!!!

Kepi: We're gonna delete the first two records that we licensed to Lookout. We're going to cut those out, and then we recorded a record for the fall called *Monster Club* and it's a lot harder to find monster songs like "Pet Cemetery" and "Devil Town" and stuff that we've done on b-sides and comp tracks and then a bunch of stuff off the first album rerecorded with Scampi, so that should be pretty cool too. A two album year, we're making up for lost time.

MRR: What was it like working with both Mass Giorgini (Sonic Iguana's owner and top producer [the pop punk Phil Spector]) and Andy Ernst (who produced the *Freaks On Parade* EP at his Art of Ears Studios) earlier this year?

Kepi: We worked with Andy like three times now in the last year. We did *Freaks on Parade* with him, we did the *Summer Fun* studio tracks with him, and then we just went in the studio while Scampi was practicing for the new album and we recorded two tracks with the Help the Monkeys (former Ghoulie drummer Jaz's band) backing us and a NOFX song and an AC/DC song for some tribute records and they turned out really good.

Roach: Working with Andy is really fun. It's funny because their styles are totally different but they are both really fun, really professional. Andy is all laid back and Mass is all Mr. Pro and not that Andy is not, but….(laughter). It's different but they are both really fun and really great guys.

Kepi: Yeah, we have two great producers, we have two great artists, we're in a good place, we know people like who are elite or whatever.

MRR: You guys have been on the road quite a bit in the last few years. How many tours have you guys done so far?

Kepi: I think 18. It says in the *Summer Fun* book. I think it was 18 in like five years or something—it's pretty good. Last year was our slowest year, but then it was also our biggest tour ever. We did 47 shows in 48 days in Europe. That was cool.

MRR: You guys have been around the world touring. How does that affect not only *your* personal lives, but the other drummers'?

Kepi: Some people have really dug it and some people haven't, but I mean, we love to tour. Scampi is looking forward to touring, and I don't know, it's always different. Some people love it and some people get homesick. I think if you're going to be in the Groovie Ghoulies you know you're going to be touring. I think Scampi's ready to do it.

MRR: Is it easier for the two of you being married?

Kepi: You know, it's just easy for anyone who wants to do it. I mean I guess because we're there, but there's also like…for us, we get along good, we give each other space, it's no problem. Some people are like "you're so lucky you have your wife or your girlfriend or whatever with you on the road."

Roach: Then there's other people that are like "Oh my god! We would never tour with our wives."

Kepi: You meet people that are like, well, "I'm in a band, and my wife or girlfriend is in a band but we could never tour together, we'd kill each other," and all that stuff. We'd never kill each other

Roach: Some things are easy, some things are hard. Like some people who are in bands, their other person stays home and works and pays the bills as opposed to us—we're both on the road kinda scraping.

Kepi: Yeah, it makes it hard to get by money-wise, but it's fun and it's great. You work it out, you know, if you get in a relationship with a musician, you should realize that they're going to be gone a lot and that kind of thing. Like B-Face and his girlfriend have been going out for like seven years, she has no problem with him going on the road, and he never gets homesick so it's just however you work out your relationship. It can be done.

MRR: Maybe now is a good time to add that you guys usually have an extra member when you guys tour?

Kepi: Yeah, we have been touring with B-Face on bass for the last couple of years. He came in while the Queers we're on hiatus and helped us out and played on some records and all that. Right now, we're just playing a three-piece, with me on bass, Roach on guitar, and Scampi on drums, because we're so broke. We took that whole year off and we racked up our credit cards and we did tour and all that stuff. Expenses-wise, we're not going to be able to afford that right now. We used to buy him plane tickets and fly him out here to tour with us and that kind of thing when we were kinda banking on keeping the ball rolling. Leaving Lookout, we can't afford to do that right now. It sucks, but it's ultimately a good thing. We had to put the brakes on and now we have to get momentum going again. But ultimately, it was worth it because we're all way happier...

Roach: Leaving Lookout.

Kepi: Yeah.

MRR: Do you guys want to say why you left Lookout or are you just going to leave that door closed?

Roach: We kinda said it.

Kepi: They didn't seem interested anymore. Things didn't get done that should have been done.

Roach: Some very important things, a lot of times. Like management-wise.

Kepi: Paperwork, all kinds of stuff, and it just snowballed

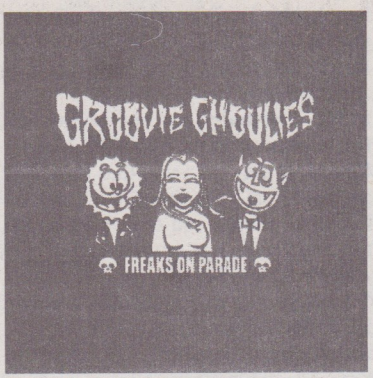
Roach: Things that ended up costing us some money, things that would end up making us really mad and then finally we were like, it's just not there anymore. They're not excited about our records, we put a new record out and they were like "OK, new record." No meetings, no nothing, no strategy, nothing. Just like, "OK, it's out." No advertising.

Kepi: It just got to the point were you're like, you know, we can just do this ourselves and do a better job and when it gets to that point, it's like well, maybe you shouldn't be doing this, so we stopped doing it, and I don't want to shit-talk—it just got to the point where we're better off not being on this label than we are being on it. The good did not outweigh the not good. What can you do? I don't think we're that hard to work with, I just think maybe they changed directions or something.

MRR: You guys are good people and nobody ever has a harsh word to say about you, so I don't want anyone hating you now for saying negative things about Lookout. I want to hear some positive things about Stardumb.

Roach: They're enthusiastic and that's great—they're excited about records, they really like the bands. They put out records of bands that they like, genuinely, and not just like oh, what's going to be the next hit?

Kepi: Maybe Lookout didn't stop liking us, but maybe their taste and direction in music changed, where as Stardumb likes what we do—they not only like it, they love it, and they're excited about it. Excitement and passion, those things you can't put a price on, I don't



GROOVIE GHOULIES

care if we sell half as many records, they're into the music and that's what is amazing. Stephen (CEO of Stardumb Enterprises) came out to six of our shows on the European tour and they're like excited to have us and we're excited to work with them. That's the good thing, and they're professional and they are at a good place. Two guys starting a label, starting to take off, and I think we could be good for them and I think they could be good for us, it should be bueno, bueno.

Roach: Mutually satisfying.

Kepi: Mutually bueno. It will be better distribution in Europe, they have contacts in Japan and Australia. We're doing really good in Europe right now so it's kind of exciting. We're going over for the first time in the summer. We've never done summer shows there and they're supposed to be bigger and better and more fun. We'll let you know.

MRR: You guys do quite a bit of covers. Ghoulies covers are almost as notorious and infamous as Ghoulies originals. I've seen you cover anyone from Daniel Johnston, to Billy Bragg, to local acts like the Knockoffs, to the Rolling Stones, to the Ramones. But you always do the obscure songs that nobody else has heard.

Kepi: The main reason is just to try to do songs that we love, that we want to turn other people on to. Last night somebody asked us, "Do you guys do the Monster Mash?" We're like "no." I love that song, but you can't do anything with that song.

Roach: It's too obvious.

Kepi: But like Daniel Johnston, we just want to turn the would on to him and it worked… and Billy Bragg. We get letters from kids saying like "I just discovered Billy Bragg" and that's why we do it. The Rolling Stones and Devo and the Ramones, people would do their crazy covers, you know, like every Ramones album was good for at least a couple pretty obscure covers and the Rolling Stones totally turned me on to Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry. I will always owe them for that.

MRR: You guys have covered several Knockoffs songs and you even sang on *K.N.O.C.K.O.F.F.S.*

Roach: We've done three.

Kepi: Yeah, we were recording the song "R.A.M.O.N.E.S." by Motorhead for a Motorhead tribute comp, and then for some reason we busted out "the K.N.O.C.K.O.F.F.S." lyrics, I don't even remember why.

Roach: Maybe we we're just going to give them a little single for their birthdays?

Kepi: Something. It ended up being the bonus track on their record. Pretty funny. But Tom Knockoff is a great writer and the same thing, people should hear his lyrics, like "Pensyltucky Girl." He's just genius.

MRR: And he makes great waffles (Tom was inside the True Love making waffles as we did this interview).

Kepi: (laughter!) Yeah, and he makes great waffles. I think it's a tie between Chuck Berry and the Knockoffs for most songs we've covered by one artist—that's a pretty good compliment to the Knockoffs, I think.

MRR: You even borrowed one of the Knockoffs for tour, right?

Kepi & Roach: Yeah, Danny! (laughter!)

Kepi: Danny Reynoso-Secretion-Knockoff-Ghoulie. He actually drummed our first tour when Wendy (yet another former drummer) couldn't do it. He went out and did the whole Queers tour with us.

MRR: Speaking of tours, have you guys had anything spooky happen to you on tour?

Kepi: Jaz and I saw a UFO one time, it was pretty freaky. I think B-Face saw it too.

Roach: Everyone saw it but me, I was in the back and we didn't have the window. It was a different van. I missed it.

Kepi: We were driving down the highway in Ohio and there was like a light, like a plane that was going to land, and it stopped and then kind of like went behind the trees. We were just like "what the hell!?!"

Roach: How about when we just missed the tornado?

Kepi: Oh yeah, real life scary things.

Roach: Yeah, we were in Florida after a show and I was like, I want to get a bite to eat, so we stopped for like 20 minutes and then we headed down the highway and they said "oh, 20 minutes ago a tornado went across the highway." You could see the path shredded and dirt strung all the way across. Dirt and leaves and weeds. Up the hill you could see it right across, it was amazing.

Kepi: That's the story of how Roach being hungry saved our lives.

Roach: And one time a giant truck tried to kill us. He was going the wrong way on a divided highway. This truck was really trying to pass us, trying to pass us around the corner. Then he went behind us at the last second and the car zoomed by going the wrong way on the highway. So, it would have been smash! We couldn't believe what just happened, we were like, did that really happen?

Kepi: In Oregon our old van skidded out. Roach was driving.

Roach: Our old van went down an ice bank. It was below zero, ice was an inch thick.

Kepi: Frozen rain on the freeway.

MRR: Didn't the van flip over?

Roach: The car that flipped over was John Vetter's, who is an original Ghoulie. We were in his SUV, it was Kepi, Jaz, and me in the back seat and John and his wife in the front. We were going to breakfast and some woman plowed into us and we flipped over twice.

Kepi: And backwards too, we rolled and flipped backwards. That was crazy.

Roach: It was nuts! We were all hanging on, we were like AHHHHH!! I hit my head so hard on the ceiling. The three of us in the back seat didn't have our seat belts on.

Kepi: Don't let this out until we've already left on tour with Scampi. (laughter!!) We played a show that night because we were totally in shock and we didn't know what to do, "should we play the show?" We were like, "I guess." We had fucking glass in our head and stuff.

Roach: We had glass in our mouths, we had glass in our pockets and in the creases of our clothes. We were like, "let's play."

Kepi: We realized the next day that we were probably all in shock but you don't want to admit that "gee, I almost died," and sit around and cry and freak out.
Roach: We thought, why cancel the show, we're not dead.
MRR: Does Scampi know what she's getting into?
Roach: See, the thing is, that just decreases the odds of that happening again.
Kepi: We've been in a lot of wrecks that she doesn't have to be in.
Roach: Yeah, we're never going to get into another rollover accident.
Kepi: Ever!!
Roach: And the tornadoes.
Kepi: Ever!!
Roach: You asked! You're going to get us in trouble now!
Kepi: The headline will be in the following issue "Groovie Ghoulie drummer quits!"
MRR: You guys have also been to every tourist trap in the continental US right?
Kepi: We try, we're getting there.
MRR: Where do you still have to visit?
Kepi: Well, this isn't a tourist trap, but I guess because there's no good punk rock clubs on the rim of the Grand Canyon. So, we've never been to the Grand Canyon.
Roach: And we've never seen Carhenge.
Kepi: Oh yeah, The Cadillac Ranch, we've never been there. And we looked for Buddy Holly's grave but our hosts were kind of drunk and they were in two cars saying, "We got to get gas! Now Jimmy wants a hamburger," so we gave up.
Roach: We were like, let's go.
Kepi: But we drove through a great lightning storm that night.
Roach: Oh yeah, that was huge.
Kepi: It was smashing the ground right by us, it was pretty cool.
MRR: Well, summer is coming and you guys have a new record coming out. I suppose that you're already packed for tour.
Roach: Hell yeah, we're always packed.
Kepi: I leave my little shave kit on the counter in the bathroom, I never unpack the little bathroom kit. It's always ready to go.
MRR: What's the itinerary?
Roach: We'll probably do a few shows before we go to Europe. I think our first show in Europe is June 23rd or 24th.
Kepi: We're doing a record release show with the Secretions before we go. We're both putting out our records on that same day. And we're going to do a split single with them too.
MRR: I knew it was going to be with you guys, it's supposed to be still hush-hush.
Kepi: Oh, OK. I think it's OK now.
MRR: Yeah, well by the time this is printed they're going to announce it.
Kepi: Yeah, it's official I think. So yeah, that's coming out. A week before Europe and then a month in Europe, about eight countries I think and then hopefully Canada in August and then a US tour in the fall. That's the only one we have to book right now, hopefully. So it's a good year, two records and three tours on the books.
MRR: And another drummer that you need to break in.
Kepi: She broke herself in, she rocks!
Roach: She practices a lot.
MRR: We caught her first show and she nailed everything, she even faked "Pet Cemetery."
Kepi: Yeah, that was so funny. We were all read to rock then the PA went out.
MRR: Before you guys leave, we have the photos from it, with the sombrero.
Kepi: Oh yeah, that was funny, that was a fun show.
Roach: Yeah, that was a really fun show. She did great on her first show.
MRR: How did you guys meet her?
Kepi: Both Reynoso (Danny Secretion-Knockoff-Ghoulie) and Bubba from Lucky Strike suggested her to us and we just said to have her give us a call and she finally did, and we were like, "Woooo-whoo!!"
Roach: Yeah we came home from Europe last year and were like, "Okay, we're done with this drummer" and Kepi and I were thinking, "Alright, that's it! We're done!" (laughter!) I was just so tired at that point.
Kepi: It just wasn't Ghoulie magic. It never got tighter in forty-seven shows, we never clicked.
MRR: He always seemed like he was in his own world.
Kepi: He was a good drummer but he just wasn't our style.
Roach: He just wasn't a Ghoulie drummer.
Kepi: When you're out on tour after a week you're just a machine… and we never got to the point where we could come right out the gate—but we're already getting there with Scampi. We played Stockton and that was only our fourth show with her and it was so fun. She's just on our level.
Roach: Mmm-hmm.
Kepi: We're just like, "Please let it last!" It's just really fun and it's right. And she seems to be having a great time.
Roach: It's cool because at that point I didn't even know what was going on with the Ghoulies and I was just like, "I'm getting a job!," y'know? Then they found her.
Kepi: We took out time. The last couple of drummers we just kinda gave it to them, "Do you wanna be our drummer? Okay." But we made her try out and told her everything we could think of, good and bad. But we didn't tell her about all the car wrecks. (laughter!) But she wanted to do it.
MRR: (to Roach) Do you have a preference of the gender of a Ghoulies drummer? Do you like having another girl in the band?
Roach: Oh yeah, I always like to have a girl in the band.
MRR: To even out the testosterone?
Kepi: We've been pretty lucky, we've never had anyone that's all tough.
Roach: Macho.
Kepi: I don't even think we would play with them because it's not yippie-skippy in our van, but it's like we all get along and it's good times and not, "Dude let's get some chicks and some fuckin' brews and go to the titty bar."
MRR: …Didn't you just describe B-Face??
Everyone: (Laughter!!)
Kepi: But you know we're his escape from all that too. Not escape but, he's mellow when he's with us. He'll drink but he's not a hell-raiser when we're on tour. I think we give him a little solace from his East Coast-Mania. I think we're his vacation.
Roach: It's fun to have a girl, someone that will be on my side when we go to Target. "Let's go look at make-up!"
Kepi: (laughter!) Target. I miss Jaz because he would look at comic books with me.
Roach: It used to be all comic books and stuff—when we get a girl in the band then I get to go to the clothes stores and stuff.
Kepi: Yeah, it's gonna be Wet Seal or whatever it's called… I'm on my own. I'll book a tour with the Helper Monkeys. We'll play live at Toys'R'Us. Have you seen them?
MRR: Yeah I've seen the Helper Monkeys.
Kepi: They rule! We're happy for them. And the Secretions are doing good and everybody's all good.
MRR: Sacramento seems to be having a lot of great bands coming out. It's kind of a place that maybe six years ago you wouldn't think of great rock'n'roll bands would come from. But it's getting there, there's a lot of fun bands, the Mallrats, the Knockoffs, the Secretions…
Kepi: Yeah, the Mallrats just got signed to Screaming Apple records.
MRR: I suggested it to them… I told them to get in touch with them.
Kepi: Stephan Stardumb hooked them up. Yeah, now the Helper Monkeys need a label.
Kepi: It's so cool to have six bands when you go to play so that you aren't playing with the same bands locally every time and stuff.
Roach: And the Riff Randalls got a new guitarist.
MRR: Kortnee.
Roach: Whom I haven't seen yet. I'm looking forward to seeing her.
MRR: She is really sweet. Let's talk a little more about the album. How many songs are going to be on *Go! Stories*?
Kepi: 14.

Roach: Oh, that's a record.
Kepi: Well, I think *Born in the Basement* might have had that many. It's like 11 new songs and then we rerecorded "Ghoulies Are Go!" because it's "Go! Stories" and then we're taking a couple of comp songs rerecorded with Scampi because some things are just getting popular in Europe like "Doin' Fine" and everybody wants to hear "Pet Cemetery." I'm really happy about the record—it's the same old Ghoulies and only, like, one monster song on there. The *Freaks on Parade* CDEP was basically intended to be half of *Go! Stories* minus the songs "Stranded" and the title track and then I wrote the title track and I realized that there were a lot of songs that on it that would fit on there like "Sleeping Beauty" and "Little Medusa," and it kinda filled together this little theme EP. So that happened and then this record came along and then we had two new songs for that and this record's all worked out good so it's all just falling into place. So it should be cool.. I really like it, it's just the Groovie Ghoulies I don't think there's anything like "Oh! My good! This is so different!"
Roach: No real departures but it's nice. We like the drumming.
Kepi: Yeah, Scampi worked hard and played great on it. The thing is, we never really evolved because we've never really had a line-up for more than 18 months. So, you learn all these songs then you do a record and that person quits then you go back and you learn all the songs then you do a record. So, it's not that someday we might not be all keyboards and string sections or something but we've never had a chance to evolve. We've never gone 18 months without a line-up change so we'll see if we can't change that in the next two years and see if we end up being a jazz fusion, prog-band or something.
MRR: Jaz was the only Ghoulies drummer that never recorded an album, right?
Kepi: Yeah, he got reamed. He deserves an album.
Roach: It just kind of fell that way. He joined up right before Europe.
Kepi: When he joined, we were already going into the studio to do *Fun in the Dark*. It's typical Ghoulies scheduling but we came back from a European tour and three days later we left to record.
MRR: Which you played drums on.
Kepi: Yeah, and the plan was just to go straight into the studio because you're tight from touring and he didn't do that tour because he didn't have a passport and we had already bought our tickets and all that stuff. So, we came home, we did the record, he joined and then he quit before we did the next record.
Roach: He lasted his 15 months, no it wasn't that long.
Kepi: But he got the honor of playing on our biggest selling song which was "Doin' Fine" on that *Short Music* comp. That sold almost 200,000 copies which is more than all the Ghoulies records of all time combined. So Jaz gets a little bit but it's a quality thing. And the songs we did with the Helper Monkeys, the two new tracks, are great.
Roach: They are so much fun
MRR: What AC/DC song did you do?
Kepi: We did "Rock and Roll Damnation."
Roach: Kepi and Jaz both kind of did the vocals.
Kepi: We both sang, so it's two lead vocals, two guitars, basically we got a six piece. It's under the Groovie Ghoulies because we got hired to do the thing but we hired the Helper Monkeys just to be our backing band. And then we did "the 'Brews" by NOFX. It just turned out great. NOFX and AC/DC are two of the biggest influences on the Helper Monkeys. So, asking them...
Roach: Just seemed like the natural thing to do.
MRR: It seems like every album has a theme to it. *Born in the Basement* had that fucked up dark and moody feel...
Roach: Yeah.
Kepi: That's the dark rock and roll album.
MRR: *World Contact Day* had the alien thing.
Kepi: *Go! Stories*—it's the survival record. We left Lookout! and we were saying "Fuck it, we're going to go for this and we're going to do it" and it took a year, so there's a song called "Stick it Out" on there that I kind of wrote for my self. Like "Carly Simon"—I write these little anthems for myself, like "Keep on going, Kepi!" "Go! Stories" is what we want to do and...
Roach: It's kind of a self-reflection.
Kepi: It's not like the moody thing though.
Roach: No, not at all.
Kepi: It's kind of an anthem record. It reminds me a lot of a hybrid between *World Contact Day* and the power of *Re-Animation Festival.* Somewhere in between those two. It's just "Ghoulies Are Go!" It's not worrying about what other people do or say, its kind of like...
MRR: Reminding everyone that's you're still here and you're still going to rock?
Kepi: Yes! It's positive rock! It's Posi-emo!
Roach: Take that back!
Kepi: No, I know, I'm just kidding. It's just like keep going, it's go, go, go, Ghoulies are go! When we got signed to Lookout! it was when Rancid and Green Day were big. Then it was ska, then it was swing and then it was emo, and now it's Green Day again (editor note: it is!?!) and we just fucking chug along. It's just survival and endurance and uhhhhh.... What's that p-word? Persistence? Or pee?
Roach: That's a good word, persistence.
Kepi: Pee is also a p-word. But we can't call the record "Ghoulies Go Pee."
Roach: The cover would look funny.
Kepi: We can't have that peeing against the building cover with two chicks in the band. It wouldn't work. So that's the theme, it's posi-rock. And then the second album is going to be a lot of monster songs and stuff off the first record rerecorded because I just didn't see the point of reissuing that record for a third time. There's just no point, just re-do them.
MRR: It seems like you guys have actually been getting away from the whole monster theme, "Travels With My Amp" had a definite "on the road again" feel.
Kepi: I guess this is where that left off. "Travels" had that Americana, roadside America, touring the states kind of thing. The feel for this to me is like Ghoulies Go Global. We have a label in Europe now and we're doing really good in Europe. It's just about growing and getting out of your backyard. We were a Lookout band and that's East Bay, so dude, what are we now a Dutch band since our label is in the Netherlands?? Fuck, I don't care, I just want to be a global band. Then maybe a universal band then I could go into outer space and rock on a satellite.
MRR: Who are you guys going to tour with this year?
Kepi: I don't know. We want to try to bring the Apers over from the Netherlands and get them exposed over here. Jon Von has a new band called Les Draguers.
MRR: He was also a temporary Ghoulie, right?
Kepi: He played on the *Running with Big Foot* EP.
Roach: He recorded "Wild, Wild Jane" and "Dolomite" with us. He recorded six songs with us but we never did any shows with him. Once in a while we can talk him into coming on stage and sing with us.
Kepi: Maybe we could do "Dolomite" or "Wild, Wild Jane" when he gets here or "Valentine," he sang half of "Valentine." They'll be out here, we're going to do a week of shows with them. Like I said, we wanna bring the Apers out. We would love to tour with Chixdiggit again, I know they're recording right now.
Roach: In Europe we're playing with American Heartbreak and Adam West.
Kepi: And in the fall maybe Chixdiggit or the Teen Idols if we're lucky.

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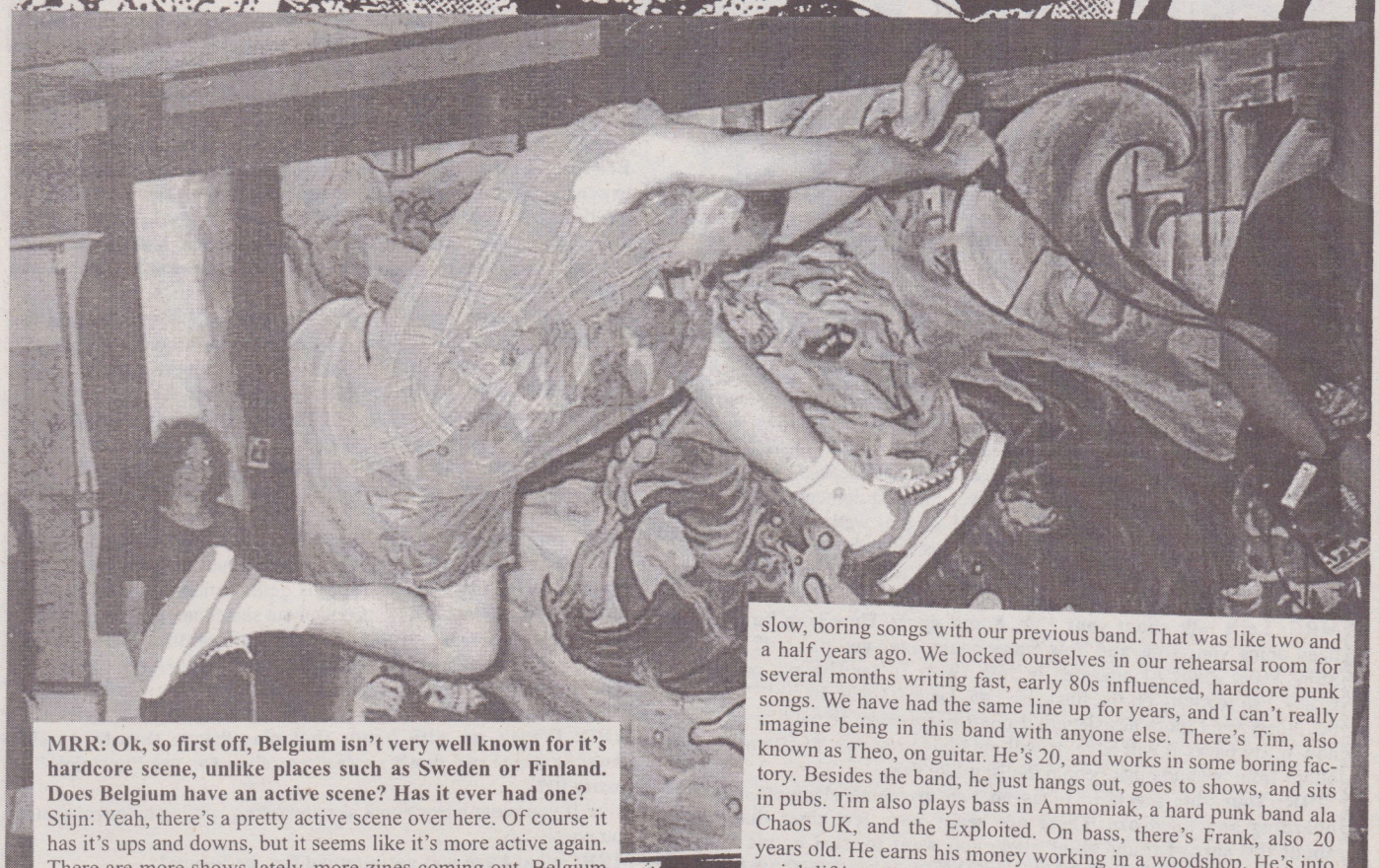

MRR: Ok, so first off, Belgium isn't very well known for it's hardcore scene, unlike places such as Sweden or Finland. Does Belgium have an active scene? Has it ever had one?

Stijn: Yeah, there's a pretty active scene over here. Of course it has it's ups and downs, but it seems like it's more active again. There are more shows lately, more zines coming out. Belgium actually has one of the coolest scenes in Europe, I think. I just wish there were more rad Belgian bands. There are only a handful of Belgian bands that I like.

MRR: What do you think attributes to the fact that other places in Europe are more well known for their hardcore scenes?

Stijn: That's because there hasn't been a Belgian band that was well known worldwide, except for maybe Heibel, or Zyklome A. Sweden is known because of bands like DS-13, Mob 47, ETA, Refused, and Final Exit. Everyone knows about the scene in the Netherlands because of Lärm, Man Lifting Banner, BGK, and Seein' Red, Italy is known for Raw Power, England for Voorhees. So as you see, those countries have had more "famous" bands than Belgium, which gave their scenes more exposure.

MRR: So, let's talk about Reproach and get all the boring interview trivialities out of the way. When did the band form, and who are it's members? Throw in the ages and occupations of band members, and anything else we might be interested in.

Stijn: Reproach formed after we got tired of playing crappy, slow, boring songs with our previous band. That was like two and a half years ago. We locked ourselves in our rehearsal room for several months writing fast, early 80s influenced, hardcore punk songs. We have had the same line up for years, and I can't really imagine being in this band with anyone else. There's Tim, also known as Theo, on guitar. He's 20, and works in some boring factory. Besides the band, he just hangs out, goes to shows, and sits in pubs. Tim also plays bass in Ammoniak, a hard punk band ala Chaos UK, and the Exploited. On bass, there's Frank, also 20 years old. He earns his money working in a woodshop. He's into weightlifting, playing his acoustic guitar, and trying to be a pimp. Our drummer Davy is 19 or so. He makes tribunes, likes to get drunk, hang out, gets his rear car window broken at night by a brick, and also plays drums in Ammoniak. Then there's me, Stijn, on vocals. I'm 23. I just got fired two days ago, so there goes my working class skinhead image. Besides the band, I love skateboarding, buying records, going to shows and watching horror movies. I also run a small distro and do this zine/ newsletter thing called *Stand Apart*. I'm gonna start a label soon, called Fastplant records.

MRR: You have an upcoming 7" on Kid for Life Records. How did you hook up with them, and tell us a little about the EP?

Stijn: That 7" is out now. Kid For Life is run by my friend Ben from France. I think we got to know each other through my zine, and when he heard our band he loved it, and offered to put out a 7". He's a great guy and did an excellent job with the 7". The 7" is called "Thrash Mayhem EP." There are nine songs on it, and it was recorded in one single day at Studio 195 in Holland. That same day, we also recorded three more songs which will appear on compilations, sooner or later. The cover was drawn by our pal Kevin from *Push The Limit* zine. There were 600 pressed, 150 on green splatter vinyl, and 100 with a Pirate Mosh Crew cover. I'm very happy that we did the 7" with Ben.

MRR: Let's say you had to describe the way your band sounds to someone, like your mother, who doesn't know anything about hardcore, and your friend, who is into hardcore. What would you tell them?

Stijn: To my mom, I'd describe it as the sound of a car crashing into the living room. To someone who's into hardcore, I'd say it sounds like a mix of Negative Approach, Charles Bronson, DRI, Crossed Out, and Negative Fx.

MRR: Are there a lot of shows that you guys play? Do you ever tour, or play shows out of town?

Stijn: Shows have been fewer lately, but we've played quite a few shows since we started. We have only had one show in our own little town so far. Normally, we would've toured a weekend in Germany in October with our friends from Pissed Youth, but we had to cancel because I fucked up my wrist while skating, so I couldn't drive, carry equipment, and had to "stay calm" while playing, which I can't. If all goes well, we'll be doing a weekend tour somewhere in 2002. It's always fun to be on the road, and play in another country. It's common over here, since Belgium is a small country, that we can drive to other countries very easily.

MRR: Let's talk about your zine, *Stand Apart*. How long have you been doing your zine, and how many issues have you put out?

Stijn: *Stand Apart* #1 appeared in July 1999. So far I've put out four issues. I'm working on the final issue #5. Issue #3 was the only "zine," the others were more newsletters. I don't know when #5 will be out, or how many pages it will have. It will only have reviews, and some ramblings from me and other people, bullshit like that.

MRR: Your zine seems to focus on two awesome elements, skateboarding and hardcore. There are really very few zines that talk about this sort of thing, what made you want to start a zine about these awesome things?

Stijn: Simply put, because I love hardcore, and I love skateboarding.

MRR: You switched to a one page format for the last issue, what attributed to the shift from a full zine to this format?

Stijn: It wasn't really a shift, because *Stand Apart* started out as a free newsletter thing. Only #3 turned out to be a full size zine. I worked eight months on that issue, and when the zine came out, I was just tired of it, it had become a drag. I didn't wanted to invest all that time and work in yet another full zine, so I turned it back into a newsletter.

MRR: I usually ask this question about records, but what are some of your favorite zines that you have read? What zines inspire you?

Stijn: A zine that has influenced me a lot is *Mad at the World*, a zine from New Jersey. I interviewed the editor, Dan, for the first issue of *Stand Apart*. It's too bad that only two issues of his zine came out, I fucking loved it. Both issues of *Mad at the World* came out in 1998. *MATW* had great interviews with bands like Out Cold, No Contest, Fit For Abuse, Breakdown, Slapshot, and the Degenerics. Both issues had great hand-drawn covers, interesting columns, some good stories, and sarcasm. The whole feeling of that zine appealed to me. I never read a zine so many times as both issues of *Mad at the World*. The editor, Dan, now runs MATW records, and plays in The Bad Form. Other zines that I enjoy reading are: *Push the Limit*, *Downsized*, *MRR*, *The Rat Patrol*, *Short, Fast and Loud*, *I Hate The Kids*, *Sneakers*, *Inside Front*, *Infection*, *Reflections*,

Interpol Times, *Violent Attäck,* and a bunch more.

MRR: *Stand Apart* fills a very distinct niche in the hardcore scene. Why do you think there isn't much attention placed on skateboarding within hardcore nowadays?

Stijn: I disagree with that. There's definitely been an uprise again of bands who address skateboarding in their lyrics, ETA, Holier Than Thou, No Reply, DS-13, What Happens Next?, Lifes Halt, Haymaker, Scholastic Deth, and more! Hey, just look at Element Records, all they do is focus on hardcore bands that skate. Fucking awesome!

MRR: Speaking of skating, tell us a little about the skate scene in Belgium. A lot of people I talk to who live overseas mention how expensive all the stuff is to buy (not that it's cheap here either or anything). Is there less importance placed on clothes and appearance? Are there companies over there that make stuff for actual skating, or does it mostly have to be imported from North America?

Stijn: Skateboarding stuff is expensive over here, but not so high that it's impossible to buy it. The average price for a board nowadays is somewhere between $75-$80. Due to higher import prices/exchange rates on the dollar, the prices have gone up over the past few years. Clothes and appearance seem to be the biggest factor in skateboarding nowadays. Skateboarding is about shredding, it's not a damn fashion show. There are some European skateboard companies, but I don't know much about them. Ninety-nine percent of the stuff in skateshops is imported.

MRR: Do you think skating is an important part of hardcore?

Stijn: There has always been a link between hardcore and skateboarding. I'm happy that skateboarding is getting more attention again in hardcore. I just love bands that sing about skateboarding; all the graphics, skating skeletons and stuff, nothing can beat that! Skateboarding to me is all about freedom, expressing myself, rebelling, having fun, being myself, hanging out with my friends. In a way, it's the same as what hardcore means to me.

MRR: What's up with bands that play "skate thrash" or sing about skating, and don't skate themselves (or use "nostalgia" to justify it)?

Stijn: If you write lyrics about skateboarding, while you never skated, you pose!!

MRR: What have you got planned for the future?

Stijn: Writing new songs with Reproach for the upcoming releases, playing as many shows as we can, finding a cool indoor skatepark before the winter, keeping my distro going, hanging out with my girlfriend, starting my label Fastplant, skating pools, finding a cool job, making a final issue of *Stand Apart*, touring, and a whole lot more!

MRR: Any final comments? Anything you want to add?

Stijn: Yes, thanks a lot for the interview Noah, I had fun filling it out. Thanks to everyone who has supported us one way or another, all our friends, you know who you are! Listen to fast hardcore, watch horror movies, and skate to deströy!

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HORROR IS THE DENOMINATOR BUT LIFE IS THE QUESTION

"My very being was anarchic and political. I was a lone woman who refused to know her place."

Annie Anxiety

BY LANCE HAHN

The Story of Annie Anxiety (So Far...)

"Barbed Wire Halo" by Annie Anxiety was the first release through Crass Records to broadly announce the group's higher artistic intentions. Reaching outside of the rock-n-roll that most punk was based around, though claiming the need to destroy, this audio collage/sound poem was a stab at any question of artistic motive versus commercial. The record was also the label's first release of a non-UK artist. Who was this American showing up at all the punk gigs?

Annie Anxiety was born Annie Bandez in New York. Despite happy memories from those times, she left home at 14, and struck out on her own supporting herself in a number of ways, from exotic dancing to professional gambling to icon painting to face modeling for a big agency. By the time she was 17, she had spent time across Cuba, Puerto Rico, Brazil, and Canada.

Annie, "I was being fabulous."

She found herself back in New York just in time to start playing music, thanks to her friends in the Blessed that featured 16 year-olds Howie Pyro and Walter Lure.

Annie, "Yes, in New York. I first sang professionally at the age of 16 at Max's Kansas City. The Blessed had asked me to support them, so I grabbed my poems and rustled up some guys from the Bronx. It probably sounded awful, but I was hooked."

Eventually, she wound up helping create the notorious punk group, the Asexuals, along with Bobby Steele (who would only wind up playing the one gig with them), Howie Pyro, and even Alan Vega.

Annie, "The Asexuals was an ever-changing improvised lineup. We happened around 77 –78."

The group's rowdy debut gig was at Max's Kansas City, with the Misfits, and started them on their way to being eventually banned from every club in New York. The band's one known documented recording is on the *Here We Go* compilation LP on Sterile Records. A benefit for the striking miners and their families, the record also featured Assassins Of Hope (under the name Assassins), Lustmord, Band of Holy Joy, Nocturnal Emissions, and the Halfler Trio.

The quintessential starving artist, Annie would crash art openings for something to eat. By doing so, she caught the eye of people like Andy Warhol and Richard Bernstein, who used her as a model for one of his Polaroid photos.

But Annie's role in art was destined to be as visionary, and not as subject.

Annie, "I had no qualifications. I was born with an insatiable hunger for color, excitement, and experience. The first movie I remember seeing is the *Wizard of Oz*, I still relate. I'm still striving to live in Technicolor, creating is an extension of that quest. I think I entered the field by default. I entered the workforce in recession with no skills, nor diploma, nor money. I was too ignorant to conceive the concept of failure. I'm an adventurer by nature, hence my impatience to dive into the world. Creation is an act of blind faith. When I was a kid, I made 'books.' The theme was always the same. 'There once was a little girl who ran away to Japan, China, Spain, etc.' I never planned it, nor thought about it, I still don't. It just happened."

As it turned out, New York was only a temporary destination. A chance meeting with Steve Ignorant, already of Crass, led to her traveling across the Atlantic to see if England offered a creative freedom unavailable to her at the time.

Annie, "I met Steve from Crass on my stoop in New York around 2am, one morning. I was starting to tire of the incestuous nature of the scene in New York at the time. I was only intending to visit for a few weeks. Who knew?"

Without much knowledge of the place, Annie packed up and went off to England, where she would end up spending the next few years.

Annie, "The only people I knew were Crass. Chrysis St. Laurent gave me some names and addresses of people to look up, but I never did… I never had heard of Crass, before meeting Steve."

It was around this time that she adopted the name Annie Anxiety.

Annie, "I saw an ad in the *Daily News*, 'Do you suffer from anxiety?' It was a joke that stuck."

Soon, Annie's visit was extended into a semi-permanent move, taking up quarters with Crass, with whom she quickly grew very close.

Annie, "They were sincere, fresh, and funny. Yes, I lived in Dial House with them for a while."

The band's anarchist line matched Annie's iconoclastic joie de vivre and wholly unique life's path.

Annie, "My very being was anarchic and political. I was a lone woman who refused to know her place. By the time I had met Crass, I had a few nights in jail under my belt, been labeled a "commie" in the sixth grade, had a wrongful arrest by a psychotic transit cop and ended up in Bellevue, dealt with welfare and food stamps, met Julian Bond at age twelve, worked the clubs, spent a night in a Cheyenne, Wyoming youth care, etc, etc, the list is endless. So I was aware of what happens if you bump horns with the status quo, I hadn't read any doctrines, if that's what you mean. Like art, I was politicized by my refusal to celebrate mediocrity. I choose my battles more carefully these days. In the end, I found some who call themselves anarchists to be as spiritually vacant as those of some who call themselves Republicans. I think true activism comes from love and passion, not didactic tomes."

Soon, Annie became a close part of the group's family which also included bands like Dirt and the Epileptics (pre-Flux Of Pink Indians), with whom she occasionally joined onstage, adding her own vocals and lyrics to the song "Death Train," which would later appear on their CD *System Rejects*. Around this time, she also did some guest vocals with Rubella Ballet. This happening in 1979 helped bring her poetic writings to the attention of Crass's Penny Rimbaud.

Her first work with Crass was in the form of songwriting. "Shaved Women" would look later like a testing of the waters with tape collage and poetry experiments that would be in a lot of ways epitomized by Annie's debut single. As a b-side to the band's first self-released record, *Reality Asylum,* the track was another challenge to the already rigid aesthetic doctrine of punk rock, to say nothing of the controversy surrounding the origins of Crass Records.

"Reality Asylum" was originally intended to be the first track on the band's debut 12", *Feeding the 5000*. However, the band's original record label, Small Wonder, were having trouble finding a pressing plant to make the record due to the alleged blasphemous lyrical content. The song was left off and a blank spot was left titled "The Sound Of Free Speech." Eventually, Crass Records was founded to release "Reality Asylum" as a single with "Shaved Women" on the b-side.

Perfectly complimenting the a-side, "Shaved Women" is another experiment with tape collage using a homemade loop as the rhythm track, and additional instrumentation layered over.

The lyrical content is some of Annie's most minimal. Still, the use of imagery is vibrant as well as atmospheric, without being pretentious or convoluted.

Shaved women collaborators
Shaved women are they traitors
Dead bodies all around
Screaming babies…

Shaved women instigators
Shaved women disco dancing
Shaved women shooting dope
Screaming babies…

In all your decadence people die…

With the success of both records, Annie began traveling with the band performing as the opening act with a taped musical backing. This is a form that she still uses today in her live shows. She would continue touring with the band for the next few years. Several different documents exist from that time, mostly in the form of officially released cassettes. Catfood Press released a triple cassette tape named for the political fanzine *Peace News* and also included Crass, Flux, and D&V. Vegan Policeman Tapes released a cassette sampler of live performances from the 1982 Zig Zag festival called *We Control The Zig Zag*. Red Alert cassettes released a compilation featuring live per-

formances by Conflict, Anthrax, and the Sinyx, as well as Annie.

The next logical step once Crass Records had become established, and began working with artists other than Crass, was for Annie to record a record of her own for the label. A single was arranged, recorded with Penny, and would be unlike any other record on the label.

Annie, "Penny Rimbaud had seen my poetry. They had already recorded "Shaved Women" which I had wrote, and Penny suggested we do a single."

The resulting record turned out to be one of the most honest and adventurous records to come out of that time. "Barbed Wire Halo" speaks volumes to the collective's intentions to break down aesthetic notions of rock n roll. It was a polarizing experiment in removing the "rock" from "punk rock." Even more so, it was a leap forward into the growing post-punk interest in tape loops and post-Beat, cut and paste, audio art.

Annie, "Penny spliced the loops together, and I spliced the words. It was disco cut-ups; Bill Burroughs meets Gloria Gaynor."

The excitement of this form of primitive cut and paste, predated the work of sampling today, and is certainly connected in some genealogical way. While seemingly far outside of what was happening in music, and certainly in punk rock at the time, it turned out to be a signpost of what was to come, and what is still being developed in sound collage and music.

But there also, though probably inadvertently, were similarities to some of the post-Fluxus noise coming from Industrial Studios. The same ideas that spawned Annie's work, was mutating in a different way with Throbbing Gristle and even Alternative TV.

The lyrical content of the record is a poetic blend of ambiguity and well-aimed imagism.

Rub against my temples firmly
Rapid fire in my brain
It crashes through la cabesa
Tiny fragments in my skull…

I want to go
Green hills
Turned all black with plastic snow
I want to go
Napalm roses bursting over
I want to go…

Could this be love?

With tracks titled "Hello Horror" and "Cyanide Tears," there is still little preparation for the content that is a devastating mixture of different ideas presented in a confusing, though not at all confused, and intriguing sexually violent verses. The seduction involved is both misleading and purposefully ambiguous. The images of napalm, etc. are almost nostalgic in their imagistic trigger mechanisms. It's not necessarily De Sade or Foucault.

Annie, "Cyanide Tears was a juxtaposition of Jim Jones and my ongoing love affair with New York. I was thinking about the sultriness and seductiveness of hot summer nights in New York, drinking Coco Rico, and how Jim Jones seduced a thousand people into the jungle to drink cyanide laced Kool-Aid. It's all seduction."

The record cover looks like tattoos, or some sort of body art, dark and shadowed. But are in fact, woodcuts manipulated with photos to have the varied tones of black and white.

Annie, "It was from a Japanese woodcut."

Without a lyric sheet, the images are as important to the record as the vinyl. The only non-technical data is the cryptic line "Horror is the denominator, but life is the question."

Annie, "That as humans we tend to get wrapped up in all kinds of garbage, people kill over garbage. I don't think the world, or God for that matter cares about our nonsense."

It's important to note that not only was this a very early example of the DIY scene attempting to find alternative means of expression through poetry, but it also was a declaration of intention against the notion of being mere rock-n-roll entertainers and rather that of being artists. Of course, the two concepts still exist in DIY, and there has never been a real reconciliation or assimilation of modes.

Regardless, the record is a bold triumph. The impact could be seen in what would become the industrial scene, around the Crypt club in London, affecting groups from Nocturnal Emissions to Current 93. The experimentation with tape collage would increasingly affect what Crass were doing both artistically, as well as with their political pranks.

Annie, "The avant-garde, jazz-bos, etc. dug it. It sold well, got good press. I don't quite know how to gauge other reactions."

For the next year, Annie continued to tour with Crass on their trips across Europe and Iceland. While often seen as a challenge to punk audiences and their musical sensibilities, by bringing her music to that scene, she was able to be an immediate example of radical alternatives to rock-n-roll.

Annie, "I performed endlessly. I think a lot of Crass's audiences took a while to come around. It threatened people at first. They came around, the Europeans were quicker on the mark."

Touring with Crass further involved Annie with the group's lifestyle, as it extended from living with them at the Dial House farm.

Annie, "It was grueling. To keep the door price down, we traveled by van for weeks on end, sleeping on people's floors, living on marmite sandwiches. I wasn't stressed. I like marmite. It was like being in the army. It was fun. I love touring."

While never entirely taken with, or taken by, for that matter, the anarcho-punk scene, Annie did make friends and connections that would have a longer lasting effect on her personal life, as well as her music. Such a response can be expected, with her performances brave as they were in terms of how personally revealing her art was (and is), not to mention, to whom it was being performed.

Annie, "I felt connected to a whole lotta individuals. I've never been one for scenes as such."

Two of the people that Annie got to be close with at the time were Adrian Sherwood and Kishi Yamamoto.

British born Adrian Sherwood had already made a name for himself for his production work in the late 80s with Prince Far I, among other dub stars. By the time he had come into contact with Annie, he had also worked with New Age Steppers (featuring former Slits member Ari Up) and his own African Head Charge, on his own independent label, On-U Sound.

Said Sherwood in *XLR8R*, "The attitude was very punk rock, like 'we're gonna fuck you up and do something great.' We had a bunch of people who probably never should have been in a room together, people studying Burroughs's cut-up techniques, people obsessed with feedback and distortion, Jamaican session musicians like Style Scott and Flabba Holt, Africans, Indians, Irish, and Japanese. It was like a United Nations of sound."

While often known for the business brains behind On-U Sound, Sherwood's wife, Kishi Yamamoto, was a creative force herself, starting off as his collaborator, as well as being his partner.

Annie, "Kishi is a genius producer, photographer, and musician."

With help from Sherwood and Yamamoto, as well as the Crass camp, Annie's next recording project was the full length LP, "Soul Possession." The record became a split release with On-U Sound and Crass's Corpus Christi label.

The record was a mixture of the assemblage style of her previous work with a dub/dance production and arrangement style that created a cohesive sound, taking elements of mid-80s post-punk UK dance, giving it a much denser sound, and iconoclastic character.

Annie, "Dance music for the end of the world."

Considering her upbeat personality and general disposition, the record is a particularly dark area of her creative confluence of poetry and agit-prop. The sexual elements of her previous single were now manifested in a number of ways creating a vivid, angular atmosphere.

Oh man

I don't wanna half fuck June
Right here
Right now
My turkey fuck girl on my beer-can here
Right here
And how
Wanna slice my cock
On your pop top
Oh June
Mon Cheri
Wanna crush cold steel
In my bare hands
Cold bitch
Metallic whore
Want more?
Oh June
Drink liquor from your cutlass lips
Rub against
Your cylinder hips
Wanna love
Wanna cut
Wanna crush you
Sweet June
Come here June
Let's fuck
Behind the trucks

In both structure and choice of vocabulary, there are elements of Patti Smith, especially in comparison to her psychic baiting and cerebral adventurism of poem/songs like "Rape" or "Carnival! Carnival!" In other areas, the abstraction has a politically static starting point, and whirls out of control from there.

I will tell you what
I is gonna do
I am gonna rearrange your fucking face
It's just a game
Violent taunting
A game
Of death cards
Silent haunting
Domestic combat
So that I may come back
It's just a game
Guerrilla gorilla
A tiny way
A plastic gun
It's just a game
Saigon roulette
It's just a game
The same effect
The same affect
The same defect

Annie, "The words speak for themselves… It's poetry."

Musically, the record was a step forward for Annie, in that the first EP established the rich sound of her voice and the intuitive sense of melody and rhythm that is a big part of its character. On "Soul Possession" (a Freudian title if there ever was one), she moves away and tests the limits of her range, as well as introducing new styles of lyrical phrasings and harmonics.

While continuing to work on some tracks with Penny Rimbaud and Eve Libertine of Crass, as well as Derek Birkett of Flux of Pink Indians, this record found her working closely with Sherwood and Yamamoto, broadening Annie's musical palette with a new area of influence.

Annie, "It was one of the most educational times in my life. We'd do marathon sessions that lasted days, working on my own and other On-U Sound artists' stuff. People like Bim Sherman, African Head Charge, Mark Stewart, Mikey Dread, Lee Perry, Shara Nelson, Akabu, Ashanti Roy, and countless others would pass thru and lay down their part. It was a lot of fun, and I learned a tremendous amount."

"Soul Possession" also saw the start of a playing band that she would work with regularly on her next few projects. It included Bonjo on percussion, Martin Frederix on guitar, and of course, Kishi on synths, piano, Chinese harp (assumedly an erhu), and drum programming.

At this stage, Annie also found herself working more and more with the post-industrial scene of groups like Current 93 (she guested on "The Mystical Body of Christ in Chorazaim (The Great In The Small)"), Coil (she guested on "Things Happen" from *Love's Secret Domain* and "The Snow (Out In The Cold)" from *The Snow*), and The Wolfgang Press (she guested on "Dreams And Light" and "The Birdie Song" on *Queer*).

Annie, "I've had the most wonderful fortune to collaborate with the most talented artists. Collaborating on this level is like making a baby. I am proud of all of my children, and still love their fathers dearly!"

This new adventure led to her inclusion on the seminal compilation "Devastate To Liberate." Her track was titled "Soweto Suntan," on a compilation that also included Crass, D&V, Nurse With Wound, Coil, Current 93, Legendary Pink Dots, and more.

Annie would next record another album with this team for Birkett's label, One Little Indian. The results were the album 1987 album *Jackamo*, another split release with On-U Sound, and the promotional 12" for "As I Lie In Your Arms." The LP also included the track "One Mourning", a tribute to Marvin Gaye.

Annie, "I've been surrounded all my life by a Motown soundtrack. It's one of my favorite labels, and Marvin Gaye is one of my favorite artists."

For a brief moment, Annie made a foray into major labeldom, releasing a one off single of "Sugarbowl" for Atco, before returning to On-U Sound where she's recorded from time to time since. In addition to her continuous music making, with recordings and live performance, she has ventured into other directions as of late. She has had three books published, *Eyes Of The Blind*, *Tropical Depression*, and *Hell Is A Place Where We Call Each Other Darling*, had two plays performed at the PS 122, *Red Light Roosters*, and *The Socialite*, and has been featured in two films, Nick Zedd's *Screen Test*, and Peter Strickland's *The Punk From Puerto Rico*, with Congo Powers and Taylor Mead. In true renaissance fashion, she is also finding her talents as a painter, developing a name for herself as an outsider artist.

Annie, "I met Warhol, and I know Gee. Neither of them taught me to paint. Outsider art to me means untrained, which I am. My painting is influenced by religious paintings, retablos, iconography, the clashing colors of Chinatown, and the New York skyline."

Her reflections on her time at home, and on the road with Crass, who she still is in contact with, are fond.

Annie, "I learned a lot from them. I learned the just do it ethic. I was very young when I met them. I had never been out of the US before. I was a puppy, so it was all pretty fascinating to me at the time. The house was gorgeous, all handmade from hard work. I was terrified by the cows on the farm next-door, though I sang and danced for them when I got drunk. I had never seen homemade bread, nor so many books, nor seen a house full of people who worked so hard. My memories are of vibrant conversations, a lot of dumb fun, an endless stream of faces passing through, new ways, new words, new ideas, a new aesthetic. I was bewildered a lot of the time, but it was pretty inspiring."

Needless to say, as a vital and incredibly creative person, she has maintained her own trajectory.

Annie, "I still hold on to the values my family gave me, to question, stand up for what you believe in, be yourself, try to do the right thing, work hard, and don't take yourself too seriously."

NINE SHOCKS TERROR!

PHOTOS BY SUSAN SEGER

BLOWN TO BITS

BOOKS

Direct Action: memoirs of an urban guerrilla
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I imagine that this memoir is making quite a splash in Canada, where the work of the "Squamish Five" (as the media dubbed them) created quite a sensation in the mid-eighties. In the wake of you-know-what the story of a community of idealistic people taking up arms (and direct action) in defense of their beliefs and against the mega-machine of global destruction, the military industrial complex and patriarchy is, to put it mildly, controversial. There is a lot to learn here though, especially for the punk rock world. One of the "Squamish Five" was Gerry Hannah who played bass for Canada's Subhumans. Their community survived by paying cheap rent, living semi-communally, and shoplifting for most of their necessities. Their communiqués read like every manifesto that came out of twentieth century radical politics (for better or worse). Not only did these people come from the same intellectual tradition of modern radical politics as we do but they put the ideas articulated in a thousand songs into action. They lived the chasm between ideas and practice and they suffered the consequences of these actions.

The "Squamish Five" (they called themselves Direct Action) were charged with over a hundred crimes ranging from stealing cars, arson, to conspiracy to commit robbery. They were finally caught just north of the town of Squamish on their way to a trip of target practice and camping in 1983. They were a major spectacle for the duration of their trail until they pleaded out with sentences ranging from 10 years to a life sentence. They confessed to the bombing of a BC Hydro substation in Dunsmuir that was related to the controversial Cheekeye-Dunsmuir transmission line project that was sold to the Canadian public as a publicly necessary utility but ended up being a government subsidized resource for selling power to the United States. They also confessed to the bombing of the Litton Systems of Canada industrial plant used in the construction of the guidance system for the American Cruise missile that resulted in $4 million in damage. Finally they (at least the author Ann Hansen) participated in the multiple Red Hot Video bombings, which were motivated by the violent pornography that the business sold in violation of the law. For the size of the group Direct Action had a great deal of success at actually pulling off "criminal" actions and escalating the discourse of what exactly direct action is.

The author plea bargained for a life sentence and ended up serving 7 years. Which, in the current political climate, seems like an amazingly light sentence. She currently lives in Ontario and is attempting to make a living as a freelance writer. She has remained available for interviews and the like and remains clear thinking and intelligent. Here is her analysis of the mistakes that Direct Action made

> "...we also didn't fully think through the consequences. But the most important error was in not realizing that without a revolutionary social movement in place urban guerrilla tactics won't work—there is no continuity. These links between social movements and radical actions are strategic political questions that must be addressed."

The style of this narrative is autobiographical and very readable. Hansen chose to spell out conversations between people that she had no possible way of being privy to to further the storytelling of the book. This is a literary device that many will find insightful. I found it rather annoying, as the imaginary dialogue was by far the most stilted and forced in the entire book. I am of the mind that Hansen's own observations were more than enough to fill a book and that it is impossible for someone as involved in the specific situation as her to tell an objective (or even balanced) story (which is the argument for including those conversation).

The appendix of this book provides a nice analysis of exactly how effective (on the terms set forth by Direct Action) each of the direct actions were. Hansen is frank on the specific ineffectiveness, although she seems hesitant to draw many conclusions from this. The B.C. Hydro substation was on line just 2 months after its originally scheduled launch although it is unclear (meaning unlikely) as to whether the bombing was responsible for the delay. The Litton plant suffered a downtime of 2 days, with the 100 employees of the plant volunteering their weekend to assist in the cleanup of the plant so that it could get back on line. The Red Hot Video bombings were the most successful with the immediate limitation on the growth of the RHV chain, the closing of several stores (with the claim that the closures were due to fear of bombing) and substantial support from women's groups in Canada. There is also a clear statement from Hansen that Direct Action never saw its work as being the sole component of a radical social transformation. Instead they saw themselves as the part of the movement that would escalate a more militant political philosophy. This is particularly illuminated in Hansen's conclusion from the epilogue.

> "Instead of forming a unified front, some activists see the sabotage of destructive property be protesters as being on the same level as the violence of the state and corporations. This equation is no more accurate than saying that the peace of a concentration camp is the same kind of peace that one finds in a healthy society. If we accept that all violence is the same, then we have agree to limit our resistance to whatever the state and corporations find acceptable..."

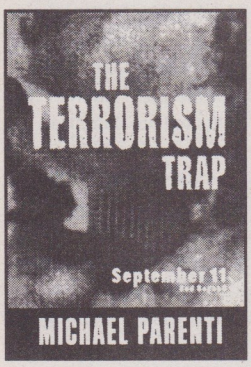
Direct Action brings up many important questions for people currently struggling against the status quo and Hansen's book touches on most of them without speaking to them directly. On the question of violence DA was very clear. Damaging property is not violence, hurting people is. DA wanted their actions to be non-violent and when the Litton bombing injured 10 people DA was in a great deal of anguish. Their communiqué on the bombings spends a great deal of time apologizing for their misdeed and Hansen's telling of the tale describes the members of DA as seriously considering suicide as a solution to facing up to the specific pain and suffering that they caused. Even in Hansen's political statement to the court (after all was said and done) she articulates her sorrow at causing pain to "civilians". Which is not to say that DA should not take responsibility for the fact that they jeopardized the safety of people when they

ignited a truck bomb in a parking lot of a arms manufacturer but that they took an awful lot more personal responsibility than I think is appropriate if your actions are waging war on the status quo.

The question of the public's ability to recognize the relevance of property destruction is an open question also. Not only will the story of such destruction be told through the public/corporate lens of mass media, but in the propertied state of modern capitalism it is a reasonable conclusion that the relationship between property (destruction) and human (destruction) is not seen objectively. In practice this means that the radical/liberal groups that may be interested in the same subjects as your action are forced to either take stands that they are not entirely comfortable with (either for you or against you) or to silence themselves so as not to be targeted. This means that those who are most likely to be the allies of militant direct action are tactically not the first ones to stand by its side.

Direct Action: a memoir of an urban guerrilla stands with few flaws. It is particularly pleasant that an actual participant of the Direct Action wrote this story. There is little worse than some academic/journalist planting their career on the observation of what other people did and growing it upon how attendant they are to its popularity (read: Greil Marcus). Hansen strikes me as an earnest pursuer of dreams whose only mistake (as far as I am concerned) was getting caught.—Aragorn!

The Terrorism Trap: September 11 and Beyond
Michael Parenti
110 pages • $8.95
City Lights Books • 261 Columbus Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94133
www.citylights.com



It's been a few years since something has happened in this world that's given me nightmares the way the terrorist attacks of September 11 have. Although I'm a pretty cynical person, I have to admit I was overwhelmed by the pictures on television and by the reactions of the students at the school where I teach. Flags came out of every closet, stores sold so many that they ran out, and people were lined up around the block to buy the remaining few. In the weeks and months that followed, thoughts seemed reduced to the depth of bumper sticker slogans. The flags hanging from the back of every pickup seemed sinister, the jaded comments from my friends seemed callous, and throughout, the feelings of grief were overwhelming: I'd never seen so many people die before.

One would think that an event of such emotional impact to so many people in this country would give rise to more than TV specials and coffee table books full of photos of collapsing buildings and waves of ash. Of course, the news coverage has been worse than horrible: at times stupefyingly racist and even at its best little more than a series of statistics and anecdotes—body counts and fluff pieces. And, as any real news has dwindled over time, rather than providing any in-depth stories on the history of Central Asia or other analysis, the media have instead become even more entrenched in covering emotions-as-news.

These past few months, though, have finally begun to give rise to the analysis needed to help make sense out of what happened in New York, Washington, and rural Pennsylvania. Long time political writer Michael Parenti's *The Terrorism Trap: September 11 and Beyond* is one such work. In this short, quick read, Parenti illustrates how September 11 was far from being a day that changed the world forever and how it has become instead part of the momentum that carries our government's continuing rightist agenda forward. His tone shifts easily from acerbic, vitriolic attacks on Bush and his cronies to academic, documented research of US militarism around the world to descriptions of tragedies arising from the attacks that show a sadness often lacking in writing from the Left. At times—for example in his melancholic description of what it is like to grow up male and Palestinian in this generation—his perspective translates the tragedies and despair so often rendered only as statistics into lives and scenes from lives and goes far beyond the scope of much political writing.

His analysis of the role of the US media is especially astute and perceptive, pointing out not just the implicit racism so blatantly prevalent in US news coverage but also, for example, pointing out the differences between the ways the media has presented Muslims and the way it handled (or ignored) the role of the religious right in the McVeigh bombing of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City. His litany of moves made by the Bush Administration in the last few months of last year is frightening; from the passing of the USA PATRIOT ACT to the extension of CIA powers within US borders, from rolling back both our civil rights and social services at the same time to providing huge bailouts to an airline industry in trouble long before September, from increased electronic eaves-dropping on e-mail to a government push to regulate encryption software, the list that Parenti provides in the opening chapter is so large and wide-reaching that it could be the subject of an entire book on its own.

The majority of the book, though, is devoted to providing a history of US militarism worldwide and in Central Asia in particular as a means of creating a context within which the terrorist attacks can be best understood. While the media in the US treats September 11 as a day that exists in a vacuum, Parenti fills in the gaps they leave behind, providing us with a way to understand the true causes and implications of the attacks. He goes into a deep and well-documented explanation of US intervention not just in the developing world in general but in the Middle East and Central Asia specifically. Then, given that historical backdrop, he argues that September 11 has become the impetus for our government to continue a militaristic, colonial tradition that stretches back decades. Bush's agenda existed long before the terrorist attacks; it's just business as usual.

As means of concluding, Parenti issues a call to action on the part of the Left, a call to be more proactive, a call to use the attacks as the motivation to struggle with more conviction against the forces of militarism and global capitalism that fuel worldwide violence. He notes that there is already a strong movement showing its face at protests in cities like Genoa and Seattle, but also points out that many members of the Left also found the attacks new and befuddling and lacked a context within which to understand them. And, given the way in which our government is using these events as yet another way to further their attempts to erode our civil rights and roll back social reforms of the past decades, he encourages us to act now.

This could come across as somewhat trite and predictable if the Left were not in fact so divided in its reaction to the attacks. All of us have run across people we thought were deeply committed to peace and an end to US militarism but who turned tail and ran from those beliefs as soon as people were dying here in the US and their fear kicked in. We should also remember that not all progressive groups believe that the US government's attacks on our civil rights are attacks at all. Here in Portland, the city held hearings on whether or not city police would be allowed to participate in a joint anti-terrorism task force with the FBI that would maintain ongoing investigations of so-called terrorists in the Pacific Northwest (read: anarchists, radical environmentalists, and animal rights advocates). Planned Parenthood and NARAL (the National Abortion Rights Action League) were two of the few groups to actively back the Feds and local police. Their hopes were that the anti-terrorism task force wiould be used to investigate clinic bombings and the assassinations of doctors who perform abortions. While a local schism between people working to preserve reproductive rights and others working to preserve civil rights may seem small, many such minute fractures will continue to appear as the government turns up the heat on the Left in unpredictable ways.

So, even if not entirely new, the arguments and history Parenti puts forth are important. One of the most alienating aspects of September 11 for me was that I have found it very hard to talk about. I don't know my history well enough to explain to my family how the US has given cause to be hated by so much of the Third World and why so many people could see the attacks as heroic. I don't know how to explain to my co-workers

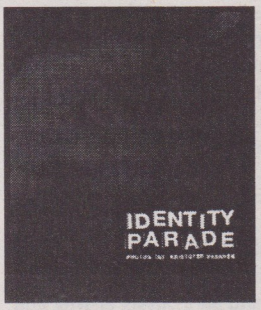
that terrorist attacks anywhere only make me sad and don't make me want to go out seeking revenge. Parenti's information, logic, arguments and sentiments add up to a key piece that seems to have been missing so far; they provide a cohesion and language to make sense out of the events and their implications as a whole when the individual parts seem to make such little sense.

While its true that the events of September 11 did not change the world forever, this is not to say that what happened will not have implications stretching into the next decade; on the contrary, these attacks were probably the most singularly important event since the Gulf of Tonkin incident gave LBJ the power to drag us into Viet Nam without congressional consent. As Parenti states in the opening paragraph of Terrorism Trap:

On the morning of September 11, 2001, terrorists hijacked four US commercial airliners and managed to plow two of them into the twin towers of New York's World Trade center and another into the Pentagon, the home offices for the US Department of Defense, for an estimated loss of some 3000 lives. In the immediate aftermath of this horrific tragedy almost-elected president George W. Bush announced his war on terrorism. What he left unannounced was his campaign to advance the agenda of the reactionary Right at home and abroad.

It's a warning worth heeding. Events are unfolding already and it is time to arm yourself with knowledge. —Doug Grime

Identity Parade • Kristofer Pasanen
164 pgs• $15.00
5th Columnist c/o Havoc Records • PO Box 8585
Minneapolis, MN 55408
kpasanen@uhiah.fi



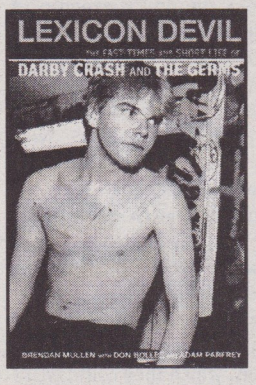
Looking more like a coffee table book that you might find at my parents house rather than a book of punk rock photography, *Identity Parade* is the second photobook that I know of to deal with punk rock in the '90s, the first being Crissy Piper's The Unknown Music. Unlike Piper's book, *Identity Parade*, deals mainly with European bands and people—which I applaud especially given last decade of punk's seeming aversion to foreign bands that many Americans involved in the punk scene have. Hardbound, and with excellent, albeit at times too dark for my taste, photo-reproduction *Identity Parade* is an excellent documentation of one man's punk rock world as seen through the lense of his camera. The layout is überclean, as is the fashion of the day, which, while making it easier on the eyes, also contributes to the moe proffesional, coffee table book feel. This can be a good or bad thing, dependent upon your perspective, as for me I feel it works quite nicely—putting more emphasis on the photos themselves, which is the point, correct?

Unfortunately the cross section of bands featured herein is sort of limited to mostly just one or two sub genre's of punk—and is also very limited in it's depictions of females involved in the punk scene. While I don't feel that you can solely blame the photographer for these omissions, as one person cannot be accountable for documenting the whole scene nor can the finger be pointed at one person for the serious lack of women in bands. I do however feel that that serious lack of depictions of women as active participants in punk, be it in this zine or in books such as this, does directly coorelate with the marginalization of women in the punk scene, as it creates an environ where a woman's contributions are not seen as equal to that of a man. It is something that men in the punk scene should be more concious of and working to combat. So while it is frustrating to me that this excellent tome is very limited in it's scope—I feel that is more due to the fact that it is a reflection of punk's faults rather a concious action on the part of the photographer.

What I do find exciting about this book, is similar to what I find exciting in looking through *Banned In DC*, and that is how well Kristofer has managed to capture the energy and excitement of punk. Viewing these images draws one in and helps to reinforce that life changing, and in most of our cases life saving, power of punk rock. The brief script which accompanies many of the photos adds to this effect, as most of it is tales of shows long past and adventures from long ago. In addition the pure fact that this book exists is exciting to me, as it provides an alternative perspective to what is commonly presented to us pun,k that which existed only in the late '70s and was declared dead until Nirvana came along and thrust it bakc into the mainstreams radar. Nevermind the extensive underground which florished, and still does despite the mainstreams attempts at cooption. This book sends out a hardy middle finger to mainstream rock journalists, becuase we do exist and thrive despite them. Documents like *Identity Parade* help to prove our vitality as a scene and an alternative culture.

I'm a firm believer that events are best documented by those who lived through them rather than those who simply observe the goings on and try to assemble some sort of tale out of all the snippets. If for no other reason than the fact that those who try to peice together those events normally get the bare bones facts right but when it comes to the substantive reasoning behind these events they get it all wrong. Often times manipulating these facts into whatever agenda they might happen to bring to the table. This is why in my immediate life I feel it is absolutely essential that punks document their own culture. This is why I feel such a book as this is so important, despite any faults with it I might find—for if we fail to do so, the bastards will.—Michael Thorn

Lexicon Devil: The Fast Times and Short Life of Darby Crash and the Germs
Brendan Mullen, with Don Bolles and Adam Parfrey
Feral House • PO Box 13067 • Los Angeles, CA 90013



Anyone that has any passing interest in LA/American punk has heard the names Darby Crash and the Germs. The songs of the Germs (Darby Crash/Pat Smear/Lorna Doom/Don Bolles) have been heard for almost 25 years. The image of Darby and the Germs live in the film Decline of the Western Civilization has been visible for almost as long. In the years since his death in 1980, many tales have been told about Darby and the life he led. This book attempts to clear up some of the confusion and offer the story of Darby from people who where there with him. Band members, family members, hanger on's, hustlers, and scene makers all contribute in this recount of the life of Darby Crash.

The charm and allure of this book is that it is not a one-sided biography of Darby. *Lexicon Devil* is not presented as a "this is how it was" history. Instead, the three co-authors Adam Parfrey(Feral House founder), Brendan Mullen(founder of the Masque) and Don Bolles(drummer for the Germs, Vox Pop, 45 Grave and Celebrity Skin) compile a huge number of recollections and piece them together in chronological order. *Lexicon Devil* shows how a young man transformed himself from Paul Beahm to Bobby Pyn to Darby Crash and finally to death. This approach bears spectacular results. It allows the reader to see the same occurrences through multiple eyes and perspectives. And while this approach may not be the norm in the world of biographies, it is a style that works in this case; Darby Crash didn't live a life that can be pinned down in a one-dimensional conventional biography.

So was Darby a Manson like cult of personality? Was he a David Bowie glam rock wannabe? Was he a troubled genius? Was he a drunk? Was he a junkie? Was he gay? Was he a suicidal mess? Was he a hustler looking for a handout? Did he create his own myth? All these questions and more are asked during the course of this book. And they are all answered, sometimes by more than one person and sometimes in contradictory terms. So where does the truth lie in regard to the life of Darby

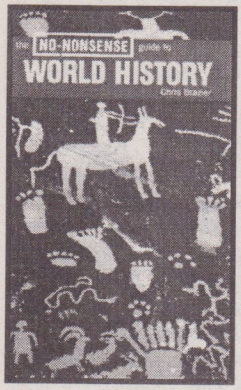
Crash? I have no doubt that the real Darby can be found in the pages of this book. *Lexicon Devil* provides the reader with a few versions of "the truth" and then leaves it up to them to define their version of the real life of Paul/Bobby/Darby.

The folks that contribute to *Lexicon Devil* read like a who's who of the early LA punk scene. Members of X, the Weirdos, the Screamers, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Black Randy & the Metro Squad, Go-Go's, the Runaways, TSOL, the Dils, the Bags, the Zeroes, Fear, Angry Samoans, as well as other early scenesters all contribute. Also included at the end of the book are short profiles of each contributor.

In addition, this book includes 140 never before published photos, Germs lyrics, a Germs discography, as well as a list of gigs and key events. As a whole, the quality of the book is at the same high level that has come to be expected from any Feral House release.

This book is an important oral history of a person, a band, a time long past that will never be repeated. Today, when "punk" is heard on the radio and seen on MTV or reduced to a hairstyle and mall bought clothes, it is important to remember where, how and why this movement started. The creators of the LA punk scene started something special; *Lexicon Devil* tells their story and history while they in turn relay the story and history of Darby Crash. —Trent Reinsmith

No-Nonsense Guide to World History • Chris Brazier
144 pages • $10.00
Verso • 6 Meard Street
London, W1F 0EG • England



Probably the most ambitious of the No Nonsense series of paperbacks, this small paperback condenses the entire expanse of human history into 40,000 words, from the earliest humanoid ancestors of Homo Sapiens through the beginning of World War II.

Writer Chris Brazier is a co-editor of the liberal social justice magazine New Internationalist, and he is quite up front about the impossibility of adequately covering this five million-year span in such a short book. He suggests that it would be a great, "humbling" exercise for professional historians and collegiate-level history majors to write a 40,000 word history of the world. In his experience, which I don't doubt is accurate, many historians have areas of specialty about which they could write millions of words. In addition, historians are biased like any other human, and examining the difference between Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States* and standard history textbooks clearly illustrates this. Such a forced condensation of history will illustrate clearly to the writer and to the reader the biases and strengths of the writer.

A 40,000 word history of the world sounds like an ideal exercise for a high level history major, but is it worth anything to the general public? While I appreciate Brazier's honesty in dropping the pretense of impartiality that most other historians adhere to, sophomoric passages like the following highlight the inherent limitations of this format and this author:

> "And it is to these earliest civilizations that we owe our own measurement of time: the Sumerians divided the hour into 60 minutes and the minute into 60 seconds, while the Egyptians divided the year into 365 days. Little did they realize how dominated by those hours and minutes their descendants would prove to be."

While the last sentence may be correct and useful in an analysis of the relationship of time to social, cultural, and political issues, it sticks out like a sore thumb in an otherwise by-the-numbers examination of early concepts of time in ancient civilizations. And yes, that's the only mention in the book of the "domination" of the concept of time—a strong statement like this needs to be backed up, even under a 40,000 word limit. Heck, if Brazier extended it to 40,020 words, no one would squawk and the reader would have a better understanding of his point.

Brazier's bias also gets in the way of actual history, at least in the following passage.

> "[The 'Enlightened Despots'] ...were the best of a bad lot of rulers who can claim some small credit for the flowering of intellectual and artistic talent that included Bach and Mozart. But who knows what other potential geniuses were hidden among the masses of ordinary people across Europe whose living conditions were of little pressing concern to their rulers?"

Perhaps I'm brainwashed by my old textbooks, but I don't remember a strong independent art scene in medieval and renaissance Europe. The development of painting, sculpture, architecture, non-religious literature, and music was completely dependent on the patronage of the rich and powerful, and led to the creation of artisan guilds which raised talented artisans into the new merchant class, which later evolved into the middle class. In the 15th Century, the artisans changed the perception of art from just another craft into "Art" as we know it today—a creative endeavor that is not necessarily an object of practical utility. At this point the artisan guilds began their decline and the concept of an "Artist" and a "Work of Art" began.

Additionally, leisure time in European civilization is something that's relatively new for the lower classes. It's possible that the ruling classes could have produced some more artistic geniuses to fill the void that would have occurred in the development of Western Art if the rich had not subsidized (a.k.a. "commissioned") art works, but it's doubtful since there was such a small pool of people to pick from in the ruling classes. Furthermore, the possibility of a lower class artist rising to prominence is doubtful since the lower classes still considered art as a craft, as some decoration for the front of the cathedral, instead of the creative endeavor envisioned by Leonardo da Vinci and his peers.

Obviously, the ruling class at that time was despotic and screwed up, from our 21st century perspective. But to extend that worthwhile fact to smear every action of the ruling class is doing the reader no favors.

It's a pointless exercise to denigrate and berate historical figures and societies for not measuring up to 21st Century progressive standards. It's history, which is by definition in the past, and an analysis of why and how this queen or that emperor oppressed the people is interesting and necessary. But to then castigate the ruling classes for not allowing freedom of speech or freedom of expression is a waste of (in this 40,000 word book) valuable space. As Brazier and most of you know, such humanist, secularist concepts were very rare and not popular until the late 1700s.

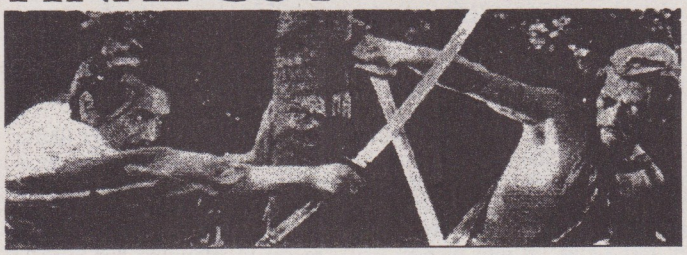
On the positive side, *No-Nonsense Guide to World History* is a good resource to discover some otherwise obscure civilizations. Brazier does a fine job of weaving together the entire human race's development by focusing on South America, Africa, Australia, the Far East, and North America as well as the Indian, European, Mediterranean, and Chinese civilizations normally covered in mainstream history books. The timeline in the back is invaluable to compare the state of various civilizations and highlights the ignorance most of us have of the lesser-known societies.

In conclusion, this book is worth picking up at $10 for use as a historical roadmap. By design it's too skimpy for use as a solid tool of learning, and it seems that Brazier is trying too hard to de-emphasize Eurocentric history by constantly highlighting instances where non-European societies discovered/invented something first. While this is an annoying example of his bias getting in the way of the history, it certainly raises questions about other historians and what biases they have which are presented in a non-biased factual manner.

History is generally written by the winners, and works like this and the much more in-depth work of Howard Zinn are invaluable in broadening our perspectives on our shared history. —Jesse Luscious

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, MOSTLY

Grabbing audience awards all along the film festival circuit, Stacy Peralta's skate documentary, **Dogtown and Z-Boys**, promises to appeal even to those of us who fear flying encounters with pavement.

With rough, snappy editing and amusing asides, this charts skateboarding from its surfing roots amidst the grimy pilings of the LA piers, around a seedy place they'd dubbed "Dogtown." ("Z-Boys" is shorthand for their affiliation with the Zephyr Surf Shop.) When the waves were good, aggressive surfers would vie with debris and each other for the best lines, breaking a few boards in the process. When the waves were bad, skateboarding (with clay wheels) was the way for the more dedicated surfers to perfect their skills. Of course, with the manufacture of polyurethane wheels, skateboarding would start to become a legitimate sport in itself.

The California drought of the mid-70s proved to be the sport's unexpected big break. The Z-Boys (and one girl) would scout rich neighborhoods, steal into backyards, and use the rounded bottoms of swimming pools as readymade skate ramps—without protective gear. They'd pump out the excess water when they had to, and were always one step ahead of the cops. Before long, the aerial was born, and with it much of modern skateboarding.

Dogtown and Z-Boys succeeds as a history of skate, but its soul lies in its affectionate portraits of skate giants Jay Adams (the Jimi Hendrix of the sport, whose improvisations were virtuosic), and Tony Silva (the smoothest, most technically proficient of the Boys). One would fall prey to drugs as the other rode his fame to fame.

Vintage photographs, video footage, and interviews go a long way in providing context and history to Peralta's saga, but music sets the mood (mostly 70s rock, everything from Frampton and T-Rex to Iggy and even Devo). It's consistently engrossing, but its ability to describe the birth of an era makes it a gotta-see.

For ten years now, Trinity Church in Cedar Hill, Texas has been expanding their ministry thanks to a Halloween project called Hell House, which attracts upwards of 15,000 people a year. George Ratliff's documents it with remarkable fairness in a film of the same name, capturing a pageant that's as regressively tasteless as it is misinformed.

Fifty miles from the next big city, Trinity high-schoolers and laity aim to tackle most of the red button issues of the conservative agenda (none of which they've actually really come in contact with). Homosexuality/AIDS (they make no clear distinction between the two) is dramatized by a gaunt, dying gay man rejecting Jesus on his death bed, courted by a hooded, skeletal demon who eventually steals his soul. In a rave sketch, a nice girl takes date rape drugs (church members never get around to figuring out what the drugs are, or even what a rave looks like), gets raped by two horny kids, and finally slits her wrists in shame—another invitation to the coals of hell. Hell House writers show their most malicious ignorance in their tale of a girl who gets a massive, blood-soaked hemorrhage after taking RU-486, the morning-after pill. (One wonders if they considered the vastly greater risks in bringing a baby to term, much less one that's unwanted.) In a more amusing stretch of rural fancy, a pentagram is inscribed by devil-worshipers, but they end up drawing a Star of David.

Blame it on a dreary small town life, but these convinced Christian kids take a special glee in the most perverse roles. Being date-raped is the most popular, but the girl demons with their mock-Friday the 13th costumes make the prospect of eternal damnation almost glamorous (in a Glenn Danzig kind of way).

After audience groups are finished, they're gently grilled by staff either to leave (and accept hell), or step through a door and accept Jesus with Trinity counselors. A disheartening amount of kids do the latter. Pentecostals see it as their duty to convert the unsaved, and the familiar Christian mythology is easy to exploit.

Their prayer meetings are more chilling than anything in their Hell House. Kids actually bring their dates, and church members spontaneously demonstrate "the gift of tongues"—which turns out to be complete babble. "Speaking in tongues," says one teen, "is almost like speaking in French or German, except it's a language only God can understand."

When it screened in Austin, laity were apparently delighted with the final product—though the unconverted in the audience seemed to laugh at different times than they did. To his credit, Ratliff doesn't exploit the subject matter, though it would have been too easy to make church members seem like fools. Like his enjoyable **The Plutonium Circus**, **Hell House** shows middle-America at its most naive and vulnerable.

Young Japanese director Shunji Awai has won no small attention for his neo-punk tone poem Swallowtail Butterfly. His latest, **All About Lily Shou-Shou** (pronounced "shoo-shoo"), is by turns visionary, tedious, courageous, and exasperating. It's compelling enough to have attracted an American distributor, yet oddly remote for domestic tastes.

Yuichi (Hayato Ichihara) is a shy 14-year old caught up with a small gang of school kids who have a taste for sadism and control. These "pals" take his money, make him wallow in mud, force him to jerk off in front of them (two gang members are forced to save the cum as proof), and make him complicit in a scheme to sexually exploit a female classmate. Public shame has been known to force many a Japanese school kid to commit suicide, and the bullies' power is cemented by their victims' loathsome fear of ridicule and rejection.

There's no easy way out for Yuichi, so he escapes into the music of JPOP idol Lily Chou-Chou, whose Debussy-flavored songs of despair attract a huge audience of desperate youths. Her music even creates a cultish mythology, mostly held together by chatroom discussions. Her music is said to be saturated with what fans call "the aether," a state of escape and release that many like Yuichi find almost addictive. The opening scene has the boy, alone in a young rice field, CD-player in hand, headphones affixed, transfixed by the music, unable to move or act. He's as much a victim of the music as he is his vicious friends.

After the gang rips off a wad of cash from a middle-aged man, they head off on a summer trip to Okinawa, an idyllic journey that turns ugly when their leader Shinsuke Hoshino (Shigo Oshinari) is first pursued by a piranha-like fish, then nearly drowns in the undertow. This is Hoshino's baptism into a new philosophy, the survival of the fittest. He becomes the de facto leader of the group, meting out punishments as brutal, or worse, than his graduating classmates had ever devised.

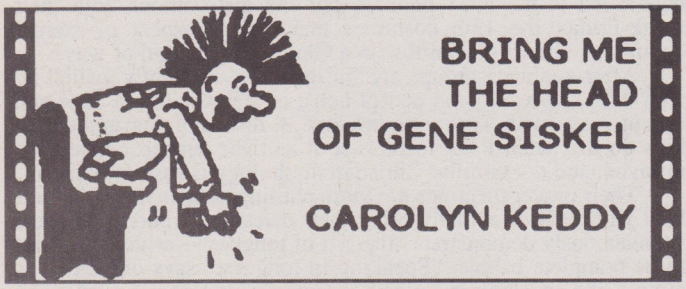
Director Iwai's fictions were generated partially from an interactive set of stories he compiled with contributions from the internet, which at least partially accounts for the disjointed storyline. But as the film slowly gains steam (it's 140 minutes, much of it meditative), its cruelty becomes much more specific. When an unusually talented and beautiful outcast Yoko Kuno (Ayami Ito) gets singled out by her female classmates, it's not long before Hoshino takes revenge on their behalf, luring the girl into a gang-

rape and disfigurement.

But Kuno is tough, and survives the ordeal; a more vulnerable classmate jumps from an electrical tower. When Hoshino inflicts yet another offense on quiet Yuichi outside a Lily Chou-Chou show, the "aether" cracks wide opens and makes the way for even more violence.

While it's difficult for Americans to imagine these kids enduring so much without reaching for help from an authority, the reality is that Japanese school violence often thrives in that atmosphere of silent terror. It doesn't make **All About Lily Chou-Chou** any easier to watch, or any more artful in the telling. The film tries to take a social drama and transmute it into a story of personal angst, unable to fully resolve either, and relying on film-craft to patch up the holes.

Reactions? Visit my website at http://home.earthlink.net/~sspinali



IF YOU CAN'T FIND A FRIEND... MAKE ONE

I have a habit of planning things out to the smallest details. I had one of those days, but it was nowhere near typical. My man and I went to a beer fest. He's a wine buyer, so he has connections and we get into this event for free. I have never gone to a beer fest, and quite frankly if it weren't for the free quick buzz we got, I would have no desire to ever go again. It was like a giant fraternity/sorority party in an airplane hangar. There was a lot of puke.

I got some free passes to a midnight screening at the film fest for the same night as the beer fest and since the theater was on the bus route home, why not stop by? I know last year I said I hate film fests. I do. I say it every year, yet the idea of being drunk and getting in for free to see a film I know nothing about appealed to me. Of course, as always the film fest is completely disorganized. We showed up at 11 pm to get our tickets in case there were any problems. There were. There were no tickets for me. The nice volunteer gave us two passes to the film and suggested we come back at 11:30 and speak to the woman in charge of the midnight screenings. When we showed up a half hour later, there was no one at the will call table, leaving me free to go through the envelopes to see if my passes were there. They weren't, but I could have taken anyone's passes. I am honest so I didn't. When the woman came back to the table she couldn't find my passes so she gave me ones that belonged to a guy named Todd. I figure that's probably what happened to my tickets. The screening was sponsored by Guinness so free samples of the new bottled Guinness to all film buffs 21 and over.

I truly believe it is better not to know anything about a film before you see it. It makes things more enjoyable when you go with a completely empty mind. **May** caught me off guard and I enjoyed it immensely.

May is a veterinarian's assistant who has no friends. As a child, she had a lazy eye and wore a patch over it. The other kids thought she was weird so she didn't have any friends. Her mother, trying to console her, gave her a doll and some advice, "If you can't find a friend, make one." May takes this advice a bit too literally.

May meets aspiring filmmaker Adam one day during lunch. They become friends. They often have lunch together and eventually the relationship progresses. Adam shows May one of his films about some cannibals and this strikes a chord with her. While they are making out she bites Adam, freaking him out. May also starts a relationship with another assistant at the vet, Polly. Polly is more of a free spirit who is involved with other women. May doesn't take that too well. Then when May discovers Adam has a new girlfriend, she recalls her mother's advice.

The result is funny and creepy. I won't give anything away sinceeveryon should see this film. **May** blends comedy with gore in such a way that I was routing for the killer. I wouldn't mind being her friend, if I didn't already know what would happen.

I wonder why men insist on making movies about women when they obviously hate women. **La Pianiste (The Piano Teacher)** is such a film. German director/writer Michael Haneke seems to have a few problems dealing with women. To combat this, he makes a movie featuring a strong woman so that he may take out his own personal fears on her. Unfortunately, it is not cathartic for the viewer. This film screamed of a man who probably wishes he still had mommy to take care of him.

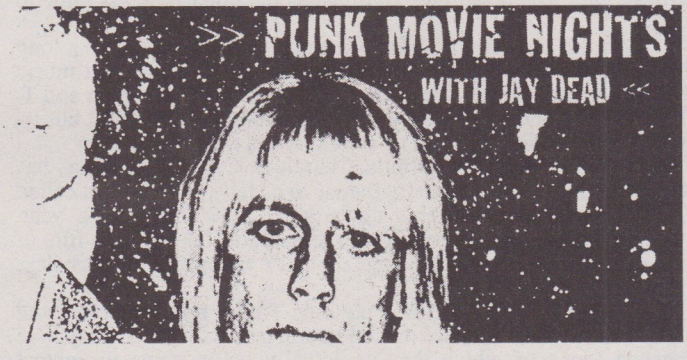
Erika Kohut is a talented piano player and respected music professor portrayed by Isabelle Huppert. She is strict, but her students admire her. Her class is one of the most sought after in the university. Throughout the film she is reduced from a strong character to a weak one simply because she is a forty-year-old virgin who still lives with her mother. Everyone has his or her problems. Maybe it is autobiographical.

As viewers, we enter Erika's life on what seems like a normal day. She arrives home late from school, and her mother is searching through Erika's closet supposedly looking for clues as to her tardiness. When Erika arrives, her mother digs through her handbag looking for some more clues. Instead, she finds a dress that she cuts up into pieces. Erika reacts by slapping her mother across the face. Not actually normal behavior, but whose relationship with their parents is?

Erika's sex life consists of going to the local porn shop and watching films in a booth. She walks in with no hesitation and even when she has to wait for a both to free up, it's the other men in the shop that look more uncomfortable than her. When she picks up a used tissue in the booth and smells it, (besides getting kind of grossed out) you get the feeling that she is just curious. At one of Erika's piano recitals, a young boy Walter Klemmer gets a crush on her. He does everything in his power to get her attention, but she continually ignores his advances. Walter auditions to enroll in her class and is a very good pianist. All the other teachers are impressed, but Erika knows what he is up to so she tries to block his acceptance. She is out voted.

Eventually, Walter's persistence gets to Erika. She starts to fall for him. However, when she tries to explain the kind of sex she is into, he gets totally freaked out. Her obvious inexperience, as well as his, turns the tables on the relationship, resulting in Erika's total destruction as a human being. I find it odd that because this woman is into S&M, or at least thinks she is, she is made to feel totally belittled. A woman's interest in experimenting with sex is not acceptable in Haneke's small view of the world.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com



DIY OR DIE: HOW TO SURVIVE AS AN INDEPENDENT ARTIST

A Film by Michael W. Dean

I missed this film when it played at Gilman a few weeks ago because I caught word of a last minute 9 SHOX show going down in San Francisco. It would be the last show of their West Coast tour,

and it took place in a tiny garage! Rob Coons was the only other *MRR* columnist in attendance, but then again there were only about twenty people there total. The girl who hosted the show (currently a shitworker here, I think) lives in an affluent hood, and rumor quickly spread that Kirk Hammet from Metallica lived just down the street from where the show was taking place. So anyway, I missed this film when it played Gilman, and I felt a little guilty about doing so. No worries though as it turns out because the filmmakers sent a copy in to one of the few DIY institutions not represented in **DIY Or Die.**

DIY Or Die doesn't really answer the question of how to survive as an independent artist, which would be a pretty impossible thing to do in a country like the United States, which is notorious for not placing any value in its artists or the humanities in general. What this film does do, over and over again, is examine the philosophy that allows these artists to survive, despite their failures and shortcomings, and even, sometimes, their successes. It is the thread that connects most of the subjects, regardless of their medium, after the bullshit facades have come down to expose the root motivation for the decisions they've made and the lifestyles they have chosen. At the heart of this philosophy is a work ethic that is so strong that it drives these artists in spite of the fact that financial rewards are not a given. It's a side of artists, and punks, that is often not acknowledged by society at large. DIY artists and the DIY culture in general has definitely been stigmatized as something almost the complete opposite from what it truly is, and I guess that's fine as long as those of us involved and taking part in this underground realize that there are a lot of hardworking individuals driving this movement, and unlike most of the people in this film, they are mostly anonymous in terms of their peers, and will likely be so in terms of our history. Lydia Lunch and Ian MacKaye may have lived entirely different lives from the standpoint of personal lifestyle choices and environments, but in terms of being DIY artists, they are quite obviously cut from the same cloth. Workaholics on the one hand, and artists that are perfectly happy and empowered by the paths they have chosen in life on the other.

The word "independent" makes me feel uneasy, kind of the same way that "alternative" made me squirm in the aftermath of the whole Nirvana, Green Day, Rancid, Pepsi commercial thing in the early 1990s. A majority of the artists interviewed on this tape don't seem that married to the whole DIY ethic, but instead they use it as a platform for survival until the time arises for them to move on or sign on the dotted line. Sometimes it's obviously tongue and cheek, as in the case of Jim Rose (Jim Rose Circus), but other times it's not so obvious, as in the case of the clothing designer that is interviewed while driving around from store to store to sell his creations. DIY works for him currently, but we never doubt for a moment that his creations and vision could be purchased for a price, and there is a part of all of us who could understand why he'd take advantage of such an opportunity, but would never forgive him as well. That is where the conflict arises in **DIY Or Die,** and it is only ever vocalized coherently by the scene's spokesperson of the last twenty years, Ian MacKaye of Fugazi and Dischord Records. Ian explains so clearly that doing it any other way but indie and DIY is just not open for discussion, and that the temptation of some kind of "corporate success" can do nothing for the artist who defines success as any time they create anything, or take any action, as long as it's on their own terms. It is that kind of open communication that separates the punks in this film from the rest of the artists that are interviewed, and it's also a throwback to a different generation, where punks in your scene were your friends and co-conspirators, and not businessmen or bosses that mimic mainstream models of behavior.

DIY Or Die is a very well done film that functions almost as a motivational piece for DIY artists, and it only really falters when it gets into questions of spirituality. The subjects falter as well when they attempt to answer such a silly question, and in the end it is irrelevant to the overall message of this film.
(http://www.diyordie.org)

Automatic Magnetic 1.0
A Video Zine

Some of us in the scene would like to be the musical equivalent of centrists, defending the rights of all genres of music, and advocating inclusive approaches to supporting bands and musicians even when they appear to be playing pop tunes and "alternative" easy listening rock that is clearly radio friendly and potentially marketable to big labels, mainstream audiences, and is clearly unchallenging to the status quo and anyone who has been around the scene for more than three years. I choose not to attempt to build a bridge with such faulty materials. That said, I do understand that while the scene and DIY labels and distribution evolves, we need to always be taking into consideration the options that exist and also take into consideration our ability and often our inability to support one another in a way that allows an artist or band's work and creativity to continue, and to continue to be available to their audience, even if that audience grows larger than expected, or even just to continue regardless of the size of the audience, because "out of print" and "unavailable" are just terms that shouldn't exist for punks (I said punks!) in the future. Why should we help to provide the justifications for every ugly act that we condemn? But whatever, I'm just rambling so as not to alienate you as quickly as I have a tendency to do when discussing this subject in person. My point is that if you want the hardcore kids and crusties to get along in one scene and work together, then fine, but if you want pop punk and indie rock to be integrated into the more musically extreme scenes, then you'd should probably jump into a time machine and go back to the days before those genres were sucked into and purged of relevance by corporate radio rotations and the programmers at MTV. I'm sorry, but that's the truth, and yeah, some of the bands that still play clubs like Gilman were doing those types of music before that all took place, and we know who those bands are, and cool. There are also bands that are composed of punks that have been around for ten years or more, and they like to play some of the music they grew up with, apparently before they discovered Minor Threat or Christ On Parade or Poison Idea. I'm not passing judgment on all of that stuff, but right now if you go and turn on one of your so called "alternative" radio stations you'll likely find that one of the new, next big things is a band that plays garage, three chord, primitive, whatever, rocknroll. It all happens so fast, and is so contrived, and the bands are so young, and there aren't any scars on their knuckles, or at the very least on their psyches, and they never had crabs or scabies or a bad hangover or a serious relationship, which leads to the inevitable, and life changing first break up. Lame.

Speaking of which, **Automatic Magnetic** is a good idea gone bad on so many levels, but it is also in its beginning stages, and so we should probably give it a chance to develop a little before passing any final judgment on it. The video zine seems like a cool thing to do, especially when you do a print zine and you want to take a break from cutting and pasting and printing, and especially from scamming photocopies. It is also a way of exposing other aspects of the scene in ways that are hard to do, and less effective in a print zine. **Automatic Magnetic** will also be a DVD, and so you'll be able to access links to the bands and artists featured in their zines by clicking a mouse. Access to semi-obscure bands and hard to find music and films at your finger tips. Great, right? Well no, because **Automatic Magnetic** doesn't highlight music that is hard to find, or even extreme, and aside from an interview with **Good Grief** filmmaker Andrew Dickson, there isn't all that much of an emphasis on promoting true DIY ideas in the sense that "DIY" does have different connotations than say "independent," which is something that is well explained by Andrew in his segment. What this format is excellent for is providing great exposure, and access to it's advertisers, all of which are—so far—DIY zines and labels. The editing and effects achieved here are amazing, and you won't find better on any big corporate video or digitally edited television magazine, which is the most commendable quality that **Automatic Magnetic** has to offer thus far. Oh yeah, there is a segment on an obsessive compulsive collector or Iron Maiden memorabilia that I found amusing. Sure there are bands on here, and I think these bands get enough exposure (here, for instance) as it is, and their message and approach would be better explained in a Fugazi documentary. As I wrote previously, this is the first issue of **Automatic Magnetic**, and so if the filmmakers decide that they could devote at least some of their zine to truly underground bands and other zines and labels that aren't completely hooked up as it is, then this could be an awesome project.
(Bifocal Media: 919-696-3892, 919-833-0426; www.bifocalmedia.com)

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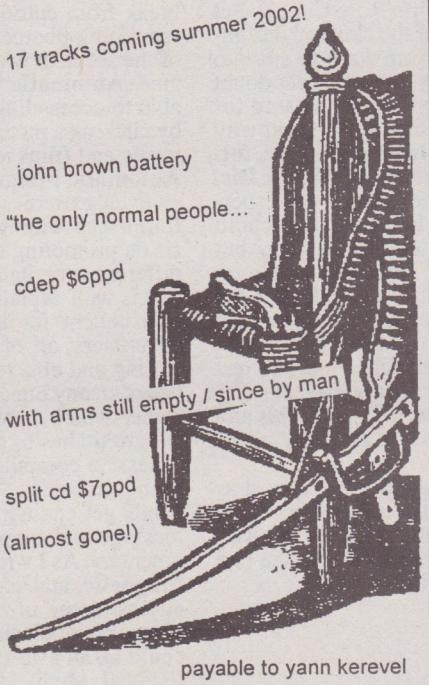

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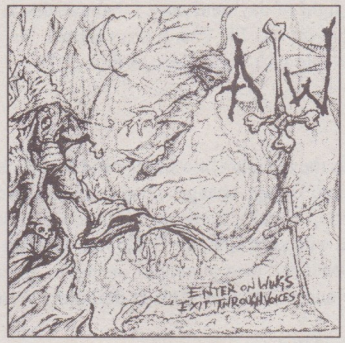


A.T.W./SENILE CITIZENS - split EP

SENILE CITIZENS play mid-tempo emotional hardcore. I love INDIAN SUMMER, but these kids don't do the same thing for me... As with a lot of similar records, I hear a little bit of a tough guy element that they're trying to sneak into their fragile facade. I can't stand it. I hate the artwork too! I wish these kids would grow up a little quicker, and get those jobs at Microsoft now. Maybe then I wouldn't be so jaded on this style of music. On the other side, ALLERGIC TO WHORES, are a lot easier on my ears. They play fast, well grounded hardcore, that for some reason makes me think of IGNITE. They do have "emo tendencies" at times, but I can tell these guys have some dignity (not to mention a hilarious fucking name, huh?). Their three songs are good, and their buddies, SENILE CITIZENS, could learn a thing or two. (VH)
(Born To Die, 201 w. 6th, Edmond, OK 73003)

AGAINST ME! - "Reinventing Axl Rose" LP

I know this is a big claim to make, and that I should probably wait until the next DILLINGER FOUR record comes out to say something like this, but this might just be the best record to come out this year. It's certainly the best of anything I've heard so far. Fans of THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, take notice, because the lyrical style is similar, in that there are really personal songs and really political songs. It's totally unique though, and the lyrics are beautiful. Combined with the singer's (for lack of a better word) ache, this is enough to give me chills and send shivers down my spine. Think back to the first time you heard Kurt Cobain's voice, or Ruari from AMERICAN STEEL, and that will approximate what it's like to listen to this band. There are actually parts that sound a bit like AMERICAN STEEL, if they were still a punk band. Most of it is just really amazing folk-influenced punk. Buy this, and then after that buy both of their previous EP's, and you'll be set for the summer. No, really. (MX)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

AKIMBO - "Harshing Your Mellow" CD

I had the pleasure of being blown away by these guys amidst the chaos of what must have been Gladiator Warfare night at Burnt Ramen a few months back. It was sheer insanity! But while dodging an array of padded (yet very intimidating) weapons I witnessed the same loud as fuck, brutal, intense creative musicianship of this band that also appears on this CD. Awesome hooks, time changes, riffs, and the distorted bass on these songs is killer. If you're like me and you're tired of the growing number of bands who you can't even bop your head to without a degree in music, I suggest you pick this up. There are "new" sounding elements, but the songs still retain what is obviously vital to good songs. Highly recommended. (SP)
(Amalagate, PO Box 3221, Beverly, MA 01915, www.amalagate.com)

AMBITION MISSION - "You Name It, We Hate It" CD

A greatly underrated and now defunct punk band from Chicago. This CD compiles all their tracks plus their previously unreleased (as far as I know at least) LP and an AVENGERS cover that rules and just fits since they always sort of struck me as being in that same line of rock. Top notch lyrics paired up with snotty yet melodic punk that also brings to mind early NAKED RAYGUN melded quite nicely with CRIMPSHRINE. Great stuff. (MT)
(Community Shower, 1719 West Albion, Chicago, IL 60626)

A-TEAM - "A is for Asshole" LP

After a whole mess of supposedly "sensitive" bands, this is actually quite refreshing. This is really, real-

ly dark hardcore, that's just loud, fast, and mean. All of the songs are about how much the singer hates things, with the notable exception of a song about Jack the Ripper that's really graphic and gory. Not that that's a bad thing. There's no youth crew here, no macho bullshit, just a whole lotta anger. One song is kind of bothersome, since the singer is ranting about how he doesn't give a shit about the scene or about politics, but the rest of this record makes up for it. Also includes a POISON IDEA cover. (MX)
(Stab and Kill, www.stabandkill.com)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS - "Total Control" LP

There's a TRIBE CALLED QUEST song that cleverly asks what good one thing would be without another? Well, what would ATROCIOUS MADNESS be without conspiracy theory? Buckets of cloak and dagger throughout this distorted romp that brings to mind Max Ward's "record needle hits concrete" explanation of EXCLAIM. Nasty homage to the Japanese bands that revere the Swedish sound which pays tribute to four black-clad punks from England. (TH)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, HOLLAND, or hardcoreholocaust.com)

THE ATTACK - "Mental Health" EP

This is good. It's like sucking the GORILLA BISCUITS through a straw, then spitting it back into a blender with LIFES HALT and NO JUSTICE and hitting puree, but taking it out before all the big chunks are broken down. The result is chaotic and sincere, vitamin-packed boy hardcore, with enough breakdowns left in the mix for the finger-pointing set. Judging from the liner notes, the ATTACK seems to be flirting with a more critical approach than the frustration and surface idealism of most of the lyrics now. I'll be interested to see the results of that evolution, if they stick around. (AC)
(Dispossessed, 4819 Autry Ave, Long Beach, CA 90808)

AUTOMATICS - "Wild One" EP

Power-pop/punk from '78 that never really saw the light of day until now. I believe this is the single that JOHNNY THUNDERS produced, though he is not credited on this EP. This a great record, but both these songs are available on last year's *The Missing Album*, which I would pick up in place of this. (DT)
(Diapazam, www.diapazam.com)

AVERSION - "A Strong Dislike" CD

Damn. Extensive songwriting talents are obvious here, as they venture into strange and foreign arenas with instrumental breaks (see "The Monotone Sound") and slower "emo" tempo changes done in a way which seriously compliments their otherwise harsh, uncompromising and searing metallic hardcore. It's rare that a band would take such chances, and seems even more rare that they'd succeed with such aplomb. There's no way that you could call this a "mellow" release, but it allows you to catch your breath and then pummels you again. Lyrics suit the music, which is to say that they're personal, somewhat obtuse and mysterious. This is definitely worth hunting down. (TM)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, NETHERLANDS)

THE AWAKENING - "The Burning Wind" EP

Fuck yes! Total CROW-worship meets head on with the crushing fury of FROM ASHES RISE. Urgent vocals, crushing guitars, and pounding drums—complimenting top notch lyrics expressing not simply disgust and feelings of alienation, but also, more importantly, hope. Excellent. (MT)
(Life Under One Tree, vivisick@yahoo.com)

BATHTUB SHITTER - "Mark a Muck" EP

This EP is pretty consistent with BATHTUB SHITTER's material on the *Murderous Grind Attack!* comp. Straightforward "wall of distortion" grind with mostly low-end garbles. There are a few parts with some groove and hooks that make a song or two stand out, and that's nice, but I've never been too big a fan of the whole Cookie Mmonster voice thing. So that sorta turned me off. But, if you're into pretty average power violence/grind bands... (SP)
(Sounds of Betrayal, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, 20042 Mälmo, SWEDEN)

BATTERY - "Final Fury: 1990-1997" CD

Oh, BATTERY—bearers of the DC straight edge banner for so long, can it be true that you are gone? I haven't really followed this whole scene for quite some time, but the title of this CD seems to indicate their departure. All the important things for the genre are there—"sincere" lyrics, mosh parts which are highly predictable, athletic gear, and clean cut kids who are folx like Nancy Reagan's wet dream. Overall I'm going to say that they remain mediocre especially compared to other powerhouses of the genre like CHAIN OF STRENGTH. I was super into the live footage, but the cheesy "Straight-Edge" commercials have got to go—fuck that. Once again, despite my nearly decade-long commitment to the Edge, I still prefer my hardcore studded, spiked, and hard-to-the-core as opposed to well scrubbed and decked out in athletic gear. (MT)
(Soulforce, M.L.P. Apartado De Correos 18199, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

BATTLEDYKES/DIRTSHAKES - split EP

I'm so proud of Stardumb. In a time when most labels are ditching their mid-nineties pop punk bands, Stardumb seems committed to putting out exactly that kind of record. Bravo. Both of these bands play really tight pop punk. DIRTSHAKES lean more towards the old school rock 'n' roll side of things, while the BATTLEDYKES play really powerful, RAMONES-style punk. If you're a kid just coming off of the GROOVIE GHOULIES, and

looking for something that fucking rocks, pick this up. Likewise, if you're an old fan of this genre, and you thought the last few QUEERS records sucked, this might renew your faith. (MX)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

BIRDFLESH - "Carnage on the Fields of Rice" EP

I can't quite tell, but I think this band is from Sweden. Regardless, this is total Japanese grind worship. From the blinding fast songs to the ridiculous lyrics, these guys want to be a Japanese band or at least mock them in a very tongue-in-cheek manner. I mean they dedicate the record to the "Japanese underground extreme music scene and everyone involved in it." They have songs with titles like "Suicide Kamikaze," "Samurai Overdrive," and "Rise from the Rice." The music is actually pretty good...that is if 19 song EPs full of tuneless grindcore are your thing. Check it out! (RC)
($3.50 ppd: Nuclear BBQ Party c/o George Lopez, 3816 East Dozier St, Los Angeles, CA 90063, nuclearbbq@aol.com)

BLACK LIPS - "Ain't Comin' Back" EP

This one grabbed me from the first chord. The BLACK LIPS have that almost outta tune, sorta inept, raw but not lo-fi "Back From the Grave" sensibility. Great sixties punk rock just the way it's supposed to sound: snotty, drunk and stupid. I wish they'd sent an extra copy for me.... (JG)
(Die Slaughterhaus, theblacklips@hotmail.com)

BLOODPACT/TIME X - split EP

Based on the Bukowski artwork, its a safe bet that I am going to get a nice dosage of political straight edge hardcore from both bands. Musically, TIME X doesn't stray too far from your run-of-the-mill straight edge hardcore; touching on issues such as the exploitation of third world countries and the destruction of the environment. On the flip side, BLOODPACT stands out much more with their manic guitar playing and higher-pitched vocals. Sources tell me that the newer BLOODPACT material smokes this. (CC)
(Best Times, PO Box 229, 2686-997, Sacavem, PORTUGAL)

BLOOMCORE - "Beat of the Show" EP

Catchy songs straddling the line between rockabilly, emo and hardcore, as strange as that sounds. Very intense and reminiscent of MURDER CITY DEVILS. (CK)
(c/o Johnansson, Sockenvagen 5a, 417 16 Goteborg, SWEDEN, info@bloomcore.com)

BLUE COLLAR REVENGE THEORY - "We're the Same" CD

I guess the fact that BCRT is from Louisville should give you a hint to their pedigree. Think of a rougher ENDPOINT or FALLING FORWARD (especially vocally) but with a bit more interspersed heavy parts. There's a big lyric book that comes with the CD that actually has some good reads. All in all, a good release with a good dose of sincerity. (SP)
($5: Thrown Brick, PO Box 4831, Louisville, KY 40206)

BLUTT - "Chutt" EP

God, these guys had a great 7" on Royal last year! Can they keep it up...yes, they can! Title track sets a laid back mood with vocals in native French, then bursts of fuzz guitar intrude to keep you on your toes. The other tracks keep it up with more of a boogie-60s via the late 70s punk feel than the previous records. In other words, this could have been on Skydog in 1979, no problem. Not as over-the top great as the above, but still solid. (RW)
(Mofo Productions, 07/2001 Les Hyenes Dactylographics 7, rue Germain Pilon, 75018, Paris, FRANCE)

BOMB FACTORY - "Go This Way" CD

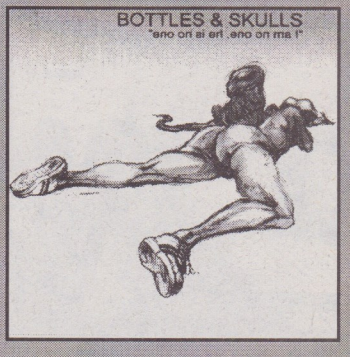
Slick, well-produced punk from Japan. It's hard to nail down as musically they're all over the map (from hardcore to street-punk to pop-punk to more mellow stuff)—the cynic in me thinks to shift more units or secure a nice record deal. No shit, this sounds like a sampler. (AD)
(Hell Hornet, no address)

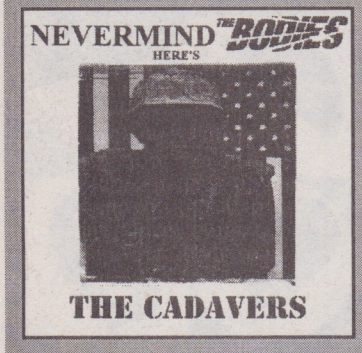
BOTTLES & SKULLS - "I Am No One..." EP

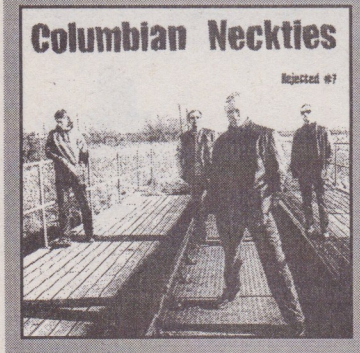
Rowdy punk from these local guys. They must play here every week but this is the first time I've really sat down and listened to them. They're pretty heavy without being too rocky, I like it. I think "My Rifle" would have made a better A-side—its relentless pounding rhythm almost brings NAKED RAYGUN to mind. Three tracks, pretty good. (AD)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cary St. #303, Richmond, VA 23221)

BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS/RIOTGUN - split EP

Haunted Town Records has another good EP out for you punk rockers and skinheads. This split EP, with the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS and RIOTGUN, is called *With Friends Like These*....The BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS side starts with a good street punk song, "Until That Brother Dies," taken from the album *American Bastard —HTR#12* on Haunted Town. This song has some of the attributes that we loved about the legendary eighties skinhead band the BRUISERS, from New Hampshire, USA. The second song on the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS side is an unreleased POGUES cover, "Thousands are Sailing," that will appeal to DROPKICK MURPHYS fans. On the flipside of this EP you get RIOTGUN from Southern California, rocking your world with their song "Glory" from 1996. The words on this one question some of the knee-jerk allegiance to "Uncle Sam." The fourth song on this EP is RIOTGUN's "Misunderstood" and this fucking kicks ass! RIOTGUN finishes this EP off with the strongest song of the four!! "Top of the World." The band screams as this song builds a furious momentum—damn good! (BR)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647, htr@core.com)







BREZHNEV - "WWW.bullshit/control" CD

Amsterdam's own BREZHNEV crank up the ol' volume knobs to 11 pushin' their heavy, thrashy, speedy brand o' hardcore done well. Fuck shit up music to fuck shit up. (DL)
(D-Fens, PMB 275, 8 Amlajack Blvd, Newnan, GA 30265)

THE BROCKMEYERS - "Paul, the Album" CD

The BROCKMEYERS are a pop punk band who remind me of a lot of the newer Midwest pop punk bands. The overall style reminds me the most of something like TUESDAY, with hints of the SMOKING POPES and the LILLINGTONS. But it is very hard to pinpoint exactly what is going on musically. A lot of the song structures remind me of DILLINGER FOUR, and the only comparison I could come up with for vocals was PANSY DIVISION and GLENN DANZIG combined. Although I think they have potential to be really interesting, this doesn't really keep my attention. (WR)
(Hewhocorrupts Inc., 196 Fairfield, Elmhurst, IL 60126, www.angelfire.com/il2/hewhocorrupts)

BRUTAL MASSACRE - "...Survival of the Sickest..." EP

Brutal d-beat attack from these Swiss punx—chainsaw guitars and combined with typical yet necessary lyrics about the evils of war. Hope they actually mean it and they aren't just doing it cause it's appropriate for the genre. (MT)
(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

CADAVERS - "Never Mind the Bodies, Here's the Cadavers" EP

Two to three members present for this 1993 recording went on to the BODIES. The beach-punk guitar blasts of the BODIES is present as well as the way up front charismatic vocals of Mr. Abe. Bolstering female vocals are just below his vocals in the mix. And no corn-ball politics! Fans of the first BODIES LP and aggressive melodic punk should get one of the 500 copies that have been pressed. (TH)
(Noma Beach, NomaBeach@aol.com or Underground Medicine, UMedPunk@aol.com)

CHEERLEADERS OF THE APOCALYPSE - "Rock 'n' Roll Self Destruction" EP

I just knew this was going to rule, because I liked their split EP with HOCUS so much. Simply put, this is dark and chaotic metal hardcore that obviously draws a lot influence from bands like SYSTRAL and UNRUH. Lots of time changes plus thick production and brutal dual vocals turn this fucker into a fine release ! Check it out for the awesome Pushead rip-off artwork as well. (RC)
(Flowerviolence, Kapellenstrasse 16, 69469 Weinheim, GERMANY, flowerviolence.de)

CHERRY THIRTEEN - "Guilty as Sin" CD

This sounds like it was made for performances in large concert halls, and there's a lot more VAN HALEN influence here than just covering "Atomic Punk." These guys are ready to rock with the likes of KISS, TURBONEGRO and MÖTLEY CRÜE. Pretty good party tunes! (HM)
(Twenty Stone Blatt, PO Box 14911, Grangemouth, FK3 8WA SCOTLAND, www.twentystoneblatt.co.uk, www.cherrythirteen.com)

CHINKEES - "Searching For A Brighter Future" CD

Normally I'd hate this CD, but today I'm really relating to this band's message. Racism still exists, especially in the punk rock scene. Being a minority I've experienced it first hand, from skinheads calling me a "spick" and "bean nigger" to random people accusing my race for California's growing population (news flash jackasses—Mexicans were here first). I am far from being an activist, and I've never claimed to be one, nor do I want to be one, but I applaud Mike Park and the CHINKEES for addressing these issues and increasing awareness. Positive all-Asian (all the time) ska punk that isn't that horrible... for a ska band. (BM)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

CHRONICS - "It's Too Late" LP

Garage punk with US 1977 (DEAD BOYS...) influences. This is OK but with the glut of bands doing this stuff, this kind of sounds a little by the numbers. (RL)
(Demolition Derby, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, BELGUIM, demderby@pi.be)

THE CODE - "Alert, Awake, Involved" CD

Hard-edged melodic punk with a political lean. Apart from the odd ska bit here and there, this reminds me of BAD RELIGON crossed with ANTI-FLAG, and a little of the old Revelation stuff. (AD)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

COLOMBIAN NECKTIES - "Rejected #7" EP

Straight out of Denmark bust the CANDY SNATCHERS-like rumblings of COLOMBIAN NECKTIES. Yeah, this is some hyper-powered garage rock that probably sounds even better after a 6-pack.Try it out. (DL)
(High School Reject, Berlageweg 12 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

COUNT ME OUT - "Permanent" CD

Clean-cut yet crunchy hardcore that slips between a mid-tempo and a fast pace with ease, while harsh screams and personal lyrics fill in the gaps here and there. Unfortunately this band didn't really move me and I found it all rather plain and uninspiring. Too bad, because they seem to fit perfectly on the Indecision roster. (RC)
(Indecision, PO Box 6781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

CZOLGOSZ - "500 Reasons" EP

CZOLGOSZ is a catchy-as-fuck anarchist punk rock band from Boston, named after anarchist Leon Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley in 1901. In terms of "the rock," yes, they're awesome. They are pretty melodic and slightly sloppy straightforward punk rock. I like it. I was also happy to see that their lyrics were direct in stating opinions, as opposed to lots of political lyrics which are vague (a failed attempt at poetry, I think). However, even though I could dig the overall messages they were presenting, I had problems with some of their reasoning and some contradictions in the lyrics. Overall, I think this is a cool release, but if CZOLGOSZ really want to inspire people to rise up, they should make sure their messages are clear first. You follow? (WR)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Boston, MA 02134)

DILLINGER FOUR – "Situationist Comedy" LP

Damn damn damn. I'm quite bored with the phrase "This rocks!" It's overused and usually reflects a lack of content. But damn, this rocks! With content! One of listenable punk's hopefuls steps up with its third strong full-length. Now on Fat with the mighty PROPAGANDHI (no more typical Fat band comments people), these guys unleash their mighty buzzsaw guitar attack with opinions, humor, and hooks. One of the best punk bands around these days with no letup in sight! (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.fatwreck.com)

DISCARGA - "Happy Night Electric Experience" CD

Wow! 34 songs of blurry eyed thrash from Brazil that will fucking knock your shoes off into the next room. Most of the songs are less than 60 seconds long and they all sound great. Breakdowns? Metal? That stuff isn't gonna be found here on this "all go/no slow" release. I know that WHAT HAPPENS NEXT is playing with them on their current tour of Brazil, and I can't wait to hear the stories! (RC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

DISCONTENT - "Shot Down" CD

I thought the singer was Duane Peters, but on closer inspection it turned out to be some other dude in a pork pie hat. This sound a lot like BONECRUSHER—maybe a little faster and not as powerful. The SMUT PEDDLERS and PUSHERS spring to mind too, maybe just because it's on Hostage. Anyway, six tracks of gnarly, tough hard-edged punk rock from (I assume) Long Beach/LA. Good shit. (AD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736, www.hostagerecords.net)

DISCORDIA - "Cryptas" CD

Here you will find some raw and brutal grind and thrash from Mexico. Hammering drums, crusty vocals and buzzing guitars hit you like a chop to the throat. Enough songs are found here to keep any grindhead satisfied. Quality stuff found on... (RC)
(Sin Medios Productions, Patricio Rivera, Calle 1517 #106, Col. Sn. Juan De Aragon, Secc. 6, C.P. 07918, Mexico, D.F., MEXICO, resist25@starmedia.com)

DISHES – "Kitschenette" CD

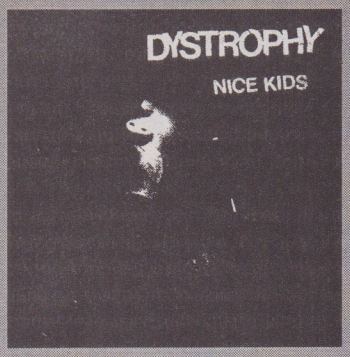
A collection of recordings from this 1978-ish Canadian art punk band. Including are their two EPs and well as some live TV recordings. With sax and keyboards DOA this is not, but for you art types into early TUXEDOMOON, DEVO, or even early ROXY MUSIC, this will bring you joy. Besides, you'll never find the records. A label that will apparently will have more of Canadian's music history to come, and I don't think they mean BRYAN ADAMS. (RL)
(Bullseye Records Of Canada, 180 Station St, Suite 5, Ajax, ONT, CANADA L1S 1R9, www.bullseyecanada.com)

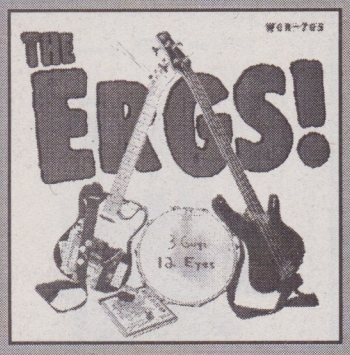
DRILLER KILLER - "And the Winner Is..." LP

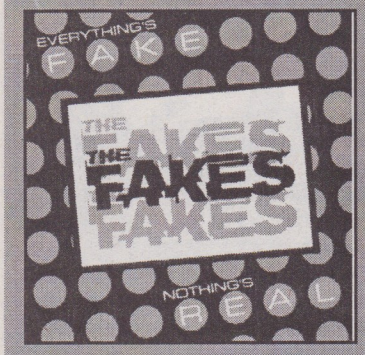
Tom Hopkins must have been shit-faced drunk while assigning records again this month. What can I say, the low growling vocal style on top of that dull thud of a snare drum... well, it makes me think of constipation. This record is way more metal than punk, and regardless of how old these guys are or what band they used to be in, I can't understand why I have to listen to it. (VH)
($9 ppd: Hardcore Holocaust, PO Box 26742, Richmond, VA 23261)

DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION/S.A.A.E.I - split EP

Yep, this is grind. Sometimes it's called power violence. It sure is brutal. Cat and dog vocals combined with blast beats. DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION are better and way more interesting at doing this schtick than S.A.A.E.I., but neither one of them are as good as CROSSED OUT—so what's the point, right? DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION actually sort of sounds like a slightly less INFEST-ed LACK OF INTEREST—which still isn't as good as CROSSED OUT. CROSSED OUT makes me wanna break stuff and throw bricks through cops faces, these bands just make me wanna break this record. Whoops, there it goes out the window. (MT)
(Agromosh, c/o Ben Viele, 18017 Almendro Ln., San Diego, CA 92127)







of some classic tunes, "Greensleeves", "Mercy, Mercy", "Monkey, Monkey", "Hey Joe" and the coolest, most rockin' version of "Old McDonald" I've ever heard. (CK)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142, $9.00 ppd.)

DYSTROPHY - "Nice Kids" EP

With a song titled "Skatin for Satan" and a HUSKER DU cover, its not hard to see that DYSTROPHY takes its cues from CHARLES BRONSON and SPAZZ. Fortunately, these South City locals really don't sound too much like any of those aforementioned bands. Instead they have a more basic (but well-executed) thrashy hardcore approach with classic lyrics about hating their high school and loving the old school. Great 9 song debut. Representin' the 650 in full effect. (CC)
(Crucial, 48 Camino Alto, Millbrae, CA 94030)

THE ERGS! - "3 Guys 12 Eyes" EP

These DESCENDENTS fans have roving, punchy bass lines and Milo-ish vocal stylings. This record gets better with every listen. Good record! (HM)
(Whoa Oh, 52 McLoughlin St, Glen Cove NY, 11542, www.whoahrecords.com)

EXTINCTION OF MANKIND - "Ale To England" EP

This is EXTINCTION OF MANKIND's tribute to the cream of English crust (does it rise to the surface, you ask? Fuck no—it stays underground!) Side A is "Out From the Void," by ANTISECT, followed by a fine cover of AMEBIX's "Sunshine Ward." The flipside is a DISCHARGE cover, of course: "Ain't No Feeble Bastard." This is solid crust, like the rest of ETM's output over the years. I could take or leave the whole beer analogy, but you know, whatever. (AC)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznov P/R, CZECH REPUBLIC, malariepunk@hotmail.com)

FM KNIVES - "Useless and Modern" CD

Wow, this is good. And it's from Sacramento California (not only the state capitol but also the one place that has more great bands than anywhere else on the West Coast). This is flawless power-popish rock and roll. A little bit of the BOYS, a little bit of TEENAGE HEAD, but a lot faster and a lot more balls and hooks. This blows everything else I reviewed this month away. Great production that isn't too slick but not too lo-fi (I think mid-fi is the term). The mix is prefect, the vocals are clean enough to hear, and the guitar and bass aren't too overpowering but aren't overpowered by the drums. Great. Highly recommended. (BM)
($10: Moo-La-La, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95814, scotts@sl.net)

FACE FIRST/HAWG JAW - split EP

FACE FIRST tear through some beer-swilling, phlegm-filled fast and furious punk rock while the singer belts out negative lyrics that take angry stabs at humanity. HAWG JAW drag you through their harsh desperate music that takes influence from that dark and dirty New Orleans style. They have followed in the footsteps of EYEHATEGOD quite nicely. Everytime I hear HAWG JAW I like them more and more. (RC)
($3 ppd: c/o Jonathan Cox, Meconium, PO Box 9064, Hickory, NC 28603)

FAKES - "Nothing's Real, Everything's Fake" CDEP

Rough-and-ready beach punk from everyone's fave purveyors of one-two punch rock. Tunes "California Bummer", "Soda Pop", and "S.L.J.C." are right up there with the best of their local homeboys (SMOGTOWN, STITCHES, among others). Limited to 1,500 copies. (JH)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736, www.hostagerecords.net)

FAZED - "A Look After Emptyness" EP

FAZED, from Germany, play mid-speed peace hardcore with a melancholy twinge. The degree of scream in the dual female vocals, and the atmosphere of this EP reminds me a bit of HARUM SCARUM. *A Look After Emptyness* comes on the heels of their split LP with MURDER, also from Germany, earlier this year. Good tense and melodic stuff, most of the way up my alley. Packaging includes a screened cloth sleeve. (AC)
(Matatu, J. Halbauer, Nordstaße 16, 07543 Gera, GERMANY)

FEAST OR FAMINE - "Negative Reflections" EP

Raw thrash from Detroit which reminds me of HEALTH HAZARD melded with more modern rockers DEARBORN SS—though not quite as powerful. While I'm no fan of slick production, sometimes this sounds a little too muddy in parts to really inflict proper killing power. Solid first effort. (MT)
(Battlecry, PO Box 381224, Clinton Twp., MI 48038)

FEMME FATALE - "As You Sow, So Shall You Reap" LP

This, incessant droning sludge, that is apparently done by one guy, is crap. Yes, it is. Complete garbage. Fucking waste of my time. (DT)
(Ache, www.acherecords.com)

FILTH OF MANKIND - "The Final Chapter" CD

Dark and brooding metallic hardcore from these Polish punkers. Sometimes I wanna say AMEBIX, but then quickly think more along the lines of ANTISECT and a smidge of NAUSEA. Good stuff overall, but I feel like their songs could be a little shorter and hence be more effective when it comes to the skull-crushing efficiency. (MT)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

FOODCHAIN - "Screaming for Something" EP

FOODCHAIN from Japan play some semi-melodic hardcore in line with a band like KILL YOUR IDOLS. Unfortunately the singer has some of the squeakiest vocals I have ever heard. The music was good and the production was fairly solid, but I could not get past those vocals. They must keep a supply of helium in the recording studio for him. (RC)
(Mangrove, 4-23-5 ACP BLG Koenji-Minami, Siginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003 JAPAN)

FURY 1-6-1 - "All Star Wrestling Matches" EP

Really cool "matchbook" record sleeve to wrap around this really cool record. Though, it's hard to say where exactly this band comes from (Europe), my guess is they've never heard of Santa Cruz, CA's FURY 66. No big deal, there's room. Loud and freakishly good raw rocka-roll that'll surely set fire to the garage. Go out and find this record, I sure hope to. (RY)
(Tear It Up, PO Box 7616 5601 JP Eindhoven, The NETHERLANDS)

FUTURES - "Electric Music from the Underworld" CD

Japanese band doing the rapido-punx thing. Imagine if you will the REGISTRATORS covering the JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS; that's part of the mix. Other songs are more straight-up rockin' garage that could've come out on the 1+2 record label five or so years ago. The cover led me to believe brain-melting psych-punk. NO! (RW)
(MCR, 157 Kimiagu, Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

GET LOST! - "Never Come Back" CD

'60s sounding garage rock. The singer has this amazing drawl that makes him sound like he's a combination of James Lowe and Iggy Pop. The band is trashy, in all the right ways. This is fantastic. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Scheibenstr. 53, 3014 Bern, SWITZERLAND, voodoorhythm@bboxbbs.com)

GEZA X & THE MOMMYMEN - "You Goddam Kids!" LP

The one and only record by former member of the BAGS and man who manned the boards of some of the greatest punk records of all time (the GERMS, WEIRDOS). Featuring an "all-star" cast (DJ BONEBRAKE, JOSIE COTTON, BRENDAN MULLEN). Even with all that said, This record isn't very good. It suffers from no direction and no desire. It's angular and weird enough, it's got a sense of humor and fun, but he just never nails it. And totally suffers from a lack of hooks. Too bad—I really wanted to like this. (DT)
(Dionysius, www.dionysiusrecords.com)

A GLOBAL THREAT - "Here We Are" LP

There are golden guitar moments on this LP but they are under a bucket of mud. I'm hardly a fan of crisp production, but there are occasions of LEATHERFACE guitar which would goose step A GLOBAL THREAT to the front of the mohican army if it could be heard. This is still a solid Punk Core release: accusatory lyrics, blood and guts chops, and unfortunate graphics. The sound and style of England's second-wave punk with the pub-fun of every Oi! wave. (TH)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

GOAT SHANTY - "Clearly Prespin" CD

Strange release—the track numbers are random, and due in large part to the hand screened covers, it's hard to read the address on the back. This is correct as best I can tell. The music is quick hardcore with frantic pace changes and intricate guitar breaks. The singer has a good command of both screaming and hoarse vocals, and there's a strange noise throughout which makes it sound like they recorded it live with a TV playing in another room. Every song mentioned death, dying, massacres, killing or something of the like, but not in a obvious way which made their point known. Perhaps it's poetry—I've never understood that anyway. Interesting release, left more questions than answers! (TM)
(Boot, 140 Cohern, Athens GA 38601)

GO! FOR THE THROAT - "Here and Now" CD

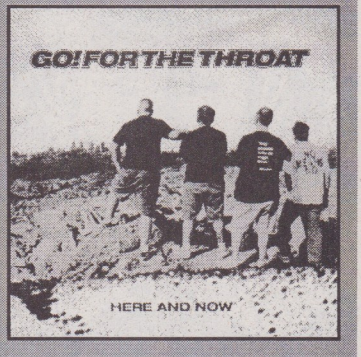
Damn. High energy, catchy and tons of breaks that kept things blazing along. So awesome to listen to stuff with structure, melody (!) and enough speed to keep my interest. This is powerhouse stuff—even the instrumental stuff is engaging and rock solid. Lyrics cover a lot of ground—and do it in a way that isn't predictable or trite. Excellent stuff—this one of the rare "review" copies that will get loads of future play in my truck! (TM)
(Uprising, PO Box 42259, Philadelphia, PA 19104)

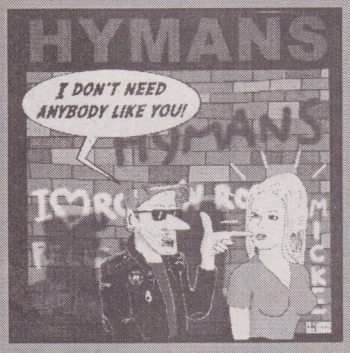
GROW - EP

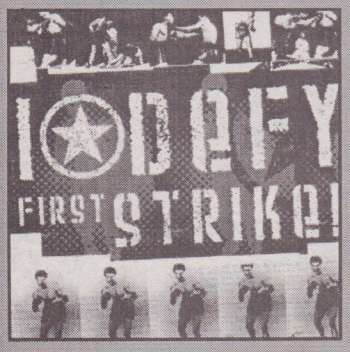
I took one look at the very nondescript cover and knew it was from Japan. Sure enough, GROW, who are from Japan, kick out some slightly over-produced punk and rock anthems that charge hard. The vocals are strong and loud, but there were no lyrics so I have no idea what they are screaming about. Nothing mind-blowing, but you should seek it out if you are into all those rockin' and rollin' bands coming out of Japan right now. (RC)
(Devour, ykdvr@zc4.so-net.ne.jp)

HE WHO CORRUPTS/THIRD DEGREE - split EP

THIRD DEGREE from Poland start things off with six songs of heavily distorted punk rock. The pace of the music slides from mid-tempo to raging fast as the two vocalists growl and scream out painfully angry lyrics. HE WHO CORRUPTS are from outside of Chicago, IL and go apeshit with five songs of crazy fast grindcore, that occasionally slow down into some beefy metal moments. They were pretty good, but the drums sounded so







heinous in the recording that it was painful to listen to at times. I would love to hear them with a better recording. (RC)
(SelfMadeGod, PO Box 46, 21500 Biala Podl., POLAND, smgrecords.prv.pl)

HUMAN RACIST - "No Way Out" EP

DIY political from West Virginia. Not poppy or hardcore, it lies somewhere in between. Lyrics attack George Bush over the death penalty and deforestation. (AD)
(Abandon All Hope, 1019 26th St., Huntington, WV 25705)

THE HYMANS - "I Don't Need Anybody Like You" EP

Wasn't Joey Ramone's last name Hyman? I think it was and I think that's what these guys are getting at. The name, the cover art, the art on the disc itself and yes, the music, make it clear that these guys have definitely listened to one or two RAMONES records in their time. This is so catchy and melodic and RAMONES-like, that you'd think it came from Germany rather than Sweden, where most bands seemed to be influenced by '50s and '60s rock 'n' roll. A lot of bands try to pull off the RAMONES thing—some do it well, others do it not-so-well. These guys pull it off well, real well. This is some good shit, biattches. (KK)
(Diapazam, www.diapazam.com)

I DEFY - "First Strike" CD

I was actually surprised how much I liked this CD. Super fast, melodic hardcore from Germany done incredibly well with tons of energy. The vocals really make this stand out for me, reminding me a bit of BY THE GRACE OF GOD or someone else I can't put my finger on. Refreshingly good. (SP)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, NETHERLANDS, www.reflectionsrecords.com)

JACKED UP - "Fuck'in Day" CD

This does absolutely nothing for me. Is anyone still looking to hear more second rate NOFX clone bands? If you are, let us know, and we will forward all these types of CDs to you, from now on. I just wonder why bands think they can just do the exact same thing that so many have done before them, and get by. Sure, this band is Japanese, but that only makes me think of HI-STANDARD. (WR)
(no address)

J'AURAIS VOULU - "Sans Trahir" CD

After last month's anarchy tattoo on the singer from CALBRE 12, this month's punk tattoo award goes to this band, one of whom has "punk rock" tattooed on his knuckles....*that's* punk! This French band sing entirely in their own tongue so I'm lost. Let's do the math; bassist wearing an anarcho syndicalist t-shirt, they thank the red skins, have a song called "Infitada" and of course the aforementioned tattoo all add up to a bunch of punk lefties. Back that up with some great oi-tinged punk rock, awesome guitar melodies and rousing sing-along choruses, and you have yourself a great CD. (TB)
(Combat Rock, 7 rue du Paquis, 57950, Montigny les Metz, FRANCE)

JESUSEATER - CD

For perhaps the first time ever, a record or CD I've actually been looking for has miraculously been assigned to me for review! How exciting! When I heard months ago about a new band with Shawn Brown (of SWIZ, SWEETBELLY FREAKDOWN, and an early part of DAG NASTY) I was excited for sure. As I expected, this CD definitely has more in common with SBFD than SWIZ. I know that may disappoint some people, but I actually liked SWEETBELLY FREAKDOWN, and either way JESUSEATER seems to rise a bit above SBFD's sound. The four songs on this disk are almost entirely all mid-tempo and are way heavy with a good dose of "rock" influence. One of the things I like most about every band Shawn Brown has been in is the sheer anger in his voice, and though JESUSEATER exhibits more of a refined sense of rage, it is still in some way connected to that all-too familiar boiling anger that I love about SWIZ. Pick it up and check it out. (SP)
(Deathwish, 432 Morris Ave, Providence, RI 02906, www.deathwishinc.com)

K-LINE - "In the Red" CD

Three songs on this one. I can see the point of a CDEP that's maybe twenty minutes long, but when there's only three songs and it still fits into ten minutes, it really should be a 7". Now that that's out of the way, this is actually pretty good. The songs are pretty varied, as if they tried to synthesize every type of emo/pop punk. Fortunately, they picked the good bands. They have some slower DILLINGER FOUR elements, as well as some RITES OF SPRING parts. The influence that really comes through is AT THE DRIVE-IN, however, and the vocals are really reminiscent of that band. It works, and it's short, which prevents it from getting old. If you have the extra cash, go for it. (MX)
(Boss Tuneage, PO BOX 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

KEETH - "These Brutally Simple Equations" EP

Thick tough-guy core from Oz. Musically like a lot of the later metal influenced NY bands, much rawer though and without the macho posturing. Dual vocals, one sounding like a distorted megaphone and one like the dude from YUPPICIDE (y'know, almost talking?) Recorded in '98, so it's pretty old. (TB)
(Spiral Objective, PO Box 126, Oaklands Park, South AUSTRALIA)

KILL-A-WATTS - "Electrorock" LP

A bunch of teenagers from the backwoods of Wisconsin sounding like a leftover from the San Francisco

scene circa 1994. This record has Rip Off written all over it. Fast punk rock with lots of attitude. They sound so much like ZODIAC KILLERS that I'd probably finding it unnerving if the songs weren't so good. (CK)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple, San Bruno, CA 94066, shockyoudead@hotmail.com)

KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND - "Jesus Loves My One Man Band" CD

King Louie has an amazing voice even when he screaming into a cheap microphone. I could listen to it all day. Rave up blues with the road on the mind "Headin' For The Big City Lights", "Pumpin' Propane", "A Hitchhiker's Souvenir", not to mention some things that stink: cabbage and feet. I demand more one (wo)man bands. I'll be doing the porkchop all the way home. (CK)
(Extra Ball, PO Box 40005, Portland, OR 97240, kingcrazy@msn.com)

KONTROVERS – "Loneslaveri" CD

KONTROVERS, who hail from Sweden, shred through 20 tracks of crusty grind on this CD. They take some of the modern hardcore elements of a band like TRAGEDY and mix them with some straightforward punk influences from DISCHARGE to DISRUPT. Two vocalists take charge here, blurting out angry political lyrics that are mostly in their native language (and a few in English). The massive production on this is top notch, and it comes in a nice looking digipack. Now if I can only find their split with BEYOND DESCRIPTION. (RC)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Box 7092, 200 42 Mälmo, SWEDEN, www.fly.to/putridfilth)

KUMPELBASIS/SCOT FREE - split EP

Intensive Care Records from Berlin, Germany has provided you with some quality punk rock over the years. This split EP, however, does not. KUMPELBASIS plays boring pop punk not unlike what the VANILLA MUFFINS are doing these days. Turn this EP over and you get more of the same—SCOT FREE play their instruments well and sing their harmonies in a pleasant fashion,but the whole package is too sugary sweet. There's no danger, no urgency, no fucking balls! Skip this EP. (BR)
(Intensive Care, Lillenthal Str. 4, 10965, Berlin, GERMANY)

KUNG FU KILLERS - "KFK Theme/Wasting Time"

This is Street Punk for the kids, or so they tell me. The A-side is a faster paced deal with quick vocals and, in my opinion, a little amateurish. They slow it down quite a bit on the B-side and the result is a real pleasant surprise. It's more melodic, less straightforward, and has some cool backing vocals. In the end it's much more interesting and has a sense of urgency that is lacking on the A-side. Where the A-side is a straightforward, generic hardcore song, the B-side is damn good. In fact it's so good that I can recommend the disc on the merits of the one track. (KK)
(TKO, 4104 24th St., #103, San Francisco, CA, 94114)

LAYMEN TERMS - "Since Last December" CD

This leaves a bad taste in my mouth. It's pretty straight-forward alterna-rock-influenced pop punk, but half of the songs have these terrible breakdowns over which you might here someone say, "where my ladies at?" or "give me something to break." If you're a tool like me, and you've heard either the new UNWRITTEN LAW or OFFSPRING radio hits, then you know what I'm talking about. If not, just stay away. If you're curious, you shouldn't be. (MX)
(Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306, www.sodajerkrecords.com)

LEATHER UPPERS - LP

The mid-'90s were the apex of the eleventy-quadrillionth garage resurgence and this comp LP should establish the criminally overlooked LEATHER UPPERS as one of the class acts of the period. Two Canucks and a maniac Ami on drums ducked and shucked every garage cliche in the book and put out fast, funny records that sounded garage without fawning over muscle cars or chicks with big tits. This has their entire *Ok, Don't Say Hi* CD, which features stone classics like "Sugar Sandwich", "Don't Sell Hot Dogs Tonight" and "Siamese Connection". Lacks their first 7" for some reason, but don't let that stop you from getting this 500-press garage *monster*. (RW)
(Pantsuit City, no address—try Underground Medicine)

LEFTOVER CRACK - "Rock the 40oz" EP

Snotty nosed youngsters rip through five songs about killing people in school, killing cops, religion, the Muppets, and of course crack. This is the kind of fun fucked-up shit that you'd find on Recess Records. This is really good—the music's fast catchy punk and the singer sounds like he's in a crusty band or something, but it works. Plus, they have samples from *Dawn of the Dead* and *Raising Arizona,* so you gotta like them. Didn't these guys have an album on Hellcat? I'm gonna go buy it. (AD)
(Non-commercial, PO Box 3274, Kalispell, MT 59903)

LEFT WITH NOTHING - "Wishing in Reverse" EP

Three tracks of solid metal hardcore. While I've definitely heard crazier, I wouldn't quite put this into the "basic" category. I might have been a lot more excited about this seven years ago, but this formula has gotten pretty stale. Still, the vocals are definitely intense and the execution of the music pays a respectable homage to the handful of great Washington metal hardcore bands in recent years. Fans of early BOTCH will dig this. I just wish this was faster... (CC)
(Excursion, PO Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102)

RECORDS

THE LETTERS - "Here Comes That Feeling Again..." LP

.....old fellows from Bristol..... originally formed in '78 and did only one single back in the day.....but they got back together to do this new record of new stuff..... sadly, as much as I dig wimpy-ass poppy mod fag music, this shit really ain't doing it for my main-vein.... actually, it sucks some serious dog dick.....balls and all..... all the way down to the asshole....!!!!! This is the first Detour record that I've had to get down on.....but you guys have gotta understand that I'm stoned right now and this platter *still* sounds like a shit pie....I don't wanna eat it, I don't wanna fuck it.... I'd rather suck your mother's dick!!!!!!! (SW)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex GU29 9YU, www.detour-records.co.uk)

LIFE SET STRUGGLE/RED REACTION - split EP

RED REACTION play energetic NY style hardcore minus the "beefy guys in jerseys" angle that bands like SICK OF IT ALL have going for them. Their music, by no means, makes them deserving of it, but all I can do is picturing them loading up equipment after a show in a dark alley way, and getting the shit beaten out of them by Paul from SHEER TERROR... LIFE SET STRUGGLE, on the other side of the record, play three songs. I like all of these LIFE SET STRUGGLE tracks more than the one on the *Shut Up and Skate* comp that also came out this month. Their sound is reminiscent of early '80s Midwest hardcore, which is fucking rad. They do a descent job of it too, but listening to their cover of the NECROS "Police Brutality" it's clear that they're not capable of the passion and energy that made those simple songs the classics they are today. (VH)
($4 ppd: Solution, 192 South Rd., Somers, CT 06071)

LIGAMENT - "All American Society" CD

This band sound like a street punk QUEERS. Lyrics spanning social commentary through to banal kiddie humor. Minimal, crappy packaging which makes this OK release mediocre. (TB)
(www.figmet-online.com)

LIGHT THE FUSE AND RUN - "All Your Base Are Belong To Us" LP

Difficult to know what to call a band like this... punk-influenced indie rock? Indie-rock influenced punk? That's the problem with labels, but when you have to write a five line review you sort of rely on them. LIGHT THE FUSE are very meaty and powerful rock. Their press release mentions 1.6 BAND, FUGAZI, and DRIVE LIKE JEHU, and a combination of these would be a pretty close approximation of their sound (though they never reach the levels of originality or brilliance that each of those bands was/is capable of, so they probably are doing themselves an injustice by even referencing them). Still, they manage to sound fresh and interesting so if any of this sounds alluring to you in the slightest, you might check them out. (AM)
(Exotic Fever, PO Box 297, College Park, MD 20741-0297, www.exoticfever.com)

LILI Z. - LP

French garage-punkers the NO-TALENTS' guitarist/vocalist's solo effort. Total 4-track bedroom rock. I like this record, but it sounds just like the NO-TALENTS. (DT)
(Polly Maggoo, c/o Lili Zeller, 5 rue Guy Moquet, 75017, Paris, FRANCE)

LOGAN'S LOSS - "Riot Like" CD

I don't know why they called their album *Riot Like,* as this is decidedly *un*-riot like... Catchy melodic poppy punk not unlike WESTON or twenty other bands I can't think of right now. (AD)
(Sinister Label, PO Box 1178, La Grange Pk, IL 60526)

M-80s - "Big Bang" EP

Four tracks from the pride of Hartford, Connecticut—circa 1979. The M-80s were a three-piece group draped in sagging flares and sporting Sean Cassidy shag 'dos, in keeping with the time and place they plied their trade. Self-described as "pop punk music for the future" (that future being now), they have/had a jaunty, ringing sound that dates well and overcomes the tape hiss and low-rent nature of the project. "Myuns", "I'm Weird", the speedy "Gone Away" and the WRECKLESS ERIC cover "Walking on the Surface of the Moon" have a grubby, hand-made quality that I admire. The M-80s weren't out-and-out leather-and-chains punk rock band, no, but this reissue should appeal to *Killed by Death* trainspotters and fans of obscure power pop and punchy new wave. (JH)
(Backstreet, Via Gaetano Casati 38, 00154 Rome, ITALY, giampiex@tiscalinet.it)

MENFOLK/THE UNIT - split EP

Wow, two great bands I'd never heard before here. Thick, thick chunk of vinyl to match the thick rock sounds gracing this record. MENFOLK utilize two bassists to enhance their bottom heavy sound. Fast upbeat rock 'n' roll, but with a slight tendency towards NOMEANSNO-style tech. Nothing wrong with that at all. UNIT is the perfect description for the next band—a three-piece with no instrument taking precedence. More technical emotional punk, with hoarse throats and fucked up garagey guitar. Take it. One eye on Denmark for a while. (AM)
(Play/Rec c/o Lars Thor Jensen, Mellemforts Alle 8, 2.TH, 2300 Copenhagen S, DENMARK, www.playrec.dk)

MIGHTY MOGULS - "Rompin' Stompin' Twistin' Bakas-ville!" EP

Trashy primitive Japanese trash rock. This is savage. The cover has a painting of the band as a caveman and two cavewomen playing instruments made of stone. How fitting. This sounds like cave music (and I mean that in a good way). Husky female vocals really make this a cut about the rest. Cute it ain't, rockin' it sure is. (BM)
(Tear It Up, PO Box 7616, 5601 JP Eindhoven, NETHERLANDS, www.tear-it-up-records.nl)

MILES BETWEEN US - EP

Fast straight edge hardcore with youth crew back-up vocals. This isn't bad, but I've heard better. There are just too many bands out there right now playing this style, and MILES BETWEEN US is doing nothing to set itself apart from the pack. If I had to compare them to anyone, it would be IN MY EYES. They get points for keeping it fast, but they get points-off for including octaves in their guitar riffs. The minimal computer layout is just plain boring and unoriginal. I have a feeling that 30 bands just like this await me at Posi-fest '02 (but I really hope not). Give these guys some time to mature their sound and find their own style, and they could go from good to great. (CC)
(Blatherskyte, PO Box 40088, Rochester, NY 14604)

MIND COLLAPSE/SEWN SHUT - split EP

I have a hard time with grind. Most of the time, I simply don't enjoy listening to it. I understand it, but a lot of it sounds like barf to me. And most of the time I am not in the mood to listen to barf. However, the SEWN SHUT side of this record was actually pretty interesting. The lyrics were good enough to keep me interested, and the music was somewhat catchy. The GRIND AND PEACE side was not as interesting to me, because it was more repetitive, and the vocals were a little too grungy, and the recording was not as good. One thing that really bothered me was the use of the same photo from the cover of DEAD KENNEDYS "Holiday in Cambodia" single. First of all, it was already used on one of the more famous punk records of all time. Second of all, it is a horrifying picture. I fear that in the wrong context, the photo adds nothing but unnecessary shock value. (WR)
(Sounds of Betrayal, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, 20042 Malmo, SWEDEN)

MOMENT/THERE WERE WIRES - split EP

MOMENT has one song and it gets off to a very poor start—emo like you might hear on MTV these days. It picks up though, and becomes a relatively above-average melodic hardcore song. THERE WERE WIRES are a lot more rough-hewn... imagine if AT THE DRIVE-IN tried to play hardcore, and you'd be close to imagining their sound. Not a bad split, although I'd probably rather have just had a whole EP of THERE WERE WIRES. (AM)
(Amalagate, Box 3221, Beverly, MA 01915, www.amalagate.com)

MONDO TOPLESS - "No More/Panty Sniffer" EP

As one would expect from Get Hip, it's rocking garage hailing from Philadelphia with influences which span the decades. The flip is the better fit for me—the title track is a bit slower, still catchy but without the sheer oomph and distortion of "Panty Sniffer." There may not be a lot of new ground covered here, but it's done well, and definitely grabs you and gets the knee tapping. (TM)
(Get Hip, Columbus and Preble Aves, Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

THE MONKS - "...Let's Start a Beat!" LP

A vinyl version of the MONKS' remarkable reunion show (previously released on CD domestically). Great as the reunion was (especially considering how such shows generally fare), it's (need I point out?) of course no substitute for the classic *Black Monk Time* album, but this is pretty darn spiff. (DD)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 Madrid, 28080, SPAIN, munster@,munster-records.com)

MOURNINGSIDE/BRANDO - split EP

Jeez...I don't know what to think of MOURNINGSIDE. Two tracks of straight-ahead oi-influenced hardcore played pretty sloppily. Definitely not my cup of tea. BRANDO kinda-sorta put MOURNINGSIDE to shame. Extremely energetic fast-core with vocals reminding me a bunch of FURY. The production is a bit rough, but I actually thinks it sorta accentuates the anger and rawness of this band. Good stuff. (SP)
(no address, mourningside@mourningside.com)

M:PATI - "Misantropen" 10"

Make it through the slow, melodramatic, and boring intro track and a swimming pool full of gold coins awaits you Scrooge McDuck! Swede-style fun stirring together a crust march and jaunty verse-chorus guitar-drum devastation. AMEBIX getting humped by DISCHARGE? The dour Portland bands eloping with UNCURBED and DISKONTO? Swedish lyrics, English explanations, and a German label. Delivered around the world courtesy of the United Nation's black helicopters. (TH)
(Flower Violence, Kapellenstrasse 16, 69469 Weinheim, GERMANY, www.flowerviolence.de)

MUCK & THE MIRES - "All Mucked Up" LP

I think I get the attempt here. Revolt against forced "screamin" & "hysteria" type garage bands, a blow for restraint, a face raised towards the sun of solid songwriting and solid playing. Unfortunately, they restrained a little too much energy and drive, and end up with an exceedingly polite record that lacks any Ted Nugentian testicular release. (RW)
(Soundflat, PO Box 1022 26, 42766 Haan, GERMANY, www.soundflat.de)

MUMMY THE PEEPSHOW - "Kick Off!/Honey & Sandwich"

I'm not the world's biggest pop fan, but when something is this goofy and catchy it's hard to resist. Can you resist upbeat gals singing about brushing their teeth and putting on rollerskates? I can't. (DD)
(Tear It Up, PO Box 7616, 5601 JP Eindhoven, NETHERLANDS, www.tear-it-up-records.nl)

MY LUCK - "Is Frozen" EP

I always have high hopes for anything that comes out on Youngblood, so I was excited to finally hear this release. What I ended up getting was slightly generic youth crew hardcore. I mean all the finger-pointing parts are here for a solid release, but it just didn't hit me like I was hoping. Oh well. (RC)
(Youngblood, 217 West Main Street, Ephrata, PA 17522)

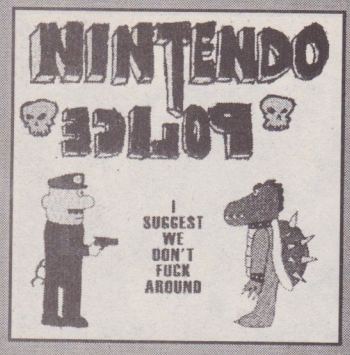
RECORDS

NEGATIVE STEP - "Conquering Punk" 10"

It seems that right when I stop obsessing over a great Texas band, another one comes along to take its place. Easily the best thing to come out of Texas since the last SPAZM 151 LP. I saw this record for sale at the Gilman the last time I was there, and I admit that I stayed away because of the *really* bad cover art. The front depicts a punk on his knees, soon to be slaughtered by a helmeted gladiator with a double-sided axe (hence the record's title). Good premise, bad execution (no pun intended). It couldn't of taken the artist more than 3, maybe 4 minutes to draw this up. Thankfully they put more effort into the music and the lyrics. While the vocals remind Mike Thorn of BORN AGAINST (I would agree), the music is stripped down and raw, without coming off sloppy. Their cover of the F.U.'s "What You Pay For" fits in appropriately with their originals. Go to your nearest punk record store, and ask for the gladiator 10". If they've seen the cover, they'll know exactly what your talking about. (CC)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

THE NEW BREED - "Day to Day" CD

Damn it man, is Bruce on vacation? Why am I gettin' all this street stuff? Here you have a melodic and yes, even catchy approach to working class punk with Mike Ness-like vocals to keep it interesting. Fans of the REDUCERS will dig. (DL)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr.25, D-66957, GERMANY)



NEWTOWN GRUNTS - "Disgruntled" CD

This was a pleasant surprise, I'd heard of these guys but didn't know they were this good. Charming, chirpy, fast punk from Bonnie Scotland that's full of (as they title says) disgruntlement at the life on the dole, a national team that just can't seeem to make it to the big show, depression, repo men, hangovers, and, I'm sure, shitty weather. How do they deal with all this adversity? ...drinking and swearing. That said, it's remarkably up-beat and humorous and the best thing I've heard from that particular part of the world since EX CATHEDRA. Oi! you cunt I'm a NEWTOWN GRUNT. God love 'em. (AD)
(F.J., no address. www.grunts.freeuk.com)

NINTENDO POLICE - "I Suggest We Don't Fuck Around" CD

Mid-tempo and highly melodic punk from Australia which sounds somewhat like they would have been playing shows with MEAN SEASON, post-Erba FACE VALUE, or FARSIDE around '93—if they were from the States that is. Not the pick of the issue, but fairly decent I'd say. Really like the graphic of the guy throwing the cross into the trash—nice touch. (MT)
(Set Fire To My Home, PO Box 871, St. Ives, NSW, AUSTRALIA 2075)

NOISE OF REALITY/RICKSHAW - split EP

NOISE play two up-tempo '70s rock 'n' roll tunes somewhere between B.T.O. and GLUECIFER. RICKSHAW start off with a GUNS 'N" ROSES meets JUDAS PRIEST tune and switch to an olde mildly BAD RELIGION punk anthem. Both bands deliver quality tunes on this disc. (HM)
(Bootleg Booze, V. Kyrkogatan 68, 671 51 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.rickshaw.com, http://noiseofreality.cjb.net)

NO PARADE - "Ceaseless Fire" LP

I feel like I opened one of those mail bombs I keep hearing about on the news... NO PARADE's first LP starts of with an explosion of hardcore fury. Shit. Anyone who liked their EP, is going to love these 14 new songs. I like these guys because they play "modern" hardcore, but don't get wrapped up in the bullshit a lot of No Idea, etc., bands do. It's high energy, angry, hardcore... just like it should be. (VH)
(Partners In Crime,07 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

OTOPHOBIA - "Confined" EP

Blazing hardcore from Philadelphia, coming to us via a Swedish label. It's quick stuff, with eight songs delivering their edicts on the human condition and it's various failings. The drummer has a talent at keeping it all tight, combine that with the wall of noise guitar and hoarse, gasoline vocals, and it's a potent package. Black and white graphics, as would suit a record of spite and anger. (TM)
(Sounds of Betrayal, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmo, SWEDEN)

OTOPHOBIA - "Malignant" CD

The final Slap A Ham release, and boy does it kick ass. Fast paced, hard hitting, straight up hardcore that will leave you gasping for breath. All this with intelligent, politically inspired lyrics to boot. Chris Dodge hangs up his hat, knowing that he has inspired countless imitators, eBay profiteers, and given us some great releases. This record is no exception. Thanks Chris, and OTOPHOBIA. (JF)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 7337, Alhambra, CA 91802-7337)

OXBAKER - "Raped Ox" EP

The cover to this is a rip-off of the ANTI-CIMEX "Raped Ass" 7", which is dangerous, 'cos it has me comparing....and that single is a lot to live up to. And do they? Well, no, but this Canadian band come out swinging for sure. Eight tracks of frantic in-your-face hardcore, crazy screamed dual vocals, songs about wrestling and fucked up life. The occasional slow moments give you a breather but mostly the dial is turned up to "fast." Count me in. (TB)
(Sounds Of Betrayal, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmo, SWEDEN)

PANTHERS - "Are You Down?" LP

Hyperkinetic discordant punk—this sounds great and is right up my street. If this band had an identity of their own I could get really, really into them. Unfortunately, everything from the graphics on the sleeve to the ironic revolutionary lyrics is such a fucking co-opt of the NATION OF ULYSSES aesthetic it's not even funny. It's a shame because I think it detracts from the totally great music. The first line on the record is "We aren't a band, we are a cabal of terrorists" and that sets the tone. It's been done before and it's been done better. I will buy this record, because I think the music rocks, but the ironic schtick is disappointing. On a side note, this is apparently release number 99 for Troubleman. Hats off. (AM)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002, www.troublemanunlimited.com)

PATH OF DESTRUCTION - "Liquid Vice" EP

Alright!!!! A band with a song making fun of patriots!!! Fuck, if I was Shane White I'd have creamed my pants!!!! Instead I just have an emotional hard on!!!! Straight-up hardcore that will make you want to get into one sweaty pile of leftist sex!!! Fuck, no limpness here!!! (Shane, it's more fun than a good ass-fucking to steal your style!!!!) (JF)
(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

PHTMA - "The Last Age" LP

Pounding metallic hardcore from Greece which owes as much to METALLICA as it does ZYGOTE or AXEGRINDER. Tough guitars and snarled vocals but something is still lacking. Lyrics detail the mundane sorrow of our existence and portray a sentiment of utter hopelessness. (MT)
(Wipe Out!, T.O. 80 512, 185 10 Peipaiae, GREECE)

POWERTRIP - "When We Cut, We Bleed" LP

A re-issue of LP put out by one time ANGRY SAMOANS member Jeff Dahl's follow-up project, POWERTRIP. It's got six extra tracks, some of which are different versions of the same songs and includes a DEAD BOYS cover. While this is most definitely punk rock, it's a little a darker than most punk that was being put out in the early '80s and has a fair amount of metal guitars. I prefer his more recent stuff, but I'm sure there are lots of people that have been waiting for this to be re-issued. (KK)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

THE PROMISE - "My True Love" CD

Bizarre to see a two song CD from a hardcore band. Not to mention the note on the back cover saying to send $2 for stickers and a catalog of "Quality Deathwish Merchandise". Yeah, whatever! I'd be pretty annoyed if I paid anything for a CD from yet another metallic hardcore band who only bothered to put two songs on a CD. Perhaps if it was something like the AVERSION release I just reviewed, which did actually tread some new ground, and had a unique style. Maybe it's a free CD you get when you buy a t-shirt at their show or something. Hope so. Should have spell checked the cover text—leave you to figure that one out. (TM)
(Deathwish, Inc., 432 Morris Ave, Providence RI 02906)

PRIME MOVERS - "Sins of the Fourfathers" LP

This record initially came out in 1989. Which eliminates the excuse for the JIMI HENDRIX or THIN LIZZY overtones. I guess a '60s blues influence was the goal and unfortunately for me it was achieved. Go with the real deal before this late blooming imitation. (RL)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK)

THE PRIMATES - "We Are the Primates" LP

The PRIMATES will appeal to those who were turned on by the likes of the MORLOCKS or early MIRACLE WORKERS. With great STONES-ish vocals, swingin' tempos, riff-laden guitars, and simple production, they're almost like a template for 60s punk. They sound best with distortion ("The Creep"), but song choices keep them a little behind the pack. Still, an evocative ride. (SS)
(SoundFlat, PO Box 10 22 26, 42766 Haan, GERMANY)

RADIO 69 - "Reality-Punk" CD

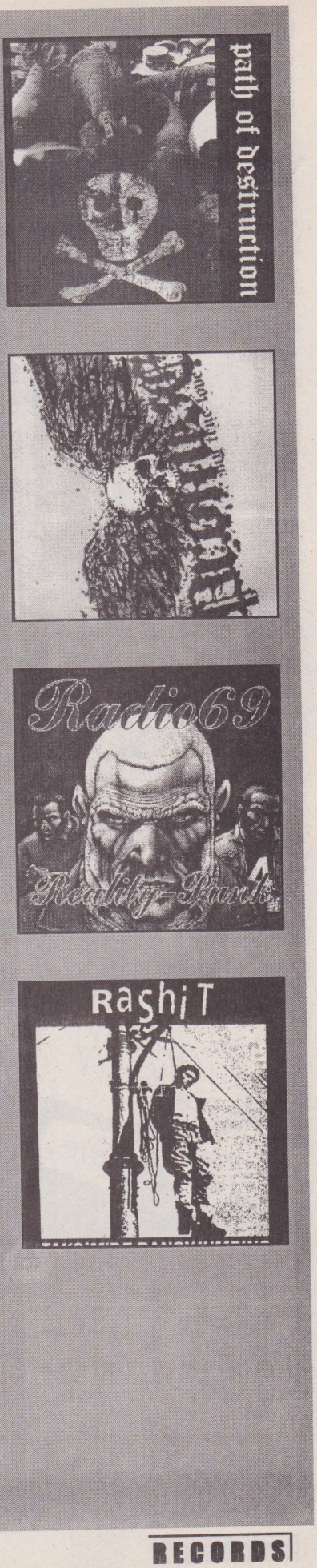
Oh man, this must have accidentally fallen out of Bruce's review pile. Truly awful skinhead punk from Sweden, virtually moshing in its own mediocrity. Cover of "Someone's Gonna Die" by BLITZ provides the only semi-listenable moment on the album... (JG)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

RASHIT - "Taksim'de Bangyjumping" EP

Holy fuck, if I haven't stumbled on to some Turkish street punk tunes from Istanbul. The only thing I can think to compare this to is that once I went to this Greek wedding, and this is how it kind of sounded you know where everyone joins arms and dances in a big circle laughing and carrying on... (DL)
(Kroket , Beeksestraat 76, 4841 GD Prinsenbeek, NETHERLANDS)

RAJOITUS - "Nyt On Kuolema Täällä" EP

Full-bore Swedish hardcore from these vets of the genre. Solid stuff that doean't disapoint one bit. Fast and raw guitars with shouted vocals which owes a great bit to ANTI-CIMEX. Essential listen for those of you in the studded jacket set. Stay drunk, stay punk. (MT)
(The End c/o Jakke, Iidesranta I6 C22, 33100 Tampere, FINLAND)



RECORDS

RC5 - "American Rock 'n' Roll" CD

Okay, they cover CRIME's "I Knew This Nurse," so I automatically like 'em, and their originals are nothing to sneeze at, neither. Big, vivid sound, double-barreled guitar chug, neat leads. Mean sentiments on "In the Bottle," "You're Gonna Pay," and "Cellblock Television." Whoever they might be (and I couldn't tell you), they've got a larger-than-life appeal that combines the better aspects of muscle-car rock 'n' roll and speedy punk sledgehammer 'core. Holy shit, I think it's saintly. (JH)
(Twenty Stone Blatt, PO Box 14811, Grangemouth. FK3 8WA, SCOTLAND, www.twentystoneblatt.co.uk)

REACH THE SKY - "Open Roads and Broken Dreams" CD

Pretty standard, well-produced melodic hardcore here. I'm almost at a loss for what to say with records like this. There's some really good stuff going on here in terms of song structure and melody (so much that its almost down to a science) but there *is* something to say for originality and some degree of roughness in my mind at least. But then again, it is done well, so I guess there is something to say for that as well. (SP)
(Deathwish, 432 Morris Ave., Providence, RI 02906, www.deathwishinc.com)

THE REAL PILLS - "Nine Long Years" CD

Alright! I was gonna get this from Underground Medicine and now I don't have to. Portland's REAL PILLS were once just one of the many bands called the PILLS (Tucson power-poppers circa 1980 being the relative "best") and I think they were the ones who put out the cool aspirin-shaped single on Estrus years ago. If so, boy have these kids grown up wrong (i.e. right)! "Nine Long Years" rocks with the kind of raw garage fury the MAKERS used to trade in. The 15 songs have that '60s mod punk sound, but they rise above the typically slavish fashion parade vibe that plagues most garage rock bands these days. And they sound like they're having fun and ain't worried about getting their tight pants dirty if they have to. Highly recommended. (JG)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

RED FLAG 77 - "A Short Cut to a Better World" CD

I used to see these chaps a decade ago when they were just a covers band, and they were good back then. This CD is all original ('cept for two covers) and it's still really good. Total '77 worship, really catchy and upbeat coming off like early SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS and the BOYS (they cover "Sick On You"). Fuck poseur bands like the BRIEFS and check out the real deal. (TB)
(Combat Rock, 7 rue du Paquis, 57950, Montigny les Metz, FRANCE)

REDENCION 9-11 - "97-01" CD

16 tracks of political/emotional hardcore from Chile. The songs are hard-hitting but also have quite a bit of complexity on all fronts. In many respects, this reminds me of an early Ebullition release. You've got the DC inspired guitar-driven parts, frequent time-changes, the occasional spoken bits, the drawn out "screamo" vocals; but most importantly, you really get a sense of overwhelming effort on the part of REDENCION 9-11 to convey what they stand for. Impressive record. (SP)
(Amor y Lucha, 6107 43rd St., Riverdale, MD 20737, www.amorylucha.org)

THE REGRETTES - "Four Lovely Lasses from Austin" EP

I'll act like an honorary Texan and, real gallant-like, take their word on the "lovely lasses" as well as "from Austin" pitches. Why not, especially since, from the evidence at hand, I can certainly verify that this is some A-1 garage punk with some R&B thrown into the sauce to keep it well clear of the generic. Sure, I'll believe anything they say. Recommended. (DD)
(Tear It Up, PO Box 7616, 5601 JP Eindhoven, NETHERLANDS, www.tear-it-up-records.nl)

MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS - "Mama Was a Schitzo/Rocket Musicon"

The man who makes the Ohio lo-fi sound go-go has two tracks from the mid-'70s released by a Swedish fanboy. It's quite simple: if you think punk rock starts with the SEX PISTOLS/CLASH/GENERATION X axis, then this isn't for you. If, however, the thought of O REX/GIZMOS/BILLY SYNTH gets you going then this is an absolute must-have. Warning...source tapes got squished in the car stereo (?) at a few spots. Oh. Fucking. Well. (RW)
(Sverige Age, Jarnvagsgatan 63, 261 36 Landskrona, SWEDEN)

REPROACH - "Thrash Mayhem" EP

The layout on this record looks exactly like a 625 records ad, and the cover like a WHAT HAPPENS NEXT 7". Apart from that, this record is decent fast and sloppy hardcore. Definite elements of the old school SSD and NEOS with a pinch of the whole new breed of fast energetic hardcore bands, like VITAMIN X, LIFES HALT, etc.—not as good as any of those but a good record and worth checking out. (TB)
(Kid For Life, 204/14 Rue Des Fusilles, 59493 V. d'Ascq, FRANCE)

RIGHT ON - "Buried Alive/Love"

Mysterious release from a band I want to hear more of. "Love" is a weird, ringing and jangling—"Buried Alive" is choppy, punchy and infectious. Nothing more to call it but another fine produkt von Royal Records. (JH)
(Royal, royal_records@yahoo.fr)

ROCK 'N' ROLL HERO MAN - "Rock 'n' Roll Hero Man/Try It!"

I was expecting either the ROCK 'N' ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS, LIGHTNING BEAT MAN, or some combination thereof. Rather, the ROCK 'N' ROLL HERO MAN is all 'bout oohy-ahhy backing vocals, earnest

words, and clean-as-a-whistle production values. The title track is a strident statement of purpose with some bendy guitar leads and some very optimistic sentiments ("I'm gonna change the world, baby"—let's see you get to it!). "Try It" isn't the old STANDELLS tune of the same name, but both tracks feature a fade-out at their conclusions. (JH)
(Diapazam, Holmvägen 42, 194 35 Upplands Vasby, SWEDEN, www.diapazam.com)

ROT - "Your Lie is Gone—Your Day Has Come" LP

Brazil's own ROT blaze through 24 songs of dirty and raw grind and thrash. Harsh dual vocals belch out lyrics that deal with issues like conformity, the police, religion, and the environment. Half of the songs on here have never been released and the other half are from a split CD with SUBLIME CADAVERIC DECOMPOSITION. If you are a fan of AGATHOCLES and the like, then this will be right up your alley. (RC)
(Bomb Everything c/o Claudinei Vieira, R. Mariana Camargo, 228*P.M.D. / Pirituba, São Paulo / SP - CEP 05128*080, BRAZIL, bombeverything@ig.com.br)

THE ROTTERS - "Sink the Whales Buy Japanese Goods/Disco Queen"

It was 1979 and Los Angeles punks, the ROTTERS, were out getting drunk and putting out amazing little singles like this one. Spitting out non-PC venom with crude sounding guitars that still hold up pretty damn well in 2002. This is a great one for any self-respecting punk rocker who doesn't want to delve into a bidding war on eBay. Good stuff. (DL)
(no address)

RUNNIN' RIOT/TOWER BLOCKS - split EP

Street punks from Belfast meet their comrades from Berlin on this friendly international split single. Both groups deliver some above-average workin' class punk rock, with Germany's TOWER BLOCKS taking the slight edge with the catchy anthem "General Boredom." Oi! (JG)
(Punk Shit, 74 Bristmallhall Rd, Oldbury, West Mids, B68 9TU, UK)

SACRILICIOUS - "Seven Songs" CD

The production and recording here is really top-notch, and seems to add a lot to SACRILICIOUS's sound. There's a bunch of quiet/loud interplay and a bunch of guitar noodling reminding me a lot of any number of mid-90s West-Coast "emo" bands. EMBASSY, ORDINATION OF AARON (especially some of the vocals), INDIAN SUMMER (especially some of the repeated guitar-picking parts), all easily come to mind. SACRILICIOUS sorta takes the simplicity of those bands and adds a bit more complexity in terms of musicianship. Yet, with that complexity comes sort of a loss in character of the songs individually that makes everything seemingly blend together into one long song with a million different parts. Nevertheless, a good listen. (SP)
(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA 94110, www.newdisorder.com)

S'BITCH - "Satisfy the Instinct" LP

This band has been of great interest to me since their appearance on the must-own comp "Iron Columns." Crisp drumming, low rolling bass, and crunchy/wailing guitar all at the service of raspy female vocals. FIELDS OF SHIT's vocalists always seemed to keep the music guessing and moving quickly to keep up. That spirit is displayed here but manifests as a tug of war between the electric members and the vocals. Delightful tension results. (TH)
(PMB 175, 2002-A Guadalupe, Austin, TX 78705, losbandidosrec@yahoo.com)

SCIENTISTS - "This Is My Happy Hour/Swampland"

.....as far as I'm concerned the SCIENTISTS did one good single, the Frantic Romantic one....after that, ugggggggg!!!!!!!!! But who am I to judge such lameness....after all, these old timers had their fan base.....the same fan base that went to go see the BIRTHDAY PARTY and the BAD SEEDS.....mostly girls I bet.....and it's gonna be mostly girls who pick up this Munster re-ish as well....no respectable fellow would have his cock anywhere near a SCIENTISTS record....(SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080, Madrid Spain/http://www.munster-records.com)

SELBY TIGERS - "The Curse of the..." LP

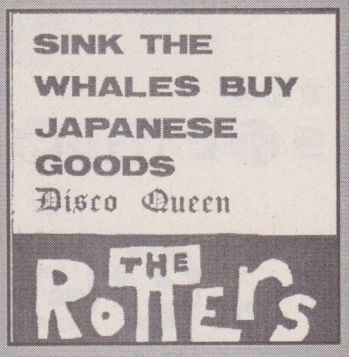
I'm pretty sure this band wants people to dance. They try really hard, but at best they sound like a less interesting Q AND NOT U, with maybe a little more of a rock influence. If they could just spice up the music, maybe vary up the speed a little bit, they could be really good. They already have this male-female vocal trade-off that's rad, and the contrast between the two singers' voices saves the songs in some cases. I think they'd be pretty good live, but on record all you're left with is the same-old rock riffs that a bunch of bands are using now. However, the last song is actually quite beautiful, and the record is actually better than most of the bands doing the traditional rock thing, so if you're a fan of the genre, pick this up. It's better than most of what those other bands have to offer. (MX)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495, www.hopelessrecords.com)

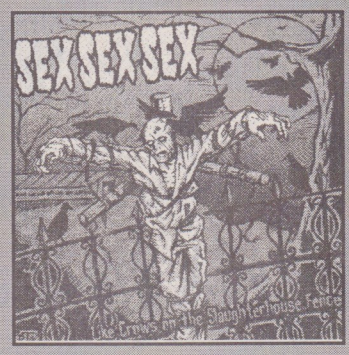
SELBY TIGERS - "Snoball/Tell it to the Judge"

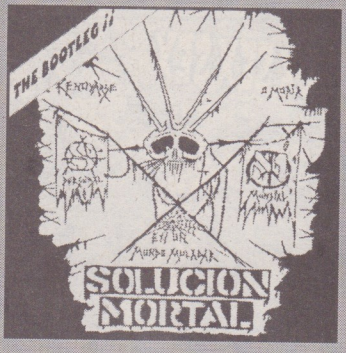
Raw pop punk here. I remember these guys being more pop with a slight garage feel but maybe that was just a first impression. Almost has a mod-ish feel at times. I still like these guys. (RL)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

SEX SEX SEX - "Like Crows on the Slaughterhouse Fence" CD

Swedish pancakes, and SEX SEX SEX's Swedish punk-rock: Two satisfying ways to start a weekend morning. Comes complete with a cup of regular Joe DEVIL DOG sound and plenty of sausage. Breakfast puns







aside, please don't let their name and artwork dissuade you (cause it ain't great), this is a very rockin' likable band. (RY)
(NDN, PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

SHARP KNIFE - LP

It's an amazing feeling when a local band manages to put out a great record that does them justice. The SHARP KNIFE album fits that description. Raw, snotty punk hardcore with an undercurrent of East Bay/Gilman melody—like sped-up CRIMPSHRINE, maybe. They've got two vocalists, one "screamer" and one "singer," but truth be told they both hit it somewhere in between. Excellent stuff. Pick it up. (AM)
($8 ppd: Born To Die, 29 E. 10th St, Edmond, OK 73034)

THE SHEMPS - "Count Me Out/King of Garage"

The SHEMPS rip through two energetic '60s garage ditties. This will not establish them as "Kings of Garage," but it's a fine start. A new band on a brand new label should probably have more than just an email address. (HM)
(Weekend, weekendrec@yahoo.fr)

THE SHIVERING - "Wires Of Storm And Song" EP

This 2001 recording barely skated through the pearly gates of the review schedule—its not-quite-mortal sin: prettiness. (Man, there's a dubious analogy if I ever made one.) When you lower the needle on Side A and listen to "Weave," it's easy to forgive; this is melodic with lilting guitars, but solid. Side B is certainly bordering on indie rock, especially with the extra vocals, which slide in softly in the "choruses," gruffness absent. YAPHET KOTTO, along with early 90s stuff like CURRENT, come to mind. The lyrics are replete with emotion and images of light and shadow, congruent with their black matte-with-white-type packaging and a single fish eye picture of the band. This EP follows last year's split LP with FUNERAL DINER. (AC)
(PO Box 1011, Burlingame, CA 94011, theshivering@hotmail.com)

SHOOTER MCGAVIN - "Saving the Day/Broken Melody"

A one-sided limited pressing 7" here. A melodic emo band in the GAMEFACE meets FACE TO FACE vein. Maybe HOT WATER MUSIC too. This is good but nothing overwhelming in the sea of the masses. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, Aston@bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

SLANG - "Skilled Rhythm Kills" LP

Japanese hardcore by way of Finland. These dudes looked like there were going to be NYC meathead chumps, but they deliver a whole pile of Scandinavian worship, coming off like a later ANTI-CIMEX (metallic, thick DISCHARGE-tinged hardcore). I like this a lot—my only complaints are that the drums are too high in the mix and they don't sound like *early* ANTI-CIMEX (crucial distorted straight up hardcore). (TB)
(Conquest Quake, 150 Pekantie 26, 58500 Punkaharju, FINLAND)

SLURPEES/GIGI'S – split CD

A split disc that comes with *Left Of The Dial* zine #2. I must confess, I was addicted to slurpees during my music playing days. After practice there was nothing better. To this day I must enter 7-11s with blinders on. As far as the band of the same name, we have arty punk in the MINUTEMEN and VICTIM'S FAMILY vein. Not my cup of umm, but there are worse bands to sound like. Now for the GIGI'S! Unfortunately I couldn't dig up any info on this band, but what a great batch of tunes. With gal vocals in the DISCOUNT and FLIPSIDES vein, and sparse but raw playing for a background, this is pretty cool. For all know this could be a great long-lost recording from 1981. I think this could be the start of something great. (RL)
(Left Of The Dial, 1438 W. Alabama #4, Houston, TX 77006)

SNOBS - "Control" EP

Holy Shit! This is serious. The second 7" by these bad ass, straight edge, skater kids from Texas, is 6 more songs of short, fast, furious hardcore. And the recording is better this time around, which gives this record a much fuller sound, really bringing out the energy. These kids fucking rock. They make me think of skating down busy streets... really fast, knocking over old ladies, and spitting on cop cars (that's suppose to be a compliment....). Anyway, I wanna to see a fucking LP!!!!! (VH)
(My War, 36 Kings Circle, Malvern, PA 19355-2002)

SOCIAL COMBAT - "First Strike" CD

Mid-tempo hybid of street punk and tough guy hardcore from Valencia, Spain. There's a big AGNOSTIC FRONT influence here (every band member is wearing one of their shirts in almost every photograph) so you can imagine the lyrical content. It also sounds to me like a slowed down CRO MAGS or SLAPSHOT. The best song is a cover of ROSE TATTOO's "Remedy." (AD)
(Bronco Bulldog, Apdo. Correos 1474, 07800 Ibiza (Baleares) SPAIN)

SOLUCION MORTAL - CD

The only thing I remember about this band (aside from the fact that they're probably Mexico's most famous punk band) is that they played that big show in LA with the DEAD KENNEDYS (and REAGAN YOUTH, BGK, RAW POWER, and RIISTETYT). Typical early '80s Latin American punk—fast and angry, like their Scandanavian brothers. The disc features three shows from 1984, '85, and '89, and the sound quality is pretty good. This is a good buy for anyone with more than a passing interest in Central and South American punk. (AD)
(Guillermo Jauregui, Manuel R. Ochoa #274, Col. Francisco Villa, CP 22500 Tijuana B.C., MEXICO)

THE SOLUTION - "I'm Pissed Off!" CD

Gotta admit the cover of this 5-song CD put me off a bit, but the music's actually pretty cool. The SOLUTION looks like your typical shaved head hoodie-wearing NYHC group, but the Japanese group's sound is prime '78 UK pop punk, complete with faux British accents and singalong choruses. Think early GENERATION X or UNDERTONES. The singer's vocal resemblance to Richard Butler of the PSYCHEDELIC FURS notwithstanding... (JG)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913 JAPAN)

SOME STILL BELIEVE - "All I've Seen" EP

Pretty basic straightedge hardcore/thrash akin to bands like IN MY EYES. It's basic and formulated, but it's done well. The songs have plenty of hooks and the fast parts have a lot of energy. Solid, but nothing to write home about. (SP)
(Martyr, PO Box 955, Harriman, NY 10926-0955)

SOMETHING IN THE WATER - "Verbal Litter" EP

Apparently not the band from the North East of these United States (the beacon of light on the hill), but the band from Wales, which is in the South West of the United Kingdom (where the sun has set). These three fellas play a fuzzed hardcore that shows the slightest essence of an early '90s post-hardcore influence (QUICKSAND, UNDERSTAND). It offers a tricky expansion to their generally upbeat and straight forward sound. A lower tuned ACTION PATROL? Another 7" is in the works. (TH)
(Mid Flight, 13 Lon Gwynfryn, Sketty, Swansea, SA2 0TZ, WALES, www.midflightrecords.com)

THE SONICS - "Maintaining My Cool" LP

What can you say about the all time best party album ever? OK, OK I'll try and maintain my cool long enough to tell you that what we have here is a digitally remastered reissue of the original 1966 LP with four bonus tracks. What that means in plain old English is this contains wild savage hit after wild savage hit, and if you don't own this already get to the fuckin' record store. (DL)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, Spain, www.munster-records.com)

SOULS ON FIRE - "Collars Up" LP

Listen up all you blue collars, here from Bavaria and Hannover come five streetpunkers wailing on and on about passion and pride and hope and glory. Following in the tradition of OXYMORON and the FORGOTTEN, I'm sure this'll get all you freshly cropped heads a rockin' and those boots a stompin'. (DL)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

SPEEDBALL BABY - "The Al Green Shuffle/Numb"

.....oh lord!!!!!....this is awful!!!!!.... both sides of this suck so much cock that I'm at a loss for words.... arty-farty jerk-off music for white college kids with no desire to get laid, *ever*!!!! (SW)
(High Maintenance, PO Box 1771 9701 BT, Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

STARS OF THE DOGON/EARLY HUMANS - split EP

"...Stunning extant loud rock outfits"...or so the label insists. Very unappealing even from first glance. Then I listen. EARLY HUMANS especially, don't get much more than groans and eye-rolling out of me, for their arty blast, squeak, and break sound. STARS OF THE...whatever at least put an actual song together. It's just the wrong song. Honey, you know I have no patience for this kind of high brow shit, and no business messing around in it. (RY)
(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807)

STEPMOTHERS - "You Were Never My Age...and More" LP

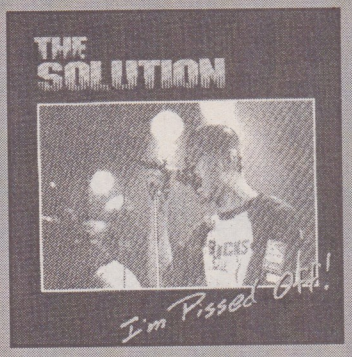
I've always loved this early '80s band's stuff. This sounds like good punk now although at the time they were considered a rock band by the scene. Maybe it was JAY LANSFORD's locks. When this band broke up Steve Jones (not the ex-PISTOL) new band the UNFORGIVEN was the participant of a big time bidding war amongst major labels and went on to sell about 1000 records after the big payout. This has everything by this band with their melodic and anthemic sound. I just hope this finally comes out on CD. (RL)
(Re-force, T.Drescher: Woehlerhof, 30900 Wedemark, GERMANY, re-force@gigantor.de)

STRAHL KAHL - "Rache" EP

This is mediocre punk that sounds like the band has taken a lot of influence from the d-beat Scandanavian bands. Big chunks of the songs were slow to mid-tempo in pace and just sort of dragged along. This is nothing to write home to mom about. (RC)
(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

STRIKERS - "No Escape" EP

This is only the second record I've listened to for review today, and I can already tell you that this is going to be my pick of the issue. This is *so* good. The STRIKERS play good ol' fashioned pissed-off hardcore with some great guitar leads. Reminds me of IRON CROSS if they were good. The intro to the *MRR* review section clearly states "Send *two* copies of the vinyl record: One for *MRR*, and one for the reviewer". How hard is this to fucking understand people? Sigh...follow my lead, write down the address, and order this. (CC)
(Durricane, 14 Linden Ave, Westfield, MA 011085)



SWAMP RATS - "Psycho/Louie Louie"

You can argue if you really want but the SWAMP RATS' small batch of recordings rank up there with the punkest rock 'n' roll ever punked, even though they were waxed in the mid-'60s. The seven songs the group recorded stand up to the toughest SONICS or WAILERS tunes and pretty much blow away most of the competition. And the band's guitarist had an ear-splitting buzzsaw distortion sound that was totally ahead of its time. Get Hip's seen fit to reissue two of the best tunes together on this public service single, so if you buy just one 'sixties punk record this month... (JG)
(Get Hip, Columbus and Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

SYSTEM SHIT/HUMAN ERROR - split LP

Canada's SYSTEM SHIT fire out twelve furiously pissed songs that dance on the needle head between hardcore and grind. Gutsy. tuned down low, with hooks. Hungary's HUMAN ERROR is happy to move their speed-addled hardcore into grind territory with growly vocals, choppy drums, and blurred guitar. The motto "In Grind We Crust" should help the discriminating consumer in making her choice. (TH)
(Skud, BP 515, 33001, Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE, skud-rds@voila.fr)

TAIL - "Combat Radio" CD

Had high hopes for this Spanish outfit based on nothing but the looks of it. Didn't pan out, though, go figure. Nah, they're really OK, just a little green or something. Need polish and better songs to truly acquire the LAZY COWGIRLS, AC/DC sound they're after. (RY)
(Criminal, PO Box 5006 46080 Valencia, SPAIN)

TEENAGE IDOLS - "Northern City" CDEP

Not the TEEN IDOLS (get it straight, pal), rather, a thundering and plundering Scandinavian outfit that lean on the low-end of the scale and lay on heaps of fuzz. All four tracks here ("Beat Generator", "Soul Power", "Dead Beat Gone", and "Northern City") boast a loud & live appeal that reminds me of some of the *noise* bands that I admired in the early '90s. That said, these guys are possessed of rock 'n' roll demons that never haunted TAD. (JH)
(Playground, www.playgroundmusic.com)

THE TELEFONES - "Vibration Changes" LP

I can imagine it now, the three Dirkx brothers start a band. The next door neighbors complain about the noise so their sax playing son is asked to join the band to avoid any problems. The kids record some songs in 1980. The album is never released. Of course, this is all conjecture. I am making up a story to satisfy my own curiosity since there is no info in this record. I might suggest instead of listing the lineups for every single song, since it doesn't change that much, you might consider a brief history of the bands so idiots like me will know. The music is power pop lite. Competent playing and arty enough I might suspect the musicians are actually college students, therefore nullifying my made up history of the band. (CK)
(Backstreet, via Gaetano Casati 38, 00154 Rome, ITALY)

TERRORISM/UNHOLY GRAVE - split EP

TERRORISM play fast grinding hardcore with lyrics in English and Spanish. Not that you can understand a word they are saying. UNHOLY GRAVE seem to release a year-old recording every other month. These are only a couple of years old, but it is the same blurg style hardcore. Nothing special (JF)
(Disembowelment c/o Carlos, 1246 S.Orange St, Glendale, CA 91204)

TETSU-ARREY - "I Like It/The Wind Blows With the Free Soul"

The A-Side starts off as sort of a traditional Japanese hardcore cut; it's got lots of guitars and drums (though not necessarily at the same time), and the throaty vocals seem to dance along with the music. It progresses slowly and ends up developing into a big, full blown affair that is almost frenzy-like. The B-side continues in the same direction and is equally as good. If this is your cup of tea, you should probably like it. Like much Japanese hardcore, I find that this has a little too much lead guitar, which ends up making it sound like heavy metal to me. I don't like heavy metal and I don't like punk that would please a headbanger. (KK)
(HG Fact, c/o Tadashi Satoh, 105, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

TION/NOT IN THE FACE - split LP

This sorta caught me by surprise with the horrible cover art and all. I threw on TION first and was blown away by their combination of crazy technical song structures and catchy hook parts. Intricate guitar work reminding me a bit of any tech-grind band on Relapse, but with the songs still focusing rawness over musicianship. Well done. NOT IN THE FACE are similar in that its also technical grind stuff, but the production on their side is just so sub-par that it doesn't really do justice to their songs. Decent split if you like technical, quirky grind/HC. (SP)
(Records...Not Excuses, PO Box 806, Seattle, WA 98111-0806, hippiesinflames@hotmail.com)

TISCHLEREI LISCHITZKI - "Chameleon" EP

Very good dark rock with catchy choruses, but with lots of originality in structure and the occasional "What the fuck?!"-type breakdown. It does have an "early '90s" feel, but don't let that dissuade you from checking it out. (DT)
($5 ppd: Fartrecords, www.fartcore-tonstudio.de)

TOMMY & THE TERRORS - "Outbound" EP

From Boston, TOMMY & THE TERRORS play good beer-soaked, fast, pissed-off, snotty punk. A little slower that NEGATIVE APPROACH and not as intimidating, but I can still see a comparison there. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, no address. www.angelfire.com/punk/tommyandtheterrors)

TRISTATEKILLINGSPREE - "Some Words on the Subject of Being Alive" LP

Is it just me or is Six Weeks starting to develop their own sound? Yet *another* solid thrashin' hardcore band that you've come to expect from this California label. Except this time this Richmond five-piece isn't so easy to pin down. They definitely keep it interesting by incorporating different styles of music ranging anywhere from fast thrash to mid-paced galloping guitars with appropriately placed metal leads. They even throw in the occasional mosh breakdown. This isn't really my thing, but I can recognize when it is done well. I especially liked the vocalist's lyrics, which were intelligent and heartfelt without coming off as unoriginal. (CC)
(Six Weeks, Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931)

TOXIC NARCOTIC - "Had it Coming"

This band have been around forever. When all you "hardcore" kids who have suddenly come out of the woodwork were still playing emo, this band were touring and playing their brand of tough metallic hardcore. Only two songs and no lyrics on this, "Cockroach" is a blazing POISON IDEA-inspired ripper with metal leanings. The flip is a reggae tune interspersed with frantic hardcore which I'm not into at all. Support this band, 'cos they mean it. (TB)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

UNKNOWN – "The Real Thing" CDEP

A five song disc from this Cleveland combo. Pure pop punk that reminds you that when done right the genre can still be fun. With its DESCENDENTS meets BEATNIK TERMITES sound and a SCARPER cover thrown in, this is excellent filler until their next full-length. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

VÄKIVALTAA - "Elama on Painajaista" EP

Fuck yeah! Previously unreleased, here are ten amazing songs of relentless 80s Finnish hardcore, by VÄKIVALTAA, a band I never knew existed. The liner notes give a brief, but interesting, explanation of the band, this record, and how at the time (1985) bands like KAAOS and TERVEET KADET where falling victim to the cross over/metal fad and turning to shit. This is a great record worthy of a spot in your collection next to any of the classic Finnish bands. (VH)
(no address)

VALSE TRISTE - "Kompilaatio" CD

The first six EPs and four extra tracks, are compiled by this Finnish hardcore band that existed in the late '80s/early '90s. It is all OK stuff, but I have to ask myself if it was really necessary to put this release out. I hope the kids at Six Weeks are really nuts about this, because to me the more pointless reissue of grade B bands takes away from the newer bands out there. If you have to have everything, buy this. If you don't, try HOLIER THAN THOU on the same Six Weeks label and support something that is still going. (JF)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

VANILLA MUFFINS - "Sugar Oi Will Win!" CD

I bought this on vinyl eight years ago—has it been that long? Super poppy sugar-coated oi from Switzerland that sounds closer to the REZILLOS than the BUSINESS. It's very catchy, very sing-along, and very...daft. I love it though, there's no immigrant-bashing, no phony working class pretense, and no macho posturing—just good tunes and a fun attitude. You could bring these skins home to you Mum's for tea. "Chelsea: West Ham" is a song I don't think I'll ever really forget. Smashing! (AD)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

VANILLA MUFFINS - "All Give Some" 2xEP

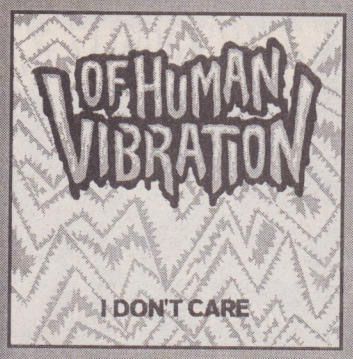
Straight-up Swiss street punk with songs about living on the dole and just getting by. Not bad. The full color gatefold artwork does makes the lyrics hard to read. Now a little gripe. Even though this is a Swiss band, the record is put out on a Chicago label. On the record sleeve is the picture of an American flag, with "9-11-01" above the flag, and "Today, Tomorrow, Forever!!!!" below it. Perhaps the label is just trying to pay tribute to the victims of the 9-11-01 crime, but in doing so I feel they fan the flames of nationalism—a force that to anyone who is following current events, both here and in Europe, needs no help. (JF)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

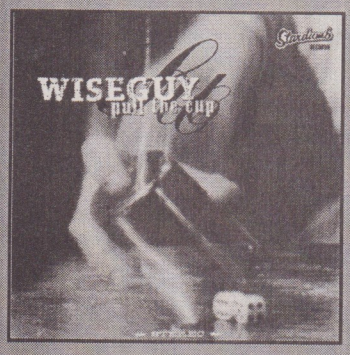
VANILLA MUFFINS - "All Give Some—Some Give All" CDEP

Brisk 4-tracker by the kings of "sugar Oi!" That description sums them up: really catchy non-threatening, sing-along poppy oi. This has the power and speed to wipe the floor with most traditional plodding Oi!. Great packaging, great production, throwaway lyrics, and tongues firmly in cheeks all make for a top notch release. (TB)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N Milwaukee Ave, #169, Chicago, Il 60647)

VAPIDS - "Teenage Head" CD

The VAPIDS covering the entire TEENAGE HEAD album. Cool. For those of you who aren't hip to this flip I will do you the favor of filling you in (hey, that's why they pay me the big bucks here and why I have the corner office). TEENAGE HEAD were Canada's premiere punk band in '78. They rock like crazy. The VAPIDS





are a three-chord Canadian band that have traded their love for SCREECHING WEASEL in for some real musical influences. This rocks like nobody's business. If you see a little red Mazda speeding down 880 blasting out a faster version of "Tearin' Me Apart," well that would be me and my new freeway music. (BM)
($12 ppd: Double Hell, PO Box 57195, Jackson Square, Hamilton, ONT, CANADA L8P 4X1)

LOS VATICANOS - "Nerone 666" LP

This is fucking awesome. There is a lot of stuff going on, but I'll try to give you a picture. LOS VATICANOS play metal hardcore punk with hints of melody. But it is not extremely technical (wanky) or produced metal hardcore, which is heartwarming. A lot of the songs never really get going into something that you could pump your fist to, because they constantly change rhythms. Most of the songs are mid tempo, and although the vocals are shouted, they are neither whiny or extremely "brutal." They sound dissatisfied, though. The vocals actually remind me of FALL SILENT, although not as high pitched. Overall, this record reminds me a lot of HALF MAN, because of all the odd rhythms which work really really well. The lyrics are standard "the church is rotten" or "money is the source of all evil" and so forth, which is fine with me, because a lot of people don't seem to get that yet. (WR)
(La Coronad Opine, c/o Cristiano D'Innocenti, Cia Marostica 25, 00191, Roma, ITALY, cavesatan@yahoo.com)

VIBRATION OF HUMAN - "I Don't Care" EP

Fast, crazy, rock n roll inspired hardcore from Japan similar to SMASH YOUR FACE, but not quite as good. Still 50% as good as SMASH YOUR FACE is good enough for me. A winner. (JF)
(no address)

WASTEOID - "Total Pukeoid" LP

From the depths of Lincoln, Nebraska! Crazy. Three piece with a tendency to rely on speed over everything else. It's good and bad—I like speed more than most people, but it can't do everything for you. From song to song, it was difficult to see the "personality" in songs which would make a LP necessary. Definitely could have pulled a scorching eight song EP out of this. Lyrics are predictably dour—although it seems from the amount of smiling (and beer!) on their liner, perhaps they're really happy people in the end. Decent enough, but this has been done so many times, it's difficult to excuse the excess length. (TM)
($9 ppd: Intolerant Messiah, 644 Fulton Street #2, Redwood City, CA 94061)

WEST BEVERLY - "It's Gonna Be Awesome 1998-2001 Anthology" CD

I don't know if this a true anthology, since I dont believe any of this stuff was previously released. Still, WEST BEVERLY sings some solid if not exactly awesome, Fat Wreck Chords-influenced stuff with vocals that have a certain FUNERAL ORATION styling to them. Not bad, but only worth picking up if you were part of their scene. (JF)
(Abestos, www.abestosrecords.com)

WISEGUY - "Pull the Cup" EP

Four decent up-beat 70s rock 'n' roll tunes in the GLUECIFER vein. Nothing original, but a solid, consistent record. (HM)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

WRECKER - "Gladiator School" EP

Sheesh! These gals are all serious, dark, thoughtful and shit. Slow angry womancore. Incense burners, poem writers. Deep Midwesterners with hearts, souls and uteruses. Humus vomit. (RY)
(Red Swan, 2650 N. Pierce Street Milwaukee, WI 53212)

Y/MY OWN LIES - split LP

Two great underrated German bands. MY OWN LIES blitz through 14 songs in the blink of an eye. Fast as fuck with screamed vocals reminding me of stuff Flat Earth would release, like SUFFER, with lyrics in English and German. Y mix things up with slower parts, weird breakdowns, then breakneck thrash. They throw in a ripping BASTARD cover just for good measure. Great record. (TB)
(Thought Crime, Thomas Franke Boxhagener Str.22, 10245, Berlin, GERMANY)

ZOOTIC - "Coisa Nenhuma" CD

Imagine the anarcho spirit of SIN DIOS distilled into a mid-80s Euro-hardcore sound with elements of late '80s proto-emo. Oh, and Portuguese lyrics. Sharp, staccato vocal delivery over fairly basic hardcore riffs that open up to introspective musical interludes. Later NEGAZIONE, early IGNITION, and end time SOULSIDE. Sincerity and passion abound. (TH)
(La Idea, Apartado 47, S. Pedro do Estoril, 2765 Estoril, PORTUGAL)

V/A - "BRYCC House Benefit" CD

BRYCC House is a collective run and overrated youth center in Louisville, KY and this CD is well-rounded sonic benefit for it. Featured are such punx as HARUM SCARUM, KUNG FU RICK, COBRA KAI, DE LA HOYA, BODY HAMMER, THREE NAILS FOR A FALSE PROPHET, and spoken word by Noam Chomsky. Good rock. Good cause. Great space, I'd love to see more projects like it popping up around the country—so get to work, kids! (MT)
(BRYCC House, 1055 Bardstown Rd, Louisville, KY 40204)

V/A - "Beer And Bile" CD

Great street punk comp compiled by Australian labels Snapshot and Cutthroat with many unknowns to me. Now I'm privy to more than the likes of The BUSINESS, VERY METAL, the ACCIDENTS, and the GENERATORS. Embrace the the likes of STANLEY KNIFE, BOMBSHELL ROCKS (Sweden), THUG MURDER (Japan), DOGSHIT SANDWICH (UK), FLATLINERS, the BONES, with me. Let me not forget the Aussies: AVO, DOC EVIL, the BLURTERS, NOT AN OPTION, BEDLAM BEGGARS. Definitely worth checking out....because, hell, even I can get behind it! (RY)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175 Georges Hall 2198 NSW, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "Canções De Resisténcia & Luta" CD

Now this is pretty cool—from what I can tell this is a slew of anarcho-punk bands from Brazil, plus SIN DIOS, doing both songs from the Spanish Civil War—in their own idiom—and then a song or two of their own. A rather interesting idea which overall has pretty good results. Standouts are international superstars SIN DIOS, ABUSO SONORO, ESCATO, and ANTI-KORPUS. Wish I wasn't a complete fucking moron and could read Portuguese, because this is accompanied by a decent size booklet which appears to discus the history of anarcho-syndicalism. (MT)
(U.L. Mov. PUNK-BS, CX Postal 2137, Santos / SP, BRASIL 11060-970)

V/A - "Color While You Listen" EP

Comp of indie rock and hardcore bands (I don't get it). The indie rockers (FLASHING ASTONISHERS, VISIONSTAIN, and PALE GREEN STARS) are all very decent, but I bite my thumb at the hardcore bands (DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION and NEGATIVE SEAVEN). They sent us coloring crayons...how much do you wanna bet these will be up someone's nose by the end of the day? (BM)
(Koala, PO Box 35070, Syracuse, NY 13235, www.kaolasyndicate.com)

V/A - "Destroy All Borders" EP

The theme of this compilation is obvious from the title. But to explain further, it is about destroying the imaginary lines which separate us because of little differences, and which only cause problems. I think that is an awesome concept to dedicate a compilation to. That aside, I wish there was more variation in styles of bands, just to drive the point of "no borders" home.The bands on this compilation are FACE UP TO IT!, MASS SEPARATION, CRUDE B.E., FUERZA X, ESTILHACO, and MELEE. For me, the comp really belonged to FACE UP TO IT!. Although I think they could push their lyrics a little further, they are an awesome band, and a good start to the comp.I also liked the tracks from MASS SEPARATION and a I really dig the idea of the lyrics from the MELEE song. This a well put together comp. It looks awesome. You should check it out if you have the chance. (WR)
(Endless Knot, PO Box 230312, Boston, MA 02133 www.endless-knot.com)

V/A - "For Those About to Trip (Rich Kids On LSD Tribute) CD

I like RKL. I like the BARFEEDERS, the FORCE and VITAMIN X. It is somewhat amusing to hear them playing RKL songs. Twenty one other bands also contribute tracks of their band playing an RKL song. These bands include: CELL BLOCK 5, SHUT THE FUCK UP, RETOX, the EDDIE HASKELLS plus a many more. I guess this is a flattering thing for the guys in RKL to have, but besides that, I don't see why anyone would ever want to listen to this. Why not just listen to RKL? I guess the idea of "tribute compilations" is beyond me. My loss. (WR)
(Malt Soda Recordings, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246)

V/A – "History In 3 Chords" 2xCD

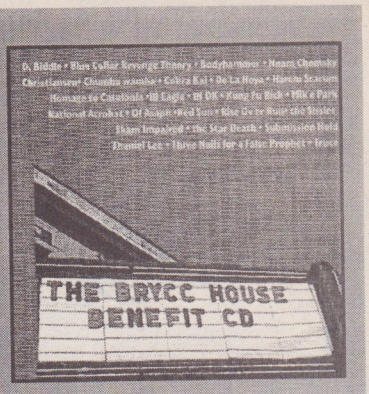
A double disc of the Milwaukee underground scene circa 1978 or thereabouts. Light on production and heavy on art and spirit, this features bands such as the VIOLENT FEMMES, DIE KREUZEN, and the HASKELLS. Many for the most part unknown bands also. Milwaukee must not have had the comps a la *Rodney On The ROQ* or various SF releases. Although some of this is marginal in quality, this does capture an under-rated college rock, post-punk, and punk scene. (RL)
(Splunge Communications, PO Box 71227, Milwaukee, WI 53211)

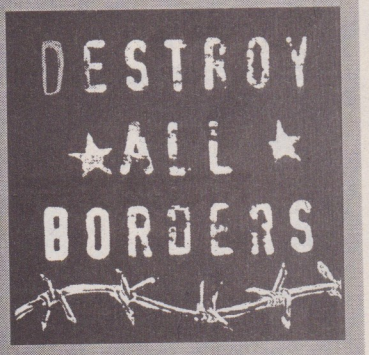
V/A - "Home on the Range Vol. 1" CD

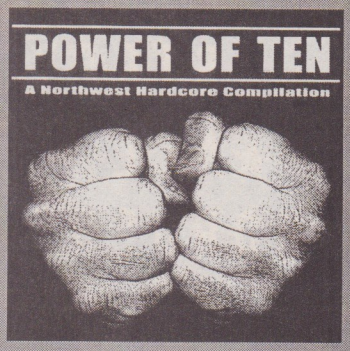
Words that come to mind: boring, crap, waste of time, and cow shit. This a comp of bands form Montana. Punk, metal, alternative, BRICKS, STFS, JM VS. JM, HYPOCRITE LIKE ME, blah, blah,blah... Nothing remotely redeeming here. Stick to raising cattle. (BM)
($4 ppd: Eleven: 11/The Bingo Lady, 119 N. Broadway, Billings, MT 59101, www.eleven11.net)

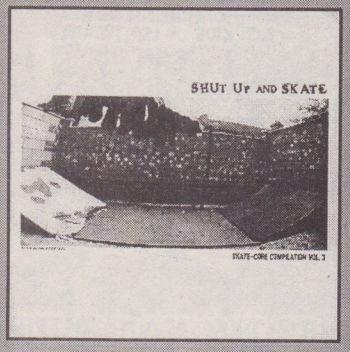
V/A - "Kakuhanki" EP

A fantastic compilation of international damaged rock bands! The treat begins with Boston's FAT DAY, my personal super heroes, and two songs that together take up less than a minute and a half. The perfect combination of punk and unbridled noise. COSMIC BABYLON from Japan continue side one with drum machines, screaming, and lo-fi chaos. Finishing off the first side are BILGE PUMP from England, who sound like BLUE CHEER gone horribly horribly wrong. Two of Japan's best noise rock bands grace side one...first, VELOCITYUT from Nagasaki, whose live show had me picking my jaw from the floor. It's like MELT BANANA's insanity without the grindcore beats... total art damage rock and roll—awesome. WAG PLATY from Tokyo bring the record to its end, with two tracks of BLACK FLAG with East Bay Ray on guitar (before he sold songs to SUV commercials) playing BIRTHDAY PARTY songs. A great comp...if you're a fan of noisy rock, then this is a must, if you aren't (yet), then this is where you need to start. (WN)
(Labour Ltd., 212-86 Nakazato Tarami-cho, Nishisonogi-gun Nagasaki, 859-0405 JAPAN, electo@d2.dion.ne.jp)









V/A - "N.O. Experience" LP

Compiles a bunch of bands from the long-gone New Orleans scene of the late '70s/early '80s. The usual suspects: NORMALS, WAYWARD YOUTH, SKINNIES...and a couple of new ones in the SWINGIN MILLIONAIRES and FUGITIVES. Leans towards the powerpop side of things, so it'll please half the collectors and bore the rest. Great catchy stuff, in my own opinion. (RW)
(Backstreet, Vua Gaetano Casati 38, 00154, Rome, ITALY)

V/A - "No Speed Limit Vol. 1" EP

This comp has three German bands on one side and two Finnish bands on the other. Very much a game of two halves. The Krauts win this round with raging hardcore from GOMORRHA, AMEN 81, and SEUCHENHERD. On this outing Finland suffered from poor production (it sounded as if IRRITATE's drummer was bashing two sausages off a tin bucket) and although HAPTO did their best dirge-y hardcore to try and draw even in extra time, it wasn't to be. Hopefully they'll show better form at home. (AM)
(Civilisation, c/o Oliver Schwarz, Parkstrasse 39, 89312 Günzburg, GERMANY)

V/A - "Patrick" EP

Dedicated to the Japanese punx, this comp compiles the efforts Japanese hardcore thrashers DISGUSTING VOID, DEFUSE, SLUBJUDGE, and the almighty CROW—whose track also appears on their recent Prank Records EP. DEFUSE, with their blown out DISORDER-esque attack wins this battle. Limited to 500 copies, so get to work punx! (MT)
(Bloodberry, Pekantie 26, 58500 Punkamarju, FINLAND)

V/A - "Power of Ten" EP

Regional compilations, though a great idea, often fall short. Not so with this 10-track EP from the Northwest. Definitely sticking to the hardcore end of the dial with the tech-core of SCREWJACK, HIMSA, the NOVEMBER GROUP, the full-on metallic hardcore of CONTINGENT, ENTROPY PROJECT, LEFT WITH NOTHING or the more straight ahead hardcore sounds of POSITIVELY NEGATIVE, TO SEE YOU BROKEN, STAY GOLD, and SPITTING TEETH (my two fave tracks). At times some of the bands were a bit much for me, but that's just personal taste. The Northwest is fucking rocking. Not a bad track. 10 out of 10. (TB)
(Excursion, PO Box, 20224, Seattle, WA 98102)

V/A - "Shut Up & Skate Vol 3" EP

I'm all for bringing skating back into hardcore, and I'm all for these comps Element puts out. Another winner—all old-school style hardcore and for the most part pretty damn good. FIELDS OF FIRE kick down a great SoCal hardcore number, SCHOLASTIC DETH have two super raw thrashers with the best lyrics on this record and LIFE SET STRUGGLE do justice to the FACTION's "Skate & Destroy." The rest were just OK. (TB)
(Element, 23144 Cleveland, Dearborn, MI 48124)

V/A - "Think Globally, Act Locally Vol. 1" 45

This record is actually a split between REDENCION 9-11 and HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. Both acts are lyrically leftist and resistant to the the current power structure, but couldn't be more different musically. REDENCION 9-11 play fast manic hardcore that just rages. HOMAGE TO CATALONIA play straight up folk that would never even rate a mention in *MRR*, regardless of the lyrical content. REDENCION 9-11 makes this a great one sided punk 45. (JF)
(Amor Y Lucha, PO BOX 1217, Riverdale, MD 20738-1217)

V/A - "We're The Blood" CD

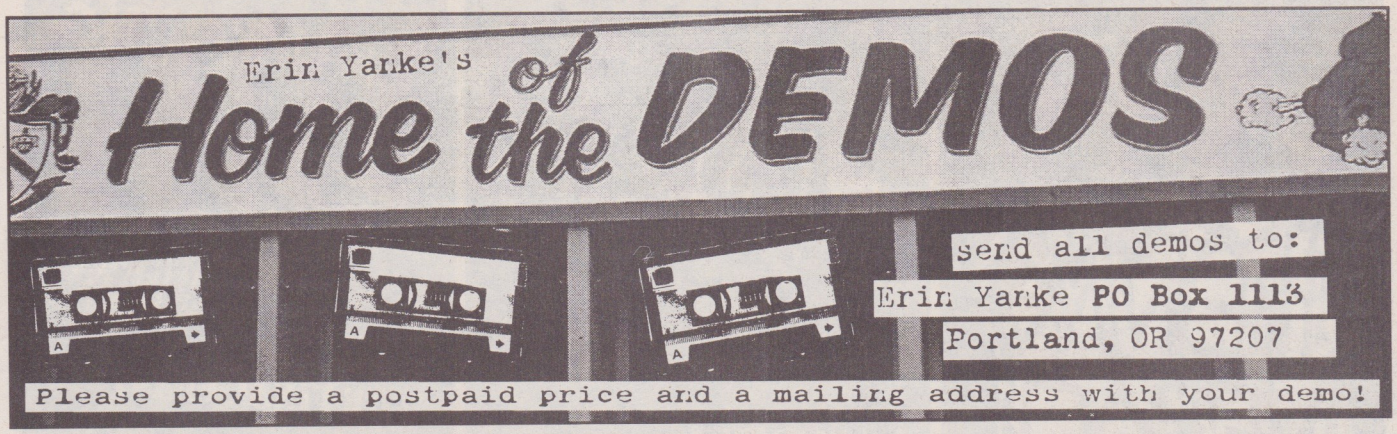
26 song, five band comp, three from down under BLURTERS, CHANGEOVER and CHARTER 77 all heavily mine the UK82 drunk punk style with songs like "Get Fucked" and "Drinking In The Park" (a pastime close to my heart). The BLURTERS are definitely the best of the bunch. RIOT 99 from Canada are more of the same sounding a lot like the TEST TUBE BABIES. Finally SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH from the USA weigh in with six tracks of their femme-fronted pogo punk with super tough vocals. None of these folks are going to win any prizes for lyrics, but they fly the flag for '82 style punk which I'll always have a place in my life for...so if you charge your hair and sniff glue, track this down! Continuing the punk tattoo theme of my reviews, there's a photo of some-one with "scum fuck" tattooed on their toes!! (TB)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georgef Hall, 2198 NSW, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "With Literacy and Justice For All" CD

While musically this is severely lacking in my book—too much indie-rock poop for my personal sonic tastes—this is a project that I can get behind if for nothing more than the excellent and rather massive booklet that it comes with which critiques the nation's growing prison industrial system and provides information in regards to the Books To Prisons project. Sonic highlights for this punker would be VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG, HIRETSUKAN, and CRISPUS ATTUCKS. (MT)
(Exotic Fever, PO Box 5206 Hyattsville, MD 20782)

V/A - "The Worldwide Tribute to the Real Oi, Vol.2" LP

A bunch of bands from mostly the US and northern Europe cover a bunch of Oi! songs from back in the day. Big names include IGNITE, BOUNCING SOULS, MURPHY'S LAW, and ROGER MIRET (from AGNOSTIC FRONT). Some of it's good, some of it's downright awful, if you like the Oi!/streetpunk *now* then you'll probably like this. It's a bit of a knuckleheadathon to me. Most skins can't really fight, you know... (AD)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)



The backlog of demos is getting deeper, so have a little patience with me and all this...and reminders please put a street address, and a postpaid price so the kids can right away for your band. That's what it's all about, right? Right. Another reminder, a personal policy is to not review things that thank god. Fuck that guy.

THE ANALOG HEROES are a slow poppy rock band, with a singer who sounds like a more melodic Lance Hahn. They're right up the Mutant Pop alley. (3 song CD, no lyric sheet. 5601 Drysdale Dr., San Jose, CA 95124.)

THE ANTI DIFRANCOS have brought energy back into my rainy Portland day...I feel like I give them the same review all the time, but I really like this band. They're fast and thrashy, angry and funny, and not afraid to yell about it. Yeehaw! Then there's also a 7 SECONDS cover, and a FUCK ON THE BEACH cover, and great samples. ($5 ppd. 15 song CD, lyric sheet. P. O. Box 9263, Missoula, MT 59807.)

BUDDY BRADELY is a melodic pop band, with a strong singing voice and harmonies that aren't polished enough to get on your nerves. They've got guitar rock energy. Good summertime music. (6 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 189 Precita St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

THE CANCER MERCHANTS are on the polished edge of Chicago pop punk, catchy and clean production, like the later SCREECHING WEASEL albums but smoother vocals. (12 song CD, lyric sheet. 3716 South Normal, Chicago, IL 60609.)

THE CONNIPTION FITS remind me of old Mystic records compilation records: simple structures, rock and roll basics, and all the old Southern California punk rock energy. They remind me of a comp. because they're songs are of similar style, but not exactly like any of their other songs, you know? One song really strongly brought "Shattered Badge" By WHITE FLAG into my head. Actually, they're more rockaroll than this review implies, about 1/3 to 2/3rds punk rock. ($4 ppd. 10 song CD, lyric sheet. 917 W. Blue Jay Lane, Apt B, Anaheim, CA 92801.)

CRASH PAD have a midtempo, heavy on the guitars punk sound, and the vocals are mostly snotty with a healthy dash of angry thrown in. It's sing songy throughout, but also solidly rocking. They remind me of JAYNE COUNTY, and other early days New York punk predecessors, especially vocally. (13 song CD, no lyric sheet. 5001 NW 27th Court, Gainesville, FL 32606.)

THE CRYPT KICKERS are stripped down rockaroll. Sounds like a Billy Childish side project band, since there's harmonica and cowbells, maybe a banjo, I can't tell. Good, and refreshing. (13 song CD, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 12262 Huntsville, AL 35815-2262.)

COW TIPPED have a smorgasbord approach to the punk, and although it's mostly melodic, they foray into metal style and teen angst style. But all of it has the vocals so upfront that the music is hard to hear while one of the guys is singing. (8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 104 N. Reymann ST., Ranson, WV, 25438-1724.)

DEATHBAG play lofi thrashy hardcore, with a yeller and a screecher. Their mosh parts are pretty sonic, chock full of metal riffs and pick slides. Their thrash parts are pretty bouncy and snare powered. Also, they book shows in Utica, NY for people who send in their demos, reciprocation core! (6 song cassette, lyric sheet. 10 Beech St., Ilion, NY 13357.)

EULOGY are probably fans of Touch and Go bands although they have less thickness to their sound, but they're of a similar genre. Maybe like the BUTTHOLE SURFERS actually sounded live. Also, the CD skips, but just get up and fastforward it a little. (6 song CD, no lyric sheet. 218 Buckingham Pl., Philadelphia, PA 19104.)

GLACIER play chugging metal style with vocals that are sort of spoken, but with a lilt to them that makes the whole thing feel like you're being led down a dark path...it doesn't kick in to let you know you're in hell, but it still feels menacing. (4 song cassette, lyric sheet. 1041 Dousman St., Green Bay, WI 54303.)

THE GRIM REAPERS are great thick blazing hardcore, but with melodic mosh parts. They put a different spin on metal influenced hardcore, and I really like it. The vocals are a little low on my tape, but what is there sounds like sore throat evil. (7 song cassette, lyric sheet. Boxhagener Str. 22, 10245, Berlin, Germany.)

Split demo between **HOLY SHIT** and **TAB**. HOLY SHIT sound like THE YAHMOS but instead of the dance parts they blaze ahead with the lo-fi hardcore, like a run away train, no stopping them. TAB is BLEEAARRRGGGHHH style hardcore, you blink and you miss the song! The longer ones are not as furious, and even show some melody occasionally, all for the theme of being fiercely pro-Tab, the soda, and hardline against any other carbonated beverage product. ($2 ppd. 14 songs of HS, 12 TAB, HS has lyrics, TAB does not. 618 N. Ashland, Green Bay, WI 54303.)

MYLES OF DESTRUCTION this time around has a heavy violin presence, along with it's gloomy vocals, bass, and drums. It's hypnotic in a good way, and then goes chaotic to bring you out of it. The flow is great, well, actually the whole thing is great. ($3 ppd. 3 song CD, lyric sheet. 218 Buckingham Place, Philadelphia, PA 19104.)

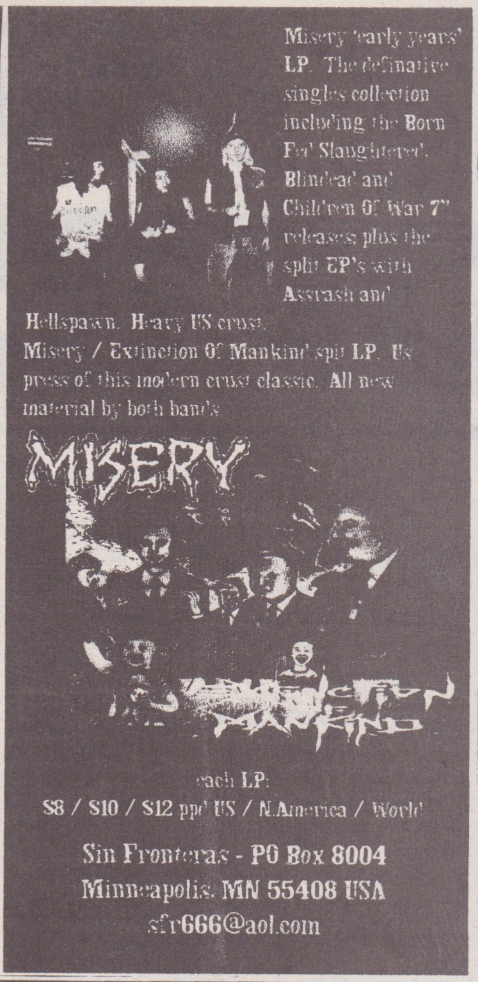
THE RISE AND FALL is mostly instrumental and kind of moody, in that soundtrack to a John Hughes movie kind of way. Teen angst moody. The vocals, when they do show up, are monotone. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 5601 Drysdale Dr., San Jose, CA 95124.)

SOCIAL NONSENSE play fast thrashy hardcore with the mosh parts, with those little BLACK FLAG style guitar punctuation things that I love so. Their vocals are high pitched screaming, but slow, it's cool, or more traditional yelling. NEGATIVE APPROACH cover, too. ($2 ppd. US, $4 ppd. world. 7 song cassette, lyric sheet. 6676 N. Bendel, Fresno, CA 93722.)

STEVE TOWSON is a heavily blues influenced BILLY BRAGG style solo guy, but the guitar work is no background to the revolutionary lyrics here. Electric and intricate, sort of hard to hear the lyrics sometimes, but not so often that you'd get frustrated. (2 song CD, lyric sheet. 15 Brompton Rd., The Gap, QLD, Australia, 4061.)

TWB bang on drums and play sort of drony guitar over that...the guitar also has some moments where it seems to be driving the thing along, but mostly it seems more rhythm based than your average noise band. S(11 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 6676 N. Bendel, Fresno, CA 93722.)

YOU JUST DRIVE THIS THING KID, WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE GOWN gives away their emoness by the name of the band, don't you think? Jacqueline loves this, and says "at its best, it borrows elements from 60's rock and roll, not unlike some of my favorite DEATH WISH KIDS songs. When they slow things down, they borrow more from the WAIFFLE school of emo." ($4. 5 song CD, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 1061, Iowa City, IA 52244.)



"This Life Is Lived" 7in
$4ppd

This Computer Kills - "This Life Is Lived" 7" + "s/t" CD
It's got those manic, frantic vocals that sound breathless but have an unlimited capacity to keep screaming. The instrumentation is frenetic, but not blurry. Crisp, real notes are being hit and complex, sharp melodies are being stretched like barbed wire around an immense amount aural space. In the middle of it all is a dark, unsettling sense, like the smell of a hard drive crashing (of digital memories instantly erasing), of the sense that all is not well with the world, that the ship of progress is both sinking and on fire, but songs must still be made. What's striking is how well crafted the entire album and 7in are (the 7in was recorded after the album and progresses seamlessly). When This Computer Kills slows down and fills it's lungs with air and smoke there's a dark, shimmering, and often jangly quality to their songs. It's almost sinister without being overtly ooky spooky. All the songs work great by themselves and interlock in a tight bundle. I truly enjoy that quality in a band. Musical touchstones would be heavyweights and personal favorites like TANNER, DRIVE LIKE JEHU, THE HOT SNAKES, AT THE DRIVE-IN, and THE TRANS MEGETTI - all bands that never forgot how to rock while stretching their audiences ears close to the pavement during a bumpy ride. Tough and never too arty for it's own good. - Todd Taylor (Razorcake #7)

'Reno: Where Dreams Come To Die" CD/LP $7ppd

Reno: Where Dreams Come to Die CD/LP
I knew before I set needle to vinyl that this record was going to kill on contact. If ever there was a city that's hardcore community was disproportionately massive compared to its population it would have to be Reno. I hate to fall back on the old cliche "perhaps there is something in the water" but sometimes you just have to wonder. Each of the bands on here is impressive in its own right and you've got everything from old school thrash to neo-black thrash to noise thrash to THIS COMPUTER KILLS (who sound like VERBAL ASSAULT would have if they were a thrash band). ... my favorite tracks are by REDRUM, ALL OPPOSED, IRON LUNG and VAE VICTIS. I haven't heard a "city" comp this intense in a loooooong time. If you don't know Reno, you don't know hardcore. Jeb Branin (Short Fast + Loud! #8)

Also available from: Stickfigure, Ebullition, 702records.com, Some Strange Music, Boredom Noise, Plus Minus Records, Flower Violence (GER), Yellow Dog (GER), Six Weeks Distro, Level Plane, Back The Draft, Super Fi (UK), Shogun (France), Heart First (GER). Get in touch for trading!

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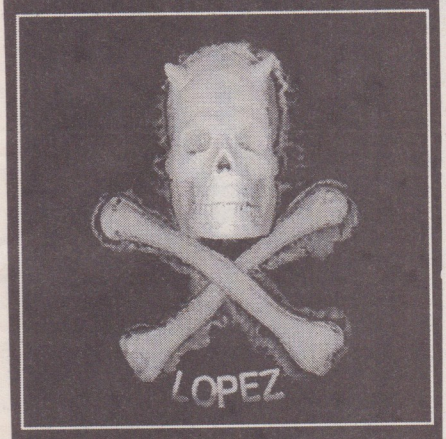

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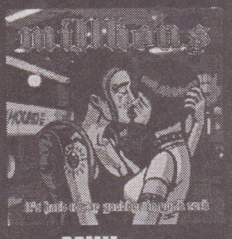

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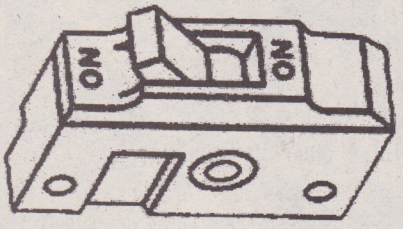

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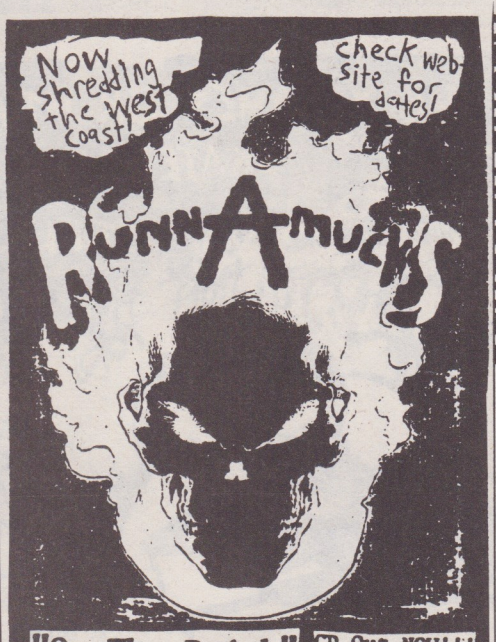

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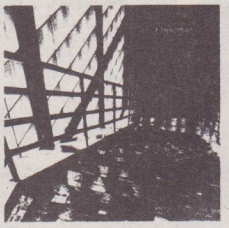

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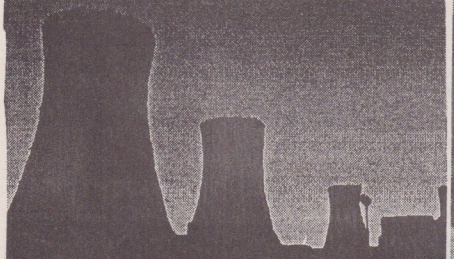

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PHOTO: DAVE HYDE

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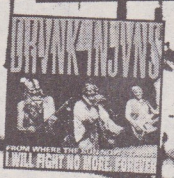
Esoteric, electronic-tinged punk meets dark new wave. "Aged to Perfection" combines the kind of angular and skeletal melodies procured by the likes of Bauhaus or even the Birthday Party with the edgy keyboard driven post punk new wave documented by early Independent Project or Rough Trade Records and a belligerent singer that competes with Siouxsie Sioux in her prime. Punk Planet says: "These guys should play with the Faint, but they'd probably scare the audience."

THE BAD FORM

THE BAD FORM 7"

The debut disk by New Jersey's nihilistic hardcore punk rock freakshow. Look for their other 7" out now on Youth Attack Records as well as their appearance on the "Troubleman Mix Tape" compilation

BEFORE THE X-GAMES OR MTV, WHEN SKATEBOARDING WAS STILL JUST A CRIME!!!



PRESENTING SKATE-PUNK REISSUES #1-3 & OTHER GREAT NEW STUFF

THE F@RTZ "INJUSTICE: 16 WORKING-CLASS ANTHEMS" Finally these Seattle veterans bashed out a brand new full-length! Yep, it's been more than 20 years since their formation and guess what? F@RTZ still kick ass. Like the title says, 16 tracks of snotty, no-frills political hardcore that will not disappoint. VIRUS 279 LP: $8.99 / CD: $11.99

JELLO BIAFRA "THE BIG KA-BOOM PART ONE" Following 9/11, numerous people requested Jello's opinion on the events. Like his classic anti-Gulf War EP "DIE FOR OIL, SUCKER" this is an 'emergency release' that pulls no punches, incitefully describing historical events that may have led to the attacks. VIRUS 276 LP: $8.99 / CD: $11.99

"APOCALYPSE ALWAYS" VARIOUS ARTISTS A.T. comes to the rescue with a new low-priced sampler! 78 minutes of eclectic music & informative spoken word, featuring many unreleased tracks. Celebrate the 23rd anniversary of "Giving Art A Bad Name" by revisiting old favorites and checking out new artists. VIRUS 277 CD: $5

VOL. 1 **FREE BEER** "THE ONLY BEER THAT MATTERS" Brothers Tony and Tommy Guerrero were just a part of the short list of founding fathers of the budding musical and cultural movement known as Skateroack, pioneered by youth driven by their passion for skating and music that captured the thrill of it - "Nothing else mattered." VIRUS 281 LP: $8.99 / CD: $11.99

VOL. 2 **LOS OLVIDADOS** "LISTEN TO THIS!" Seminal skatepunk (80-83) heavily influenced by the 1st wave of punk (STOOGES, DEAD BOYS...) they were the Bay Area's answer to T.S.O.L., AGENT ORANGE... Known for tracks on Thrasher Skaterock Comps 1-2 + MRR's "Not So Quiet...", they self-destructed before their full-length could see the light of day - until now! VIRUS 282 LP: $8.99 / CD: $11.99

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ADIJO PAMET #8 / $3
11 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs - Croatian
This zine has a great easy-to-understand layout that includes interviews with the bands Paraf, American Heartbreak, Blood On The Saddle, and Dead Moon. There are also great articles on the Kud Idijoti, one of Yugoslavia's oldest bands, and the Real Kids. And although there are not a lot of record reviews, the ones here are interesting. Overall a pretty cool zine. (HH)
Gunduliceva 12 / 44320 Kutina / Croatia
adijopamet@yahoo.com

BARFO'S FUNHOUSE #3 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
In the "dedication to the dead" issue, Paul Barfo pays homage to, you guessed it, dead stuff. This includes his friend Sean Hogan, old show fliers and photos, and his now-deceased rock/punk/metal heroes. On these subjects, it seems as if Paul is trying to be serious, but most of the time he ends up coming off as insincere, probably because of the sometimes incoherent and rambling writing. You can also find interviews of Koalslaw, Unstoppable Force, Skrupel, and Yacopsae, reprinted interviews of Doom and Carcass, and (my personal favorite) a collage which poses the age-old question: "OK, WHO THE FUCK STOLE MY PANTS?!!!!" Amen. (CJ)
Paul Barfo / 985 Bidwell Ave / Sunnyvale, CA 94086

BARRICADA #14,15, & 16 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 20 pgs
Anarcho-Communist publication from Boston, now the official "agitational monthly" of NEFAC (The NorthEastern Federation of Anarcho-Communists). All these issues are filled with discussions of anarchist history, current tactics, and play-by-play of the latest bash-and-trashes around the world. The dialogue between anarchist groups is appreciated here and, I think, sets it apart from a traditionally sectarian newspaper. Articles in these issues include an anarchist/ACORN trash protest, a (brief) history of anarchism and the labor movement, an interview with Eve Hinderer, a 60s anarchist activist and NEFAC supporter and an essay on anarchists in revolutionary coalitions during the Mexican Revolution. It would be nice if there was a picture or graphic from the last 20 years that didn't involve masked demonstrators or Evil Cops doing Evil Things. (GZ)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133
Barricadacollective@hotmail.com

BREAKOUT #1 / $3
8.5 x 11 - copied - 52 pgs
Total cut and paste layout goes well with this zine's combination of a little something old and a little something new, which, in turn, helps to bring the two schools together. What am I talking about, you say? Well *Breakout* features interviews with modern thrashers Our War, (the allegedly dodgy) No Warning, and teen heartthrob rocker Andrew WK—who goes on and on about his love of Crossed Out, Drop Dead, and Ottawa—weird, huh? They then go on to bring you and excellent sit-down with Brendan Mullen (who ran The Masque in LA) and Mark Spitz (who wrote *We Got The Neutron Bomb*—you know that LA punk history book), a Dead Boys reprint from *Search And Destroy* #4, and a quick discussion of the essential early LA singles. All in all excellent and well done, though I do wish they would have taken No Warning to task on some of the allegations that have been flying about them recently—guess that's just a job for someone else. (MT)
34 Park Blvd / Toronto, Ontario M8W 1G8 / Canada

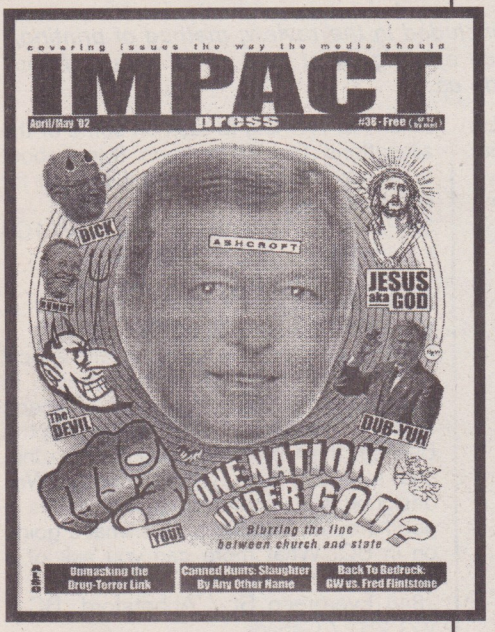
BULL SHEET #7 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 36 pgs
Nothing's better then a fanzine with a local focus, and *Bull Sheet* succeeds in covering the BC/ Western Canada scenes. This issue has interviews with the Blamed, the Colemans, *Sod Awf* fanzine, and a young man with a mullet. Well designed and executed, *Bull Sheet* is a good way of keeping up on what's going on in BC. What more can you ask of a zine? (CR)
2846 Evergreen St / Abbotsford, BC / V2T 2S1 / Canada

CONSTELLATIONS #11 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Oh gosh, do I have to use the e-word? Much of this seems like filler...one paragraph about life here, one there...doesn't add up to much in the end. I think it's because it's mostly the editor's past contributions to other zines, it doesn't feel connected. Lots of bits about the writer's past, interactions with people, writing down dreams, burning bridges, simplicity, and indie rock. There are some interesting bits on parenting, but it's all a bit E_ _ for me, and I hope that in the future there is more continuity and depth to the writing. (MD)
Sierra Sky / PO Box 13078 / Long Beach, CA 90803

DIE TRYING #1 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 14 pgs
All style, not much substance here. Nice hand-binding, lots of cute graphics and stamp art and text within; the personal writing within is dull and leaves much to be desired. I guess the words "whimsical" and "slightly annoying" best describe it. (MD)
895 North Chase St / Athens, GA 30601

DIMINUTIVE RAGE #6 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 26 pgs
First off, this looks great. Stark, high

contrast graphics, cut and paste, crusty style (it *is* from Minneapolis...). The writing is smart and thoughtful, although verging on esoteric at times. Thoughts about society, group dynamics, power dynamics.The pieces are short, yet manage to go deep very quickly. Great reading, and damn, did I mention how good it looks? Oh, two short interviews too, Defuse, and Epajarjestys. (GF)
Saira / PO Box 80338 / Minneapolis, MN 55408



FACE OF THE ASSASSINS #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 48 pgs
I couldn't really make heads or tails of this zine. 48 pages of stories that were confusing, comics that were obtuse, and anecdotes that didn't mean a whole lot without knowing who they were about. An odd collection. (CR)
102 Barons Way / Brewster, MA 02631

FINGER ON THE TRIGGER #3 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
This is by far one of the best zines that I have seen submitted to *MRR* for review in terms of my own interests in punk and my relationship to punk culture. The tone and style of the zine merges personal narratives with more broad social and political analyses in a way that is engaging and inspiring. Writings deal with African American history, white privilege and identity in punk rock, practices of tokenization and exclusion in punk, white punks' resistance to the challenging of racist practices, zine and book reviews, an interview with Christy Road, and various other personal anecdotes. I was really struck by how deftly the author is able to move from topic to topic in a way that wove personal observation/anecdote with critical reflection in a coherent way that painted a whole picture of experience. I really appreciated the opportunity to review this zine and the questions and challenges that it posed and affirmed for me as someone with an often contradictory but deeply rooted relationship to punk culture. (JL)
1214 N Seventh Ave / Pensacola, FL 32503

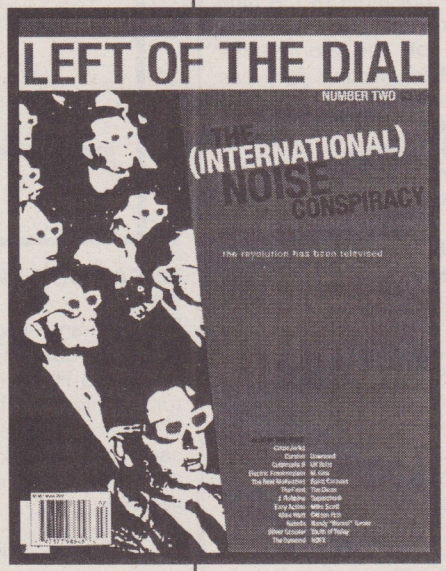
FISH PISS Vol. 2, #2 / $3
7 x 8.5 - printed - 98 pgs
Starting with the great silkscreened cover, *Fish Piss*—out of Montreal—is awesome! Packed with personal stories, obits, editorials, interviews, great comics; all of this mixes well and is visually pleasing due to the stellar layout. Plus, the bulk of the zine is dedicated to a detailed and thorough account of the Quebec Summit last spring. Although this is the fall/ winter issue (*Fish Piss* is biannual) nothing in here feels outdated. I loved the last page of the zine: good instructions on how to do your own zine. Funny. Classic. I'm getting a subscription. (SD)
Spontaneous Productions Rgd / Box 1232 Place d'Armes / Montreal, Quebec / Canada / H2Y 3K2
fishpiss@canada.com

FRACTURE #20 / $3 world
8.5 x 11 - printed - 148 pgs
This is a very high quality *Maximum RocknRoll*-like magazine from England. Its musical focus is more on the emo/straight-edge/pop punk map than *Maximum*'s but its quality and local relevance is unmistakable. There is a touching tribute to a friend of the magazine in this issue. There are interviews with Burning Airlines, No Idea Records, TSOL, NRA, and Mike Ness (ridiculous) in this issue (along with many more). There are high quality columns, lots of record reviews (and only a few zine reviews), and a very humorous return from their yearly poll. Best Bands in the World? Strike Anywhere. My loudest cheer came when I saw that The Locust was listed as one of the ten worst live bands of 2001. (AR)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff, CF3 4ZA / Wales, UK

GET UP AND GO! #1 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
A pretty basic and simple hardcore zine is what's to be found in these pages. Such a thing brings pleasure to my life. Enclosed are two decent interviews (Limp Wrist and Out Cold) and a bit of writing from the editors. One guy writes of discovering Minor Threat in rural Wyoming, and I am stoked on most things from Wyoming. There are no ads or reviews. Worth the "in person" price (a buck) to me but not the postage paid one (listed above). (JM)
Mike Frame / PO Box 638 / Seattle, WA 98111
getupandgohardcore@hotmail.com

HOW MUCH ART CAN YOU TAKE? #3 & 4 / $0.13
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
OK. I'm either losing my mind or I'm really starting to like these short bursts of craziness. I think both. Numero four features the punk rock bird game where players must identify the band by their bird logo—funny ass shit. The diagram of the d-beat for the Funeral record review is also great. Issue numero tres has multiple covers just like *Punk Planet*, and cop reviews. Randy is off his rocker and that is why we love him. (MT)
4506 N Gantenbein / Portland, OR 97217

HOW TO ZINE #2 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 76 pgs
Anything you've ever wanted to do but somehow couldn't figure out exactly how to is collected within these pages. And I mean everything. Don't want to be a wasteful bum and use a flushing toilet—you can learn how to compost your poo. Want to live in a tree—there's some helpful tips on building hanging tents. There's also some useful stuff on health, composting, recycling, de-schooling, bicycle cart building, and scamming free copies. This is a great resource even if some of the information is a bit sketchy and the need is questionable. I'd like to see some DIY tips on how to do some more practical/less fun things as well. Like doing your own taxes, repairing things around your house, and unclogging drains. Maybe it's not as sexy as composting your own shit, but it's often a bit more applicable to my life. No reflection on the zine, it's a great piece of work and there's no reason why you shouldn't have this in your library—still, maybe it's time to expand our definition of DIY a bit. (CR)
PO Box 14523 / Richmond, VA 23221



IMPACT PRESS # 38 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
This magazine continues to produce somewhat dry, liberal essays about cultural and social politics: Canadian figure skaters, American atheists, the military-industrial complex, the war on drugs, Enron, et cetera. Oh, and a slew of animal rights talk—"we must speak for those creatures that cannot speak for themselves." Do animal rights activists ever stop to rethink this tact? I mean, it parallels anti-abortion rhetoric about advocacy and "powerless" fetuses. Ugh. The cover essay examines the wavering line between church and state under the Bush administration. However, the punks at the *Maximum* compound did enjoy this issue's cover, what with wacky clip art of devils and cherubs circling 'round the heads of "Dub-yuh" and Ashcroft. (MN)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd. / Orlando, FL 32817

I'M ONLY DOING THIS ZINE TO GET FREE CD'S #1 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 20 pgs
Lots of reviews, political commentary, and a couple interviews punctuate this zine. The author discusses DIY politics and approaches to culture and expression, foreign policy, political corruption, and talks with bands Drowningman and Good Riddance. Nothing too compelling going on here. I guess the name of the zine says it all. (JL)
Mike / 38 Gatcombe / Netley, Southhampton / S031 5PX / UK

JERSEY BEAT #71 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 124 pgs
I think that I would appreciate *Jersey Beat* a lot more if I was actually from New Jersey. On one hand, it informed me about a bunch of Jersey bands that I'd never heard of, but on the other hand, reading the scene reports I was completely lost. There are a bunch of interviews with bands from the East Coast, including Rye Coalition, the Negatones, Slow Wire, and American Nightmare. Gregg Yeti (megalomaniac) and Kenyata Sullivan (recluse) interview each other in a scattered but amusing article. The interviews are rad, and this is their 20th anniversary issue, so Jerseyphiles know what's up. (CJ)
418 Gregory Avenue / Weehawken, NJ 07086
jim@jerseybeat.com

LEFT OF THE DIAL #2 / $3.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 108 pgs
Very slick "magazine" features a wide variety of music and lots of ads. There is no personal writing save the beginning editorial (sometimes, yes, that is a good thing), so if you love reading band interviews, you will really like this. My favorites were reading the Circle Jerks, Mike Watt and J. Robbins interviews, and Biscuit's history of the Austin punk scene. There are also interviews with Unwound, Electric Frankenstein, the Real McKenzies, the Faint, Unwound, the Damned, Superchunk, YOT and NOFX, just to name a few! There's a lot here—my only complaint is that sometimes the interview questions are leading and long, but overall, the interviews are interesting, the graphics are great, and the different genres of music covered promises something for everyone. It's heading straight for the bathroom magazine rack! (MD)
1438 W Alabama St #4 / Houston, TX 77006

THE LITTLE BLACK STAR #10, #12 / 1 stamp
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 8 pgs
This is a biweekly, mostly newsclip style zine that attempts to examine current news from an anarchist perspective. Some of the features of these two issues include the covering of radical ecology, US military propaganda, and media misdeeds. This is the face of alternative, do-it-yourself media. (AR)
PO Box 197 / Lewisburg, PA 17837

MAISONETTE #8 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 38 pgs
The only American zine I review this month has a French title, while the French ones have English titles. Ah, glamor. *Maisonette* editor Eva delves into nostalgia for this issue, extracting all her parents' old records, mostly singer/songwriters of the early 70s. Lucky for her, she got the only reviewer here who won't break out into hives at the mention of a Simon & Garfunkel influence (my parents were folkies too). With these records as muse, Eva pens a handful of stories. Not having read *Maisonette* before, I didn't know what to expect, and was most of the way through the first story before realizing it probably wasn't autobiographical. Some of them are, though, and it's up to you to figure it out. The stories, true and fiction, rely too often on easy attention-getters, sex and violence—but obvious or not, they got my attention and held it. While emotionally unambiguous, Eva's various protagonists are distinct—in gender as well as personality—which was initially confusing, but certainly made them more interesting. Garrison Kellior, though? Surely Eva can find a worthier writer to admire, if she only tries. (AC)
Eva Louise Writt / PMB 1000 / PO Box 9739 / Portland, ME 04104

MINDERHEIT #1 / $1 or 3 stamps
8.5 x 7 - copied - 20 pgs
A Texas photozine containing both local and touring bands—League of Struggle, Akkolyte, The Locust, Bread and Water, Resist and Exist, and more. Most of the photos are decent quality, but nothing amazing. However, they included contact info for all the bands, which I thought was pretty neat. And there is a total of eight pictures of singing drummers in this zine! That's a 0.4 singing-drummer-to-page ratio! Amazing. (CJ)
Andrew and Jack / 6325 Lange Circle / Dallas, TX 75214

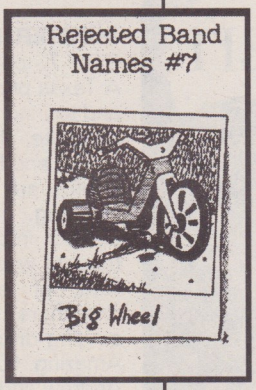
MOON RUST #2 / stamp or trade, free to prisoners
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Kind of a split zine. Mike's side is a little messier, filled with jokes, short thoughts and an "interview." Alex's side seems a little more developed. It's a collection of short anecdotes, almost mini-short stories really. And there are all pretty good. Since I like Alex's zine *Dunk and Piss* a lot, I'm gonna say I like his side better. Sorry Mike, but you asked me to choose. (GZ)
23 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

THE NEW SCHEME #5 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 56 pgs
Thoroughly competent music mag. Good layout, good photos. Reviews, interviews with The Dismemberment Plan, Time Spent Driving, Engine Down, Pinq. That pretty much sums it up, if this is your scene, you can't go wrong. (GF)
PO Box 19873 / Boulder, CO 80308
stuart@thenewscheme.com

NEW WAVE #1 / $1 or 1,5 euro
12.5 x 16.5 - printed - 8 pgs - French
I know, I know, awfully pricey for an 8-page zine, but they are big pages. I made the US price up—I think it'll cover mailing costs. *New Wave*'s band interviews consist of feminist Brazilians Dominatrix (all-girl), Puerto Rico's Cojoba (part-girl), and Argentina's Penadas Por La Ley (also

completely girl). The fact that this is the zine's first issue (setting its tone), and the fact that all the bands above are at least somewhat political, outweighs the suspicion of tokenism about this. I appreciated *New Wave*'s combination of early punk and new wave images with more inclusive politics. This list of useful French and international contacts and events is especially recommended for French punks. (AC)
Celia / BP #6 / 75462 Paris Cedex 10 / France

O BARULHO DA MAQUINA #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs - Portuguese
This consists mostly of stark sketches with some words strewn through it, sort of comics style. It's like dreamscapes, with a very deserted and lonely, maybe desperate feel to it. I don't know Portuguese, but since some of the words are like Spanish, it seems like this is an outlet for this guy's depression. I think it's a good start, but I wish the pictures were more complete and that they'd copied better. (NN)
Douglas A.P. de Assis / Rua Gnaisse, LL-UL Matilde / São Paulo - SP 03515-100 / Brasil



OPINIONS #? / stamp?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 8 pgs
Can you really take the opinion of someone who likes System Of A Down seriously? Good for a couple of laughs perhaps. Mostly 'cause it's so fucking stupid, but I think it's that way on purpose. (MT)
no address

OX #46 / $6
11 x 8 - printed - 156 pgs - German
This zine is always a big time read, with lots of band interviews, interesting articles, and tidbits of punk gossip. This issue covers Victims Family, Danko Jones, the Boys, Thunderbaby Records, Baerbel, Firewater, Flaming Stars, Grover Records, Joey Ramone, and lots more. The record reviews go on forever, including all the new reissues. There are plenty of ads, and finally a great interview with Lloyd Kaufmann of Troma Films, famous for giving the public the *Toxic Avenger*. Finally the whole damn package comes with a pretty decent CD sampler that includes killer tracks by Nazis From Mars, entitled American Express Dream, and the Exclaim doing a song entitled "The Weight." (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PARADISE NOISE #10 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 12 - copied - 36 pgs - French
PN is dedicated to extreme music—not of the "extreme" Limp Bizkit (ugh) variety, but you know: harder, faster, louder, and stranger punk, metal, and noise. Most of it is distinctly not my bag, but I can appreciate the fandom. In this issue: Disarm (Italy), Warcollapse (Sweden), Phobia, Hirax, Funeral (USA), Fastard (Scotland), etc., etc. What's more, these interviews are conducted by a dedicated fan who knows the history and inclinations of each band and asks the right questions. Editor Filthy Dave also has a refreshing intolerance for sexism as evidenced in the few columns and articles he wrote or reprinted. Great quotes from his intro include: "like you can see, I'm not very good in English for a good translation. Fuck you... We're Punx..." (AC)
David Cammal / Avenue Des Freres / Roqueplan / 13370 Mallemort / France
paradisenoise@aol.com

PLASTIC BOMB #38 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 124 pgs - German
Another issue of one of those staples of German punk, loaded with lots of fun reading including interviews with Mad Butcher Records, the Troublemakers, Molotow Soda, Tom Liwa, the Boys, and plenty of other bands. There are also some columns, loads of record and zine reviews, plenty of cool ads, and neat graphics. Finally, the damn thing come with a free CD sampler that features 29 bands, including the Kafkas. (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS #11 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Kinda ugly in that cut-and-paste style, this issue of this upstate NY stalwart opens with a piece about the editor's involvement in his local DIY scene. The writing is straightforward, heartfelt, and angry. Next is a piece from a Christian about being dissed by punks for her religion. Well, duh. This is followed by an interview with a guy in jail and an editorial about labels and living the life you're talking about. The zine ends with six pages of reviews, mostly 7"s. I didn't find this to be an outstanding issue, despite the opening rant. It came with a smaller, free zine, *Alone in the City* #1, which contains a few short anecdotes. (JM)
PO Box 30748 / Rochester, NY 14603

QUICKDUMMIES #14 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 96 pgs
This is the first issue of *Quickdummies* in two years, due to the editor's personal and legal problems, and it is obvious that in the span of those two years he has forgotten quite a bit about zine editing. There are potentially great interviews (conducted by the editor) with Out Cold, Chris Dodge (Spazz/Slap a Ham), The GC5, Toys That Kill, Strike Anywhere, Shank, and Ken Sanderson (Prank), but they are weighed down by incoherence and lack of proofreading. Part of the Shank interview is even printed against the band's request (they claim that they were misrepresented in the transcription)! That seems pretty shady to me. However, this zine is not entirely un-rad: there are two research paper-quality articles on the cruelty of animal testing, and a disturbing piece on medical experiments conducted on GIs during WWII. Overall, the zine needs some serious editing—the editor should have waited a little longer to publish it, until he could put on the finishing touches. With some proofreading and cleaning up, this zine could be excellent. (CJ)
Robb Roemershauser / 6810 Bellaire Drive / New Orleans, LA 70124
quickdummies@hotmail.com

RAUMSCHIFF WUCHERPREIS #7 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
Forty pages of this zine are devoted to articles, record reviews, and some pretty nifty ads. The rest of the zine is basically a scumfuck catalog. Some of the features in this edition include a visit with Ronnie Briggs (King of Punk) in a London hospital, and a tour diary of the Verlorene Jungs (Lost Boys). Definitely a good read, especially for those with a taste for oi. (HH)
Schmitz / Postfach 100709 / D-46527 Dinslaken / Germany
www.scumfucktradition.de

RAUMSCHIFF WUCHERPREIS #8 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
The second review of this zine this month, much like the first one except the articles

included cover punks and skins in Eastern Germany, interviews with Paul Kostabi from Youth Gone Mad, the band Halunken, and another band called Oxo 86. And of course there are plenty of record reviews, cool ads, and 28 pages of the Scumfuck catalog. (HH)
Schmitz / Postfach 100709 / D-46527 Dinslaken / Germany
www.scumfucktradition.de

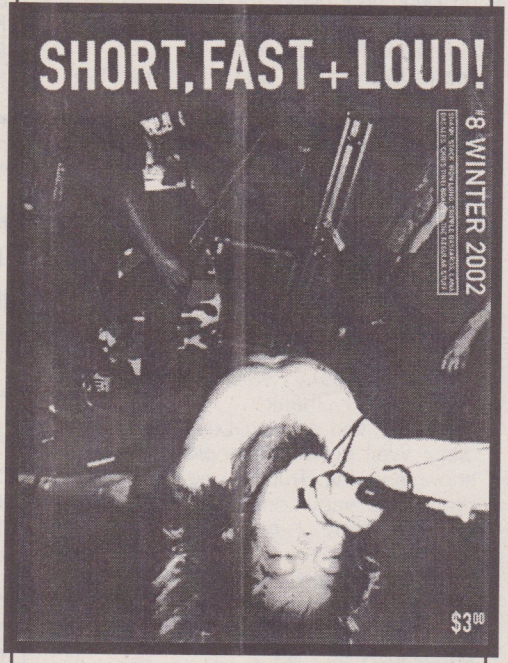
REJECTED BAND NAMES #7 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
This issue revolves around the author's recent death of her sister. She wrote this issue as an outlet to help her cope with this loss. The writing has a sort of matter-of-fact tone to it that is simultaneously relating a lot of information about the circumstances of her sister's death and sharing information about her life as well. Most of the zine is written like a diary or journal that is also reflective, not just a reporting of facts. I found the writing to be very easy to read and understood it to be meaningful to the author as a way to express some intense emotional experiences, but it was also interesting to someone not involved in the experiences. (JL)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133

RETARD RIOT #3-6 / SASE
2.8 x 3.7 - copied - 16 pgs
Well, this is a short mixed bag. Some really good prose poetry mixed with bootleg CD reviews, little stories, collages, and drawings that appear to be drawn while not paying attention at school. My favorite part: a bit of punk doggerel called "Tennis at Wimbeldon": "Ball is bounced back and forth / They look like a bunch of dorks / Fred Perry shirts, these they wear / But unlike skinheads they do not scare / If I had a tennis racket / on their skulls I would crack it." There are gems amongst the filler. (GZ)
Noah Lyon / 67 Barclay Rd. / Clintondale, NY 12515
Doctorninja77@hotmail.com

RIDE ON #6
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a very interesting zine. It does two things amazingly well. The authors maintain an excellent sense of storytelling in their contributions and the zine identifies itself as part of a punk rock culture. It is reminiscent of the *Cometbus* style of humored, personal travelogues and does it well (which is hard with multiple contributors). The standout story is the epilogue of friendships that ends with a photograph of an iced fountain in downtown Philadelphia. This zine tells the story of a world that you would want to live in. (AR)
1308 W Cary St / Richmond, VA 23220-5463

THE RIGHT PATH #13 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 48 pgs
Pretty solid East Coast hardcore zine, featuring interviews with such mosh-pit maniacs as American Nightmare, Reach The Sky, and Building On Fire. Also included are columns, reviews and an article about hopping around to a bunch of different hardcore fests. (MT)
Josh Lyons / 244 Rutgers St / Rochester, NY 14607

RIPPED AND CLIPPED #5 / $?
8.5 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
Entirely made up of clippings from the music press (*NME*, *Trouser Press*, etc.) this is a collection of interviews, reviews, ads, and hype from back in the day. This issue is heavy on The Jam but also includes articles on Pere Ubu, the Go Gos, Wire, and AC/DC. Absolutely no present day commentary—the articles speak for themselves. (GZ)
Break Up Records / PO Box 15372 / Columbus, OH 43215-0372



RIVETER #1 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
I can't believe that this is the first issue of *Riveter*. It's rare that a debut issue isn't a little rough around the edges, but this zine is totally great from cover to cover. In this issue are really great in-depth interviews with Stracony and Post Regiment. Random musings on living in Chicago, a guide to de-paving your driveway, an amazing article that introduced me to the story of "Jane" a women-run, underground (and illegal) abortion providers group, and another that shared the little-known story of the Polish worker's massacre in Milwaukee after the Haymarket affair. *Riveter* is a great source for neglected radical history, as well as current politically charged punk from around the world. Get this and any future issues! (CR)
PO Box 411621 / Chicago, IL 60641

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #7 / $2 US, $3 World
8.5 x 11 - printed - 52 pgs
Girl on cover? check. Bands with pompadours? check. Tattoos? check. Leather pants? check. Aside from the rockabilly/psychobilly, this zine has some other raw rocknroll, streetpunk leanings. The bands are The Nekromantix, The Quakes, Long Island Hornets, The Riffs and more.It's all a little too dress up for me, but then I'm no fun anyways. (GF)
342 S Walnut St / Wooster, OH 44691
rocknrollpurgatory@yahoo.com

ROCTOBER #32 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 76 pgs
I'm kind of torn on how to review this zine for several reasons. On one hand, the presentation of subject matter is much more interesting and dynamic than most zines. This is the "hip hop issue" of *Roctober*, this tenth anniversary issue combines writing on music and culture with comics. The end result is writing dealing with genres of music that I appreciate and value as much as and sometimes more than punk. So personally, I found this very interesting because this zine has chosen not to define itself as narrowly devoted to a few genres of music, like many hardcore oriented zines have done. For me, the downside of this is a kind of unfocused, fragmented dabbling in and appropriation of culture. I'm suspicious of comparisons of hip hop to punk made by people primarily rooted in punk traditions because of a lot of punks relate to hip hop as a sort of wacky novelty that is referenced to boost the credibility of punk "diversity" or to cast some "exceptional" hip hop expression as equal to punk, according to punk standards. Articles include a history of the Fat Boys, interviews with rapper Katey Red and Jimmy Castor, an article on "Blacks in Punk, New Wave, and Hardcore, 1976-1983," comics, reviews,

and various other anecdotes. In short, I love it and I hate it. (JL)
1507 53rd St #617 / Chicago, IL 60615

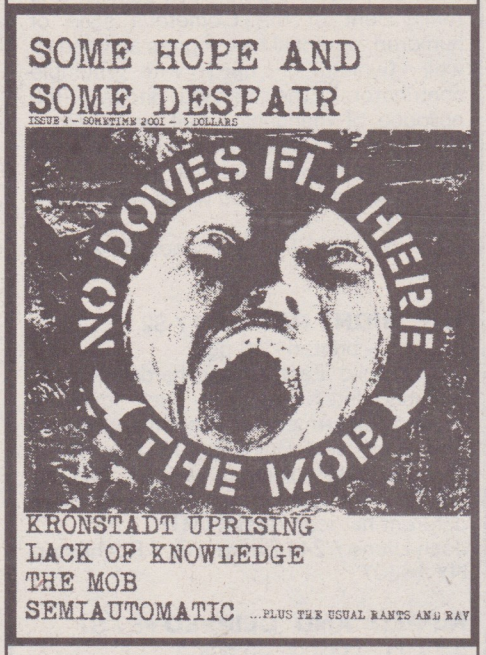
THE ROMANCE OF REVOLUTION #3
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 32 pgs
TROR is good example of someone trying to step outside of the ideological into a more nuanced personal/political mix. The author is clear in his background, scene-wise, and is clearly struggling on the terrain of going to college and still being a part of it. There is an informative piece on "Self-Service" Technology, a reprint on Syndicalism (from the UK's WSM), and some animal rights ranting. Good. (AR)
1420 Gardenia Dr. / Allen, TX 75002

RUN AGROUND #1 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8 - copied - 76 pgs
This thing is pretty big with no ads and not so many pages of reviews either. There is a lot of writing from the editor, who discusses biking (seemingly a paper written for a class), running in a marathon, fights at shitty bar/punk shows and the morons responsible, and how he came to be involved in punk in Albany and Boston. A contributor discusses joining the National Guard—he says it sucks! Who'da thunk. Except for the piece about the marathon, I was not especially stoked on the material herein, but you do get a lot of it for the money. (JM)
Dave / 47 Strathmore Rd #1 / Brighton, MA 02135

SCENERY #15 / $1 & 1 stamp
7 x 7 - copied - 20 pgs
Pinks and reds, yummy. These screen-printed covers (featuring a rough but evocative drawing of a crowd) are the eye candy which lures you into the interior of this thoughtful fanzine. Mike Taylor produces another fine issue of comics, sketches, and insightful, provocative prose about wartime, honesty, solitude, odd conversations, and sudden endings. Essential for the smart, arty punk rocker. (MN)
Mike / PO Box 28226 / Providence, RI 02908

SEVEN ELEVEN #9? / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Hey this is good. It's comprised of personal stories and comics and photographs. I really liked how the comics were done, and the stories were interesting and sometimes funny, never self-conscious and annoying (as this kind of personal writing too often is.) The topics are mostly music and the people you see around town, and sometimes about food. I can't really explain why I like the photos a lot or what stands out about them, but they went really well with everything else. Highly recommended. (NN)
Danny / PO Box 771402 / Lakewood, OH 44107

SHAZZBUTT # 8 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 68 pgs
This is a perfect accompaniment to Dogtown & Z Boys and the whole skateboarding retro revival. I spent 1990 living in a house with a half pipe in the front yard and a quarter pipe in our basement, but never got too enthused by skateboarding. However, hanging out with that many skateboarders, this zine brought back some funny memories for me, and there are some cool stories in here about being a punk kid and in high school, breaking your decks too easily and getting yelled at for skating in all the wrong places. Fun read. (MD)
Mark Novotry / 5413 S 6th Ave / Countryside, IL 60525



SHORT, FAST + LOUD #8 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 104 pgs
In case you aren't familiar with this zine by Chris Dodge, it's all grindcore, power violence, youth crew....hell, it's all hardcore to me. Interviews with Chris(tine) Boarts (along with a whole bunch of her great photos), Stack, Lana Dagales, Shank, Cripple Bastards, and an Iron Lung tour diary. Well done by people who know their shit. Truth is you folks probably already bought this by now. (GF)
PO Box 7337 / Alhambra, CA 91802-7337
shortfastandloud@slapaham.com

SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #4 / $3
8.5 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Pretty excellent stuff from SF expatriate Lance Hahn—rants ranging from commodity fetishism in punk, hip indie rockers claiming that they're doing free jazz, DIY metal and a comparison between the '75 World Series and *Star Wars* (it makes sense, trust me). We also have interviews with folx from Kronstadt Uprising, Semiautomatic, Lack Of Knowledge, and The Mob. Plus reviews that run the gamut from punk to jazz, and did I mention photos of Doom?! Top notch zine that a lot of you music focused zine folx could learn a lot from. (MT)
www.hbrecords.org / honeybearrecords@hotmail.com

STAR FROSTING #4 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
This would definitely fall under the very riot-grrrl-influenced category of zine. This one is a little too cutesy for my tastes, with nostalgic and not particularly interesting childhood stories, and tips on how to find "faeries." On the other hand, there was an interesting depth to some of the articles, like the one on anarchism and religion. The soup recipes also looked good, but the poetry and the Starhawk excerpt were a little much for me. (NN)
PO Box 55 / Erwinna, PA 18920

STUPID OVER YOU #11 / $4
8 x 6 - copied - 80 pgs - German
This small but thick zine comes with lots of humor from two of its prime writers, Stupid and Bachus. Included in this issue are interviews with the bands Up To Vegas and One Bar Town. There is also a great commentary on the Dead Kennedys, an article about driving in Austria, plus some scene and gig reports. Plus it is loaded with record reviews. Definitely an enjoyable read—too bad this issue did not come with a CD sampler. (HH)
Marko Draewe / Herzog Ernst Str.7 / 85276 Pfaffenhofen / Germany
stupidpunkrock@gmx.de

TEENAGE DEPRESSION #1 / free
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 12 pgs
This newsletter is the print version of the Calgary punk rock radio show by the same name. The show playlist, a smattering of reviews, and an interview with the Drastics make up this slim zine. (MN)
#5, 721-13 Ave SW / Calgary, Alberta / T2R OK8 / Canada
dragsville@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE DAYS #4 / $1.50
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 88 pgs
Clever line drawings of everyday objects—copiers, tour vans, crowds, microphones, board games, ceiling fans, and water towers—are accompanied by sometimes banal, sometimes quirky,

sometimes thoughtful journal entries and observations in this pocket-sized venture. It's emo, personal, and a thick, diverting read on the bus or the train. If one page doesn't hold your interest, there's 87 other pages to peruse. (MN)
Kyle Bravo / PO Box 114523 / Richmond, VA 23231

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #57 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a music fanzine. 1/3 show reviews, 1/3 record reviews, an interview with Sean Na Na, and a couple of rants on American politicians. There is a closing rant on the repeal of the local ordinance for can and bottle recycling that was worth reading. *The Trouble With Normal* is mostly uninspired, but possibly informative to someone living in Missouri. (AR)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #93 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
This issue of *Trust* includes interviews with the bands Firewater, The Icarus Line, The Mars Volta, Pelzig/The Plan, and Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. There are also plenty of new zine and record reviews, some cool ads, and an interesting column by Dolf about the "art" of punk and the stupidity of nationalism. If one understands German and wants to read a zine they can trust to give them real punk rock, this is it. (HH)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

TWO TEARS IN BUCKET MOTHER FUCK IT #3 / $1
8.5 x 7 - copied - 32 pgs
Great travel zine about one girl's adventures drinking and stinking through Europe (and little bit Stateside too). Mollie has that great gift of being able to describe the events that surround her life in such a manner that it grips you and pulls you into those experiences, making you wish that you were there too—or sometimes glad you weren't. It's a gift which so many folx think they have but really don't—which is why I normally can't stand these sorts of zines. *Two Tears...* is the delightful exception to that rule. (MT)
Mollie Hatchet / 3522 River Rd / Cincinnati, OH 45204
molliehatchet@yahoo.com

VOICES WAKE US... #1 / $1
5.5 x 8 - copied - 28 pgs
This thing is fucking funny as hell. The editor is opinionated, snotty, and geeky, which in this instance makes for a fine publication. The contents include a literary analysis of Misfits lyrics, rants against shitty music like jazz and the LA X, "the importance of Discharge," the current "thrash revival," and a review of a metal show. The cover features a buff, new-school G. Danzig. I was reminded of the first issue of *Spaghetti Dinner and*

Dancing, which is high praise in my book. A fast read but worth a dollar for sure. (JM)
Ben Parker / 5290 Lerner Hall / New York, NY 10027

WAITING FOR SLEEP #1 / $1 or stamps or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs
A jumble of handwritten notes to self, shopping lists, letters, and drawings make up this first issue by mom Cathy. (SD)
409 Water St / Jackson, CA 95642

A WAY-SEEKING MIND #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 68 pgs
In this well written zine, you are thrown in the backseat of a compact car and whisked across the country for a couple of spontaneous road trips, plus a trip to Spain and a summer in the woods. There of course will be monotonous parts (Kansas City) as well as amazing unexpected stretches ("moonset" in the desert). Editor Steven Kelly comes up with a well rounded and searching zine that explores his life as a Buddhist punk rock kid. (SD)
2415 Prospect St / Berkeley, CA 94704
mayallhavepeace@hotmail.com

WEINER SOCIETY #3 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 66 pgs
Always good to see this come flowing through the door—though it is quite the monster to digest. Honest and heartfelt writing about dealing with life behind bars, being a punk, being queer, and dealing with past mistakes. Great looking cut and paste layout that takes me back to the days before everyone did their zine on a fucking computer. Thumbs up.(MT)
109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905

WOMEN ARE IN PRISON #1? / $2, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
God this is annoying. Most of the articles are just escalating rants: did you know prisons are a tool of the MAN?! and they're racist, classist, promote modern day slavery, and violate basic human rights with torture and lack of health care, and hey, credit cards are a ripoff, to boot! Of course there's abundant evidence to support all of this, but do any of the authors here bother with that? Only in a couple of cases. The rest of the writers just fly off the handle, without a word on how they arrived at these conclusions. If you can wade through it, the decent pieces might be worth it, most notably a great address given by lifetime activist Bonnie Kerness. There are also submissions from some actual prisoners. (NN)
So. Chicago ABC Zine Distro / PO Box 721 / Homewood, IL 60430

ZOOP! #9 / free in France, stamps elsewhere
8.5 x 6 - copied - 36 pgs - French
First of all, I incorrectly listed the title of this zine by its subtitle, *Alternativ' Zine*, in *MRR* #226. Yet another subtitle newly tacked on this latest issue is "Le zine des tribus rebelles": the zine of the rebellious tribes. As in that last issue I read, the process of wading through reprinted pamphlets is rewarding: *Zoop!* is crammed with useful punk and activist contacts and listings, but also with short interviews and articles with an international scope. For example, a short but detailed Belfast scene report sits a few pages from an interview with French band P4 A l'Attaque and ads for Polish tape releases. Jumbled, confusing, and good for the kids. (AC)
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lebokal@chez.com

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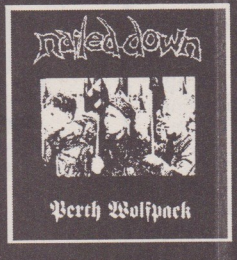

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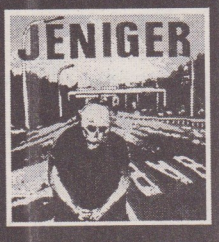

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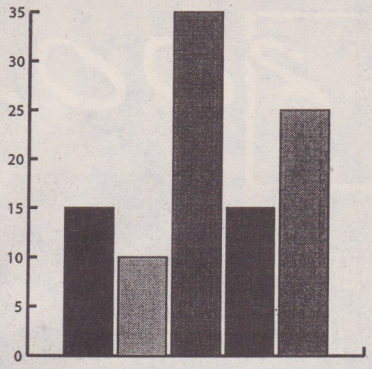

Third quarter earnings for fiscal year 2002 will rise with the release of a compact disc from the group MEXICAN CHEERLEADER, who features former members from the bands OBLIVION and APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN.

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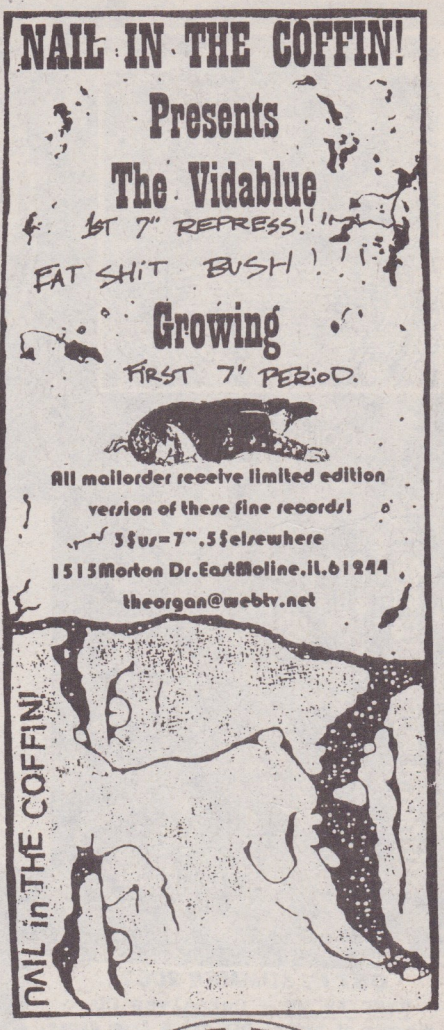

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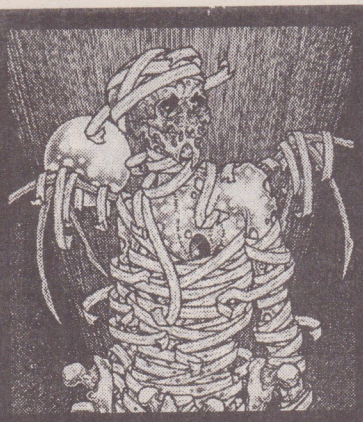

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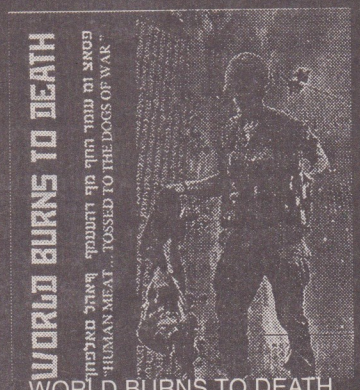

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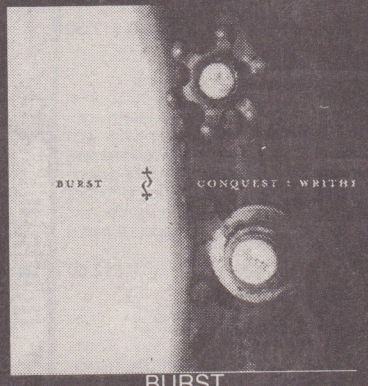

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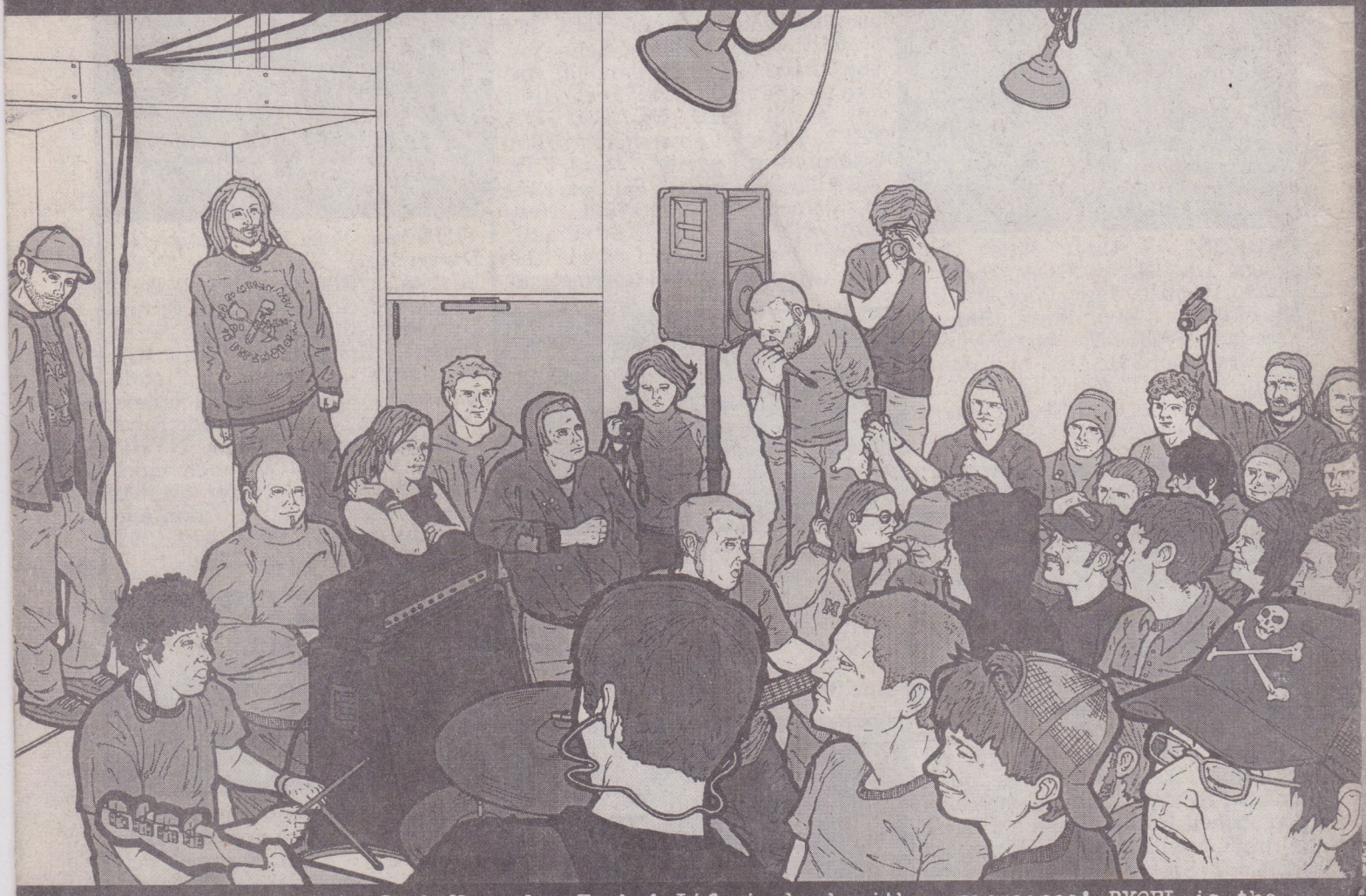

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